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A Selection

FROM

THE LETTERS

OF

LYDIA ANN BARCLAY,

A Minister of the Gospel

IN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

"*She hath done what she could.*"—MARK xiv. 8.

MANCHESTER:
GEORGE HARRISON, 11 CROSS STREET.

MDCCCLXII.

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PREFACE.

THE preparation of the following selection from the correspondence of our late dear friend, Lydia Ann Barclay, has been undertaken with an undoubting belief of its being a duty to hand forth to the present generation, and to posterity, these records of the exercises and labours of our departed friend and sister in the unchangeable truth.

The largest proportion of them has been supplied by her correspondents, who were friends to whom she was closely united in Christian fellowship, and who have willingly surrendered them for the benefit of others.

Whilst occupied in fulfilling the service devolving upon us, we have been favoured with a precious feeling of peace, and not unfrequently with the sweet incomes of our heavenly Father's love, melting our hearts, and causing the tribute of gratitude and praise to ascend before Him.

We have felt concerned to be faithful in the fulfilment of our trust, with a single eye to the glory of Him by whose grace our friend was what she was—desiring neither to withhold more than is meet, which tendeth to poverty, nor, by undue enlargement, to exceed the bounds of a wise discretion; and we earnestly hope that our readers may be prepared to receive that which is written in the love of the truth, to their own abiding instruction and deepening in Christ, the root of life.

We have, therefore, endeavoured, without compromise of the principles, doctrines, and testimonies professed by us, to select such of the letters of our departed friend as would render the whole a true delineation of her religious views and experience; and it is earnestly

desired, that (in this day of conflict and of great perplexity, and treading down within our borders, because of the falling away of many from the ancient standard, and the persevering efforts of an untiring enemy to drive us back into the house of bondage, out of which our forefathers were delivered by an Almighty Arm), the deep, practical, heart-searching character of these letters, may lead *many* amongst us to search and try their ways, honestly inquiring of themselves what they know of such deep experience; and, also, that it may tend to the confirming of the faith of those who, seeing the ravages the enemy has made amongst us, may often be ready to query, "What is truth?"

Our beloved friend left but few private memoranda of her religious experience; but the little there is shows the purified state of her mind. She left a few drafts of letters; and the following paper being found with them, is felt by those into whose hands they have come to increase their responsibility:—

"In preserving these rough drafts of letters, written under exercise of mind, I desire to be preserved from boasting, or seeking to make a fair show in the flesh (as it were), knowing that in my flesh dwelleth no good thing; 'But by the grace of God I am what I am,' and that, if His grace bestowed upon me has not been in vain, it is all of His adorable love and mercy in Christ Jesus my Lord. But my whole and sincere desire is, that, if in the perusal of these papers by any when I am gone to rest, the pure mind may be stirred up, or that which is tender or of God in them strengthened—'that the abundant grace may through [their] thanksgiving, redound to the glory of God,' the fountain of all good, and the centre of all true worship and praise." Amen.

Cockermouth, 1862.

TESTIMONIES.

Of ABERDEEN MONTHLY MEETING, *concerning* LYDIA ANN BARCLAY, *who died on the* 31*st of* 1*st month*, 1855, *aged* 55 *years, and whose remains were interred at Cockermouth, on the* 7*th of* 2*nd month following: a Minister about* 20 *years.*

ALTHOUGH our dear friend was not a member of this Monthly Meeting at the time of her decease, yet, her removal having taken place so shortly before her illness, we feel it our duty to issue the following testimony.

Lydia Ann Barclay, daughter of Robert and Ann Barclay, members of our religious Society, was born at Clapham, in Surrey, on the 25th of 10th month, 1799, and when very young was deprived by death of her mother. In the season of youth she appears to have been tendered and contrited by the visitations of heavenly love, and, under the quickening power of the Spirit of Truth, was given to see the necessity of obedience to all its manifestations and pure leadings in the secret of her soul. To Him who was thus knocking at the door of her heart she was enabled to open; and, through co-operation with His grace, she was strengthened to take up her daily cross and walk in the narrow path of self-denial and regeneration, esteeming all things but loss that she might "win Christ, and be found in him." The following extract, from a letter to a friend, shows the work of the Lord's Spirit on her mind in her younger days:—"My dear friend: thou queried of me yesterday, how the work of religion was begun in my heart? to which I believe I gave

thee no satisfactory answer. I feel afraid of expressing much on such subjects, or of 'judging my own self;' but now, fearing lest my silence should have done harm, I feel at liberty to tell thee, I trust under a humbling sense of the tender mercy of my heavenly Father. Ah! His compassionate regard was to me, when but a child, visiting me by His love, making me sensible of the depravity of my evil heart, of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, of my great need of a Saviour, and of His cleansing, sanctifying power: and this, my dear friend, was not through the instrumentality of any outward means, but mostly during the time of my being [confined on a couch], and in my secret retirings to wait upon Him. We were brought up to the use of prayers morning and evening, and *very* often went with our governess (who was of the Established Church) to her place of worship; this I became uneasy with, when about fifteen, and, showing a dislike to it, she never pressed it again; places of public amusement and dancing were also given up about the same time, and music soon after. Oh! how tenderly have I been dealt with! I can never sufficiently remember it. He has led me gently along, showing me by degrees, first, what He would have me avoid and forsake, and then what He would have me to do and pursue: but how many times have I revolted and turned away from His offers, disobeyed His commands and grieved His Holy Spirit! I desire to be continually humbled under a sense of these things, and animated to renewed dedication of heart to Him who has loved me and given Himself for me; waiting for the fresh discoveries of His blessed will."

As she continued faithfully to follow Him who had called her out of darkness into His marvellous light, passing through those deep baptisms of spirit which are necessary for the reduction of self, and are preparatory to service in the Church, she saw clearly that it would be required of her to engage in the work of the ministry; in allusion to which she writes, on the 15th of 1st month, 1827:—"Oh Lord, my God! if, in the riches of thy mercy and condescending goodness to a poor worm, thou see meet to require of me to speak of thee to others, to 'speak of the glorious honour of thy majesty,

and tell of thy wondrous works,'—thy will be done. Behold the handmaid of my Lord; do what thou wilt with me, only make me thy dear child, thy faithful servant. Be thou my strength; let it be in thy power and authority, and to the utter abasement and deep humiliation of the creature, that so all power and glory may be ascribed unto thee, to whom it is ever due! Amen." Again, in reference to this awful engagement, the breathings of her soul are penned, on the 1st of 10th month, 1830:—"Let the mountains flow down at thy presence, and cause the hills of opposition to melt like wax before thee; bring all within me into pure resignation, into holy obedience—then open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise—then speak thou the word, and I will publish it in thy might; and, oh Lord! I beseech thee, bring me into deep humility and nothingness of self, and keep me there for ever."

She appears to have first come forth in the ministry at Friends' Meeting at Epping, in allusion to which she writes, on the 17th of 2nd month, 1831:—"And now it seems well for me to acknowledge (I trust under a deep sense of the condescending goodness of my dear Lord and Master, and of my own utter unworthiness), that having often felt uneasiness in not having yielded to a secret desire that has seemed to attend me these several years, to go and sit with Epping Friends in their Meeting, I ventured to go there yesterday fortnight, in fear for the body, it being a deep snow and severely cold; and in mental fear also, lest it should be presumptuous and wrong. But, oh, what a favour! it pleased Divine Goodness again, as it were, to overshadow me with His love, and to require obedience in the expression of a few words; after fearing and hesitating, and at last trembling, till near the close of the meeting, I ventured and was enabled to stand up. How unworthy am I to make mention of His name! What great condescension and mercy, thus to make a way where I can see no way, to take away fear, to remove doubt, and to give strength! and not only so, but afterwards to favour with a peaceful quiet! And now, what can I render for all His mercies? The answer seems, "All thou requirest, my whole heart, oh Lord!'

But, oh, may He enable me and undertake for me, for I am indeed weak and feeble; and may He purify and prepare me for Himself to dwell in! And now, whenever and wherever such another sacrifice may again be required of me, no matter—may He make me more and more His simple, His obedient child! And seeing I am such a poor, weak, ignorant child, may He take me by the hand and show me how to go, and all the snares and dangers that surround, enabling me to take right steps; and when I slip or miss my way, may He tell me and reprove and chasten me, humbling me as His tender love and wisdom see meet. And, oh! saith my soul, may He keep me low in His pure fear, that all praise and glory may ever be ascribed to Him to whom alone it is eternally due!" She was recorded a minister on the 24th of 12th month, 1835, whilst resident at Croydon, and in this capacity visited many of the counties of England, once the Yearly Meeting of Friends at Dublin, and twice the Meetings of Scotland. In 1847, under an apprehension of duty, she removed from Reigate, in Surrey, where she had resided nearly eight years, and settled in Aberdeen. Whilst living here she was liberated, in the 2nd month, 1849, for religious service in the Quarterly Meeting of Cornwall; in the following year she visited the Meetings and part of the families of Friends in Dorset and Hants, and attended the Yearly Meeting at Dublin; in the 1st month, 1852, she held a meeting with a portion of the young women employed in the factories at Aberdeen; and, in 1854, was engaged to visit, in Gospel love, the Meetings composing the Quarterly Meeting of Cumberland and Northumberland; besides other services at different times within the compass of this General Meeting.

It was her conscientious endeavour to occupy faithfully, as a good steward, with the outward means with which she was abundantly blessed, being concerned to do good and to communicate, and being herself in deportment, dress, and the furniture of her house, an example of plainness and simplicity, which she believed the Spirit of Christ led into. She removed to Cockermouth early in the 10th month, 1854, and had been there little more than four weeks, when

a paralytic seizure deprived her of the use of her left side, and affected her mind with frequent and protracted wanderings. About this time a relative bidding her farewell, and adding, "The Lord be with thee," she said, "He has been with me; I have had many favoured times; they have been very sweet:" and at another interval, "I have been brought very low, but Divine aid has supported me." She had been under much exercise for the young females engaged in the factories at Cockermouth; and on one occasion, expressing this, and her desire that ——— should visit them frequently, and assist in teaching them to read, &c., she added:—she wanted young friends to be encouraged to use their talents, though it might be in a little way: the little would be accepted that was done in love to the Lord, for even a cup of cold water, if given in His name, would have its reward; none should shrink from these services because they could do but little; little ability—little means—little talent—ought not to hinder; all could do *something;* and if we omitted to do what was called for at our hands for our poor suffering fellow-creatures, how could we expect to have the blessing of those who were ready to perish to rest upon us. She thought we ought to be faithful in speaking our minds to others, not deterred by the fear of offending them, lest, by unfaithfulness, we should endanger the soul of our brother, and his blood should be required at our hand: also how sad it would be, if, owing to us, he should go to the place of perdition, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." It pleased Him who had afflicted her gradually to restore her mental faculties, when under a deep sense of the humiliating condition of her earthly tabernacle, and of the abounding mercy of her dear Lord and Master, she wrote the following:—"My mind has been so filled with these words that I believe I must try and write them down to the glory of God.

"And now, O Lord! I desire to praise, and thank, and adore thy holy name, for all thy great goodness and mercy to thy poor, weak, unworthy servant, who is truly unworthy the least of all thy tender mercies to her: especially making known and revealing thy grace, in favouring her, with others of her family, with thy blessed day-spring

from on high, whereby thou hast brought me forth out of darkness and the shadow of death, and hast in measure translated me into the kingdom of thy dear Son, who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel, giving us a lively hope through thy dear Son, and favouring with an humble hope of acceptance, according to thy precious grace, through Him in whom we have redemption through His blood, and forgiveness for the sins that are repented of. And now, Lord, may it please thee so to work in and upon thy poor, unworthy child, as to bring me into an humble resignation, a true resignation and real subjection to thy mighty power and holy will in all things, that I may, by thy goodness, be purified and prepared, through this humbling dispensation, for my awful time of translation. Oh! so work in and upon me, as that thy life may reign and come into dominion over all, and thus I may be permitted graciously to obtain a glorious victory over death, hell, and the grave, through thy dear Son, my Lord and Saviour. For when thy life comes to reign over all, then thy peace and praise shall fill my soul! peace with thee through Jesus Christ, and thy peace and love to all mankind the world over (but not to their sins). Oh! be pleased thus to fill me with thy peace and praise, who art worthy, worthy of all praise and thanksgiving, honour, adoration, and renown, and living, living praises, not only now, but now, henceforth, and for evermore. Amen."

After this, in a letter to a friend, she remarks, "I always had a feeling that my moving to this place would be like the end of my career, but what a mercy to have been spared and so favoured during this painful time; yea, favoured with songs of praise in the night season, and heartfelt praise and thanksgiving by day, so as to be quite resigned to wait the Lord's time!" Thus, with a heart overflowing with gratitude for all her mercies—the sweet savour of her spirit evidencing that her dwelling was in the secret place of the Most High—a second seizure, on the 25th of the 1st month, 1855, deprived her of the use of the other side, also of speech and the power of swallowing. In this prostrated state, apparently with little

or no pain, she lay until the 31st of the same, when she quietly and peacefully breathed her last.

A little tribute to the memory of our beloved departed friend, Lydia Ann Barclay, seems due from us, who for a long course of years were privileged to enjoy a close intimacy and friendship with her, being sweetly united together in the love and fellowship of the Gospel, and which continued unabated until the close of her life.

Our acquaintance commenced in the days of early dedication, at a time when her mind was sweetly visited with the contriting, humbling influences of heavenly love, engaging her heart to seek and to serve the Lord; and by yielding obedience to the teachings of Divine grace, as inwardly manifested, she was favoured to experience a growth therein, and in the saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, evidencing by her undeviating walk in the way of the cross and path of self-denial, that she was indeed concerned to follow Him in the regeneration and in newness of life.

Very humble were the views she took of herself, feeling that she had nothing to glory in, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world was crucified unto her, and she unto the world.

Her memory is precious, her example was instructive and edifying, the one bent of her mind being to journey Zion-ward; and in her endeavour to serve her Divine Master, she was earnestly concerned to press upon others the need of a daily feeling after fresh supplies of heavenly grace to keep the soul alive. This being much her own experience caused the dew of heaven to rest upon her spirit, preserving her leaf from fading, and thereby causing much fruit to be brought forth for the refreshment of many, to the praise and glory of the great and good Husbandman.

And not only was she livingly concerned to be found a faithful steward of the manifold grace of God, but was also sensible of her

accountability to Him for the right use of her outward substance, of which she was a liberal distributor, seeking out objects of a more hidden character to whom pecuniary aid was peculiarly acceptable.

She was also in no common degree a remarkable economist of time, which, with her other gifts and talents, she was zealously concerned to occupy to the honour of the great Giver, and at different times was industriously engaged in spreading among others, by the distribution of sound religious books and tracts, an acquaintance with the principles of truth, as always professed by Friends.

More might be said of this devoted handmaid of the Lord, yet our object is not to eulogise the creature, but briefly and simply to delineate her character and untiring zeal for the prosperity of Zion, and the enlargement of her borders, for unto her was given in the behalf of Christ not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake; therefore, she could say from experience, that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us," for she counted nothing too near or too dear to part with that she might win Christ and be found in Him.

In the remembrance of the many favoured opportunities we were permitted to partake of together in seasons of inward retirement before the Lord, for the refreshings of His presence and renewal of our spiritual strength, as likewise the privilege of frequent social intercourse, we are afresh made sensible of our great loss, as well as that which we feel the Church has sustained by the removal of this beloved friend and sister in the truth, who having been concerned to work while it was called day, was, as we reverently believe, through redeeming love and mercy, prepared to receive the joyful summons of "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," and into thy Master's rest.

JOHN FINCH MARSH.
HANNAH MARSH.

Croydon, Surrey, 12*th Month*, 1861.

Precious is the memory of the Lord's faithful servants, of which blessed number may justly be reckoned our late beloved Lydia A. Barclay. It may be said of her that she walked through the world but was not of it; and was an example of humility, self-renunciation, and dedication of heart unto the will of Him whom she chose for her blessed portion, and whose holy cause she preferred above her chief joy, being given up to the promotion thereof in her own soul, and in the souls of others, but especially among her own people, that they might be redeemed from the corruptions of the world, and live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present life, according to their high and holy profession.

She bought the truth at the price of all she held dear, and having done so, she dared not sell it again, but bound it about her so closely that the enemy's attempts to rob her of her treasure proved but vain and fruitless before the preserving power of Him who is stronger than the strong man armed.

Thus she was not content to run well for a time only, but continued stedfast to the end, in the fulfilment of the commandments of the Divine Lawgiver; and so conspicuously did her light shine before men, that many seeing her good works were led to glorify their Father who is in heaven. Hers was as the path of the just, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The remembrance of her is animating to those who were made partakers of her labours, and were strengthened by her example and counsel to take up the cross, deny themselves, and follow Him whom *she* followed.

Though unworthy thus to claim a place among the numerous objects of her Gospel labours, yet gratitude demands of me an open acknowledgment of their value in this short tribute to her memory.

Her day's work was early completed, and she was permitted to lay down her head in peace, reposing in the love of that Saviour who redeemed her and qualified her for His service, and who is now, we reverently believe, her everlasting reward and crown of rejoicing.

LOUISA E. GILKES.

London, 1862.

A SELECTION

FROM THE

LETTERS OF LYDIA ANN BARCLAY.

1*st Month* 15*th*, 1827.—Oh Lord, my God! if, in the riches of thy mercy and condescending goodness to a poor worm, thou see meet to require me to speak of thee to others, to "speak of the glorious honour of thy majesty," and tell "of thy wondrous works"—thy will be done. Behold the handmaid of my Lord; do what thou wilt with me, only make me thy dear child, thy faithful servant. Be thou my strength; let it be in thy power and authority, and to the utter abasement and deep humiliation of the creature, that so all power and glory may be ascribed unto thee, to whom it is for ever due. Amen.

It seemed well to write down the above—if it meet the eye of a brother or sister after my dissolution, it may be of use. Let all praise be rendered unto Him from whom all good desires spring, and who answers them.

3*rd Month* 20*th*, 1827.—Should my great and good Master see meet that the foregoing feelings should be a preparation for eternity, may His holy will be done! My heart has desired to unite in the language—

"My life, if thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
[Oh may it] join my soul to thee."

Oh! may His hand not spare, nor His eye pity, till He has thoroughly purged away all the dross, and the tin, and the reprobate silver, and made me what He would have me to be. Truly He is worthy to be served, loved, and obeyed for ever.

To H. M.

What I have gone through for these several years thou canst better imagine from experience than I can describe; but I will not attempt to enlarge on such an *awful* subject, except it be to say, that I believe it is my earnest desire to be emptied and stripped, to be washed and purified, to be rendered soft and pliable as clay in the hands of the potter, to be anything or nothing. Do thou, dear H. crave for me that I may be preserved from slipping on the right hand or on the left, and that when the acceptable time may come, strength may be given to bring forth, no matter how much to the abasement and humiliation of the creature, so it be to the praise of His great and ever excellent name, who alone is worthy.

Farewell, in haste, with the dear love of thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

The following letter is in reply to one written to her by a Friend, relative to that plainness of dress which she believed she was required to adopt:—

To ———.

——, 1828 *or* 1829.

Dear Friend,

Thy letter I duly received; it needed no apology I assure thee. I desire to be always open to the advice or reproof of my friends, and take it as a mark of that love which ought to subsist between the members of the same body. With respect to the subject of thy letter, I wish to take thy hint, and that the subject may again obtain my serious consideration—this has been the case from time to time during the last nine years. I believe I may venture to say, I desire to have no will in it, but to be enabled clearly to see and simply to follow the requisitions of truth. I may own, it has been exceedingly trying to be thus peculiar, being naturally inclined to be rather nice and particular in dress, as well as to shrink from observation.

Whether this trial has been required for the subjection of my natural pride, or whether as a testimony against the over-nicety and elegance of many of my dear friends, I must leave. I think I may truly say, the cause of truth is very precious to me; and whilst I should be exceedingly sorry that any manner or outward appearance of mine should have any repelling effect, I feel a fear (and desire it may increase) of encouraging or slipping into that which will not bring peace in the retrospect.

I feel my own weakness is very great, and that the snares of the enemy are laid subtilely on every side. It seems a very serious matter to take upon one to say this or that is required at my hands! How earnestly do I desire to be enabled to distinguish the voice of the great and good Shepherd from the voice of the stranger, believing that He will give strength to follow Him, and preserve from the enemy's snares.

Farewell. I hope thou wilt be able to understand my meaning, and, whenever thou mayst see a hint necessary, that thou wilt deal faithfully with me. With love to thy wife, I remain thy friend sincerely,

L. A. BARCLAY.

TO THE SAME.

Forest Place, 6th Day, ——.

. . To be thought well of by others, *what* a golden wedge that is! But oh! to be approved by Him who is the Beloved of my soul, this is all I crave. He has truly betrothed me unto Himself in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in very *longsuffering* mercy, yea, in faithfulness too; and oh! that I may *never* depart from Him, nor *cease* from serving Him with the strength He gives. Amen.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To H. M.

1st of Seventh Month, 1829.

. . How do I long that the fire may thoroughly accomplish its work, be it kindled ever so fierce, that every crook and corner may be searched, into which self can creep, that so it may be made of no reputation. Oh! if we are but enabled to lisp (as it were) the A B C after our heavenly Father, and at his bidding, what a favour! I have much admired the conduct of Lazarus' sister

Mary, how she sat still in the house until she received the call, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee," when she rose up *quickly*. I have much desire to follow her example, and to wait the *full* time, when, I have at times believed, there would be no *lack* and no *doubt*.

L. A. BARCLAY.

TO M. M., ON HER BEING ADMITTED INTO MEMBERSHIP.

——, 1830.

It is my earnest desire that thou mayst not settle down at ease now that thou hast obtained thy membership with Friends, stopping short and looking at others; but that thou mayst still press forward, seeking after a further growth and establishment in the blessed truth—looking up to our great Pattern, and desiring the sincere milk of the word, that thou *mayst* grow more and more in grace. And now, in attending all our meetings, I desire that thou mayst not be tempted to judge, on the one hand, or to be discouraged or stumbled on the other by what thou seest amiss in any. Thou must remember, that the shortness and deficiency in any of us does not arise from the insufficiency of the blessed principle we profess to be led by, but from our own unfaithfulness and want of subjection to it—and, alas! thy poor mistress often laments over her shortcomings. Do thou learn from the failings of others, and seek daily for ability to walk worthy of the high profession thou hast taken up.

L. A. BARCLAY.

3rd Month 7th, 1830.—Oh Lord, my God! seeing I am but a child, be graciously pleased to take me by the hand and lead me, teach me more and more of thy precious ways, cause me more and more to know thy language. Put thy fear in my heart, that I may never depart from thee more; increase my faith and trust in thee, give me to love and obey thee more and more! And whether thou see meet to permit me many days and many trials, or whether to cut short the thread of my life in righteousness, thy holy and blessed will be done! Only make me thine—thine *only*, thine *wholly*, in time and in eternity.

And now, Oh Lord! what wait I for? my hope is in thee, and in thy tender condescension to thy poor, unworthy, disobedient creature,

that thou wilt yet revive thy work as in the midst of the years, and in the midst of the years make known thy power and the calls of thy love. And oh! when it shall be, let the mountains flow down at thy presence, and cause the hills of opposition to melt like wax before thee; bring all within me into pure resignation, into holy obedience —then "open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise" —then speak thou the word, and I will publish it in thy might; and, oh Lord! I beseech thee, bring me into deep humility and nothingness of soul, and keep me there for ever!

These were the breathings of my soul as I was returning from Leighton Quarterly Meeting, the 1st of 10th month, 1830, and it seems with me to pen them down. It may be a stimulus to me in after times (if preserved) to see the tender dealings of my heavenly Father to His backsliding, revolting creature. May He turn His hand again and again upon me, and perfect that which concerneth me in His own time and way, and to His own praise; for what am I, His poor weak handmaid, that He should condescend to put His words into my mouth, and honour me with His commands!

To S. B.

Forest Place, 1831 *or* 1832.

My dear Friend,

For no other reason than lest thou shouldst feel fearful of having done amiss by the few words that passed between us, I thought I would *venture* to tell thee that thou art not mistaken, nor is thy exhortation unnecessary. Thy observations were close on obedience; but, dear S——, we are so apt to attribute our hesitation and want of compliance to better motives than disobedience—for how can we grieve so tender a Father? The fear of mistaking His voice, or of stepping too soon in so awful a matter, before the weeks of preparation are *wholly* accomplished, and the fiery baptisms *thoroughly* partaken of—this appears to keep us back! Ah! He has indeed waited long on some of us, and again and again visited with the calls of His love, laying His hand *tenderly* upon us! But, alas! we have refused in the day of trial, and have turned back from His requiring. Surely it is of His tender compassion that we are not utterly consumed—that the talent is not taken away, and given to others more faithful. The forwardness of some has a restraining effect—the snares seem greatest on that side. How *great* the danger of getting into a lifeless way,

ministering death instead of life! My dear friend, have I run on too freely to thee? I know the danger there is in disclosing to others that which had better be kept secret, and *dwelt under*. I know the advantage of sitting alone (as dear Sarah Grubb said at Quarterly Meeting) and keeping silence; but it must not always be; there will be a time of making known, as upon the house-top, what is revealed in the ear. Amen! says all that is within me. Let it only be in *His* time and way, and according to *His* most blessed will—to *His* praise, and the utter abasement and humiliation of the creature!

I need hardly say that, of course, I write in confidence, and I shall attend to thy injunction. I often think such matters are made too public, though indeed it is animating and encouraging to hear of the faithfulness of any we know. I do hope, dear S——, that thou wilt deal faithfully with me at all times, more *especially* when thou seest need to *reprove* or *discourage*, for I desire to take it as a mark of true love. May such a child be allowed to say, that I hope, if it should be some time before such a sacrifice is again called for from thy husband, that he will not be discouraged or dismayed; it is the Master's touch or bidding that should only move us, and no matter when it is or what others think.

Dear love, from thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To E. J. Fry.

1*st Month*, 1831.

My Dear Cousin,

I fear I appeared ungrateful for thy kindness this morning. I was too overcome to speak to thee. I can more easily write than converse. Thou dost not know the misery, I might say anguish, that I have brought upon myself again—though often before, yet never so great as within these few weeks. I have been fearful I should sink below hope. Miserable myself, and, as I thought, making every one miserable around me, I longed to shut myself up in some corner out of sight; yet everywhere would distress follow me! I believe I am naturally liable to depression and discouragement, and the enemy attacks the weak side always; he laid me waste sadly in this way in Cornwall. Distress is *justly* my portion for disobeying and rebelling against so tender a Father; yet surely true compunction ought to lead to trust in His plenteous forgiveness, and in His willingness to enable to do better! I expect what thou wast sensible of

last First day was the effects of my disobedience that day two weeks, for I felt as if I obstructed the arising of life; indeed, I would gladly have staid away from meeting if I durst. There are times (times of great favour to such an unworthy one!) when all reasonings seem hushed into silence and resignation; and *then* it seems alike indifferent whether there be one thousand *or* but one present, and whether two *or* more words be given to be uttered, so the Divine will be but accomplished. But I am ashamed to own there are many *other* times when the fear of man—the idea of this or that person being present—seems an insurmountable mountain. I long for my bonds to be broken. Ah! He is able to do so—to say to the prisoners, "Go forth," and to those who have sat long in darkness, "Show yourselves!"

Dear —— has much pressed me to go and see them, but I am fearful of it at present; I am afraid of going so amongst those whose tender sympathy for me I know to be great, and I am afraid, too, of running away from suffering. *Perhaps* my stubborn, proud nature must first be humbled as in the dust before my own family; however, this I must leave, though I *long* to flee away from home and the cares of the body. Quarterly Meeting was indeed an awful time to me; you all seemed to address me, and I felt contrited and melted, as it were, into resignation. The sudden death of one so beloved in our circle seemed, indeed, like loud preaching in my ears. How awful the thought of being thus snatched away before peace is made with a calling and longsuffering God! What great condescension to visit again with His constraining power two weeks back, and not only so, but to confirm my doubting mind—yet did I hesitate and hesitate till the meeting closed! Alas! I have great need of the prayers of the faithful; when favoured with ability, my beloved cousin, remember me for good. I fear I have made thee sorrowful with my bewailings over myself.

L. A. BARCLAY.

1*st Month* 5*th*, 1831.—Considering the tender mercy of my heavenly Father to me these many years, and even from childhood, and feeling the great uncertainty of time, it seems with me to leave some record of His tender dealings to such an unworthy creature. It may prove to the animating and stirring me up in after times (if time be prolonged to me); or, if these lines should meet the eye of a surviving dear brother or sister, may they afresh excite to praise, love, and adore so

compassionate, so merciful a God! Ah! He has followed me all my life long; He raised me from death when an infant; He visited me with His love when quite a child, though I did not then understand His voice; in after years manifesting Himself more conspicuously by His reproofs and instructions, as well as the shedding abroad of His love in my heart in seasons of His good pleasure. But, alas! how slow to believe, how slow to obey was I (and am I still)! It is indeed of His tender mercy that I am not utterly consumed, because His compassions fail not. How many times have I turned back, and limited the Holy One of Israel, and refused to yield the sacrifices He has commanded! But, oh! how great then was His love, how unmerited His mercy, that He should condescend to reveal His will, His gracious will—that He would cause me to speak of the glorious majesty of His kingdom, and to tell of His wondrous works to my dear fellow-creatures! It is near ten years since the *merciful* opening of this view by the immediate operation of His power and love, though afterwards permitted to be confirmed instrumentally. All within seemed bowed down in resignation, and the language of my heart was, "Here am I; do what thou wilt with thy poor, unworthy handmaid, only make me thy dear child, thy faithful servant, O Lord!" Great, indeed, have been the conflicts, the doubts and fears, and various the exercises since that time to this, known only to my God; and, alas! since this great and most awful matter has appeared to be ripened of later years—shall I venture to say so?—how often have condemnation and distress been the consequence of disobedience! What shall I say? It is indeed of His tender mercy that the one talent is not taken away and given to another more faithful. The fear has been great of stepping before the right time, before the weeks of preparation are accomplished, and the necessary baptisms partaken of. The danger of mistaking any of the preparatory exercises for the thing itself—of putting forth a hand unbidden to the ark of the testimony, or of offering strange fire, as it were—of getting into words without life—the many snares on every side, within and without—all these things, together with the feeling of weakness, and unfitness, and utter unworthiness to make mention of so sacred a name, have been overpowering at times. It has been often in my heart, "Oh Lord! thou knowest my foolishness, and my sins are not hid from thee."

Yet, shall the clay say to the potter, "What doest thou?" Is not the Lord pleased to make choice of the weak and foolish things, sometimes, for the purposes of His wisdom and mercy? Can He not purify and

make fit? Yea, all is of and from Him—the emptying, the purification, the qualification, the power, the fitting, the obedience—and He said He would pour of His Spirit even upon the daughters and handmaids, the weaker vessels, the first in transgression. Wonderful condescension! Should we resist His love, and quench His Spirit? When He puts His words into our mouths, should we keep silence?

When I look at myself, shame covers me; mourning and distress are justly my due—my bonds yet unbroken—what I have apprehended to be His gracious and clear commands disobeyed.

And now, oh Lord God! may it please thee yet to revive thy work as in the midst of the years, and in the midst of the years to make known thy mighty power. Yet again, may the commands of thy love go forth—the clear discovery of thy blessed will; and oh! may it please thee to make willing, to make obedient; so strengthen and give to believe, as that all the doubts and the fear of man may vanish before thy power!

2nd Month 17th, 1831.—And now it seems well for me to acknowledge (I trust under a deep sense of the condescending goodness of my dear Lord and Master, and of my own utter unworthiness), that having often felt uneasiness in not having yielded to a secret desire that has seemed to attend me these several years, to go and sit with Epping Friends in their meeting, I ventured to go there yesterday fortnight, in fear for the body, it being a deep snow and severely cold; and in mental fear also, lest it should be presumptuous and wrong. But oh, what a favour! it pleased Divine goodness again, as it were, to overshadow me with His love, and to require obedience in the expression of a few words; after fearing and hesitating, and at last trembling, till near the close of the meeting, I ventured and was enabled to stand up. How unworthy am I to make mention of His name! What great condescension and mercy, thus to make a way where I could see no way, to take away fear, to remove doubt, and to give strength! and not only so, but afterwards to favour with a peaceful quiet! And now, what can I render for all His mercies? The answer seems, "All thou requirest, my whole heart, oh Lord!" But oh, may He enable me and undertake for me, for I am indeed weak and feeble; and may He purify and prepare me for Himself to dwell in! And now, whenever and wherever such another sacrifice may again be required of me, no matter—may He make me more and more His simple, His obedient child! And seeing I am such a poor, weak, ignorant child, may He take me by the hand and show me how

to go, and all the snares and dangers that surround, enabling me to take right steps; and when I slip or miss my way, may He tell me, and reprove, and chasten me, humbling me as His tender love and wisdom see meet. And oh! saith my soul, may He ever keep me low in His pure fear, that all praise and glory may be ascribed to Him to whom alone it is eternally due!

To H. M.

4th of 3d Month, 1831.

. . I have been quite confined since I saw thee, and am now under the doctor's care. . . I have had much solitary time, yet fear it has not been improved as it should have been, in seeking after the teachings of my heavenly Master, but the body is weak. Ah! it has indeed been a changed time the last month (as I hinted to thee), since having been graciously enabled to take up the cross on one occasion. Oh! *how* unworthy to taste of such peaceful quiet, and *how* unworthy to make mention of His name—*how* unfit in any way to celebrate His praise! May such *great* mercy incite to fresh diligence and faithfulness when recovered! And, dear ——, crave that I may be preserved *simple* and obedient, and, above all, *humble*—be brought low and kept low. I feel it a great favour to have been so ill and confined. He is indeed a tender Father! He knows our weakness and what is best for us; and I have a little faith to believe, in looking forward to any future steps, if any should be required, that He will strengthen to do and suffer His will, and graciously show the snares and dangers on either side; and when one slips or steps amiss, that He will correct, and chasten, and humble, as His tender love and wisdom see meet. This feeling has been quieting to some reasonings which thou, dear ——, canst, I dare say, enter into. . . I have just been out in Robert's carriage with dear Elizabeth, who has been similarly affected with myself, and enjoyed it much. The sight of the budding trees and opening flowers—what a rejoicing feeling there is in everything in the spring! From the letters from America, dear J. & H. Backhouse have not yet received the afflicting accounts of their loss. Poor things! I feel for them; they have completed the families at New York, and are going to Philadelphia. So hard at work have they been, that the going in a steam vessel to an interment *fifty* miles off was a great *rest*.

L. A. Barclay.

To E. R.

Folkstone, Kent, 15th of 7th Month, 1831.

My dear Friend,

It was very pleasant to hear of thee as well as other dear Cornish Friends from —— and ——, who took up their quarters at my brother John's, whilst I was at Croydon, in the 4th month. They were visiting the families, and it was very sweet and instructive to have their company at that time; more particularly so, as I am so solitarily situated at home, being at a distance from meeting and the Friends of it, and I had also been absent when they visited there. This Yearly Meeting struck me as unusually small, though mercifully favoured during the different sittings of it, especially in seasons of silence, with the overshadowing wing of ancient goodness, to the contriting our hearts, and raising the thankful acknowledgment, that, unworthy and backsliding as we are, the Lord hath not forgotten to be gracious, nor in anger shut up His tender mercies! We missed a number of our dear ancients, as A. Price, R. Byrd, M. Alexander, S. Fox, S. Abbot, and M. Capper—indeed few are left in the gallery that were there ten or twelve years ago. This is *indeed* affecting! yet we can expect no other, and it is in the wise ordering of Him who can work by few or many, and even qualify the very stones to sing His praise! We had indeed a very awful instance of the uncertainty of time and the talents mercifully lent, in the seizure by paralysis of dear Mary Marriage, which happened in our meeting at Plaistow, the First day in Yearly Meeting. She had been strikingly engaged, both in the morning and afternoon meeting, especially in the latter (a few minutes only before she became speechless!), addressing our (many) young people in a very affectionate, persuasive manner, and bearing a sweet testimony to that goodness and mercy which had followed her all her life. The meeting speedily broke up, though Joseph John Gurney was upon his knees, and she was carried to a Friend's house near, where she lay three weeks, and then was removed home to Chelmsford. I saw her last week; her voice is returned, but no articulation—it was sweet to be with her. It was very pleasant, as well as helpful, to have the company of three dear Friends who had been absent from Yearly Meeting some years, Daniel Wheeler of Russia, Jacob Green of Ireland, and Ann Jones; the two former paid our meeting very acceptable visits—the latter, after sitting in silent exercise nearly all the sittings, at the last but one,

stood up with a *few* very *striking* sentences which occur in John Woolman's journal, viz. (or to this effect),—"The trumpet is sounded; the call goes forth to the Church, that she gather to the place of pure inward prayer, and her habitation is safe." I should enjoy to be sitting by thee, my dear friend. I could tell thee much more of what passed during Yearly Meeting, which I must own was rather a mournful, what if I say discouraging, time to me and some others, who, perhaps, look too much on the gloomy side of things.

I remain thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To Hannah Cruickshank.

Leytonstone, Essex, 26th of 9th Month, 1831.

. . . It is sweet, my beloved friend, to feel that we are united together, whether there is any outward communication with one another or not—that we do *desire* above all things to love and serve the same dear and good Master, to wait upon and listen to Him more and more, whose words are indeed sweet to us, and His countenance is comely! Oh! may nothing hinder us from following on to know Him, to know more and more of His precious ways and teachings; for to whom else can we go?—we have found that He alone hath the words of eternal life: He is indeed the living bread of the soul!

But to return to thy letter, dear H.; it was truly acceptable, for I had sometimes felt a fear that I had done amiss in obtruding myself upon thee. Ah! I can fully unite with thee, that were there but a passive submission to the purifying, forming hand of Omnipotence, we should become beautiful as a city set on a hill, and as lights in the world, reflecting the light and glory shed on us abundantly by our heavenly Father. When shall these good things be? Surely it must be by individual faithfulness. Ah! my dear friend, thy remarks *do* apply to me, though thou thinkest *not*—thou dost not know how obstinate and self-willed I am, and what a deal of pride and other *sad* things there is to be brought down in me; so that, at times, I shudder (as it were) at the sight of what is within, and often say in my heart, "I am" one "of unclean lips," and, "behold, I am vile!" But I believe we have need to be wary, lest the enemy should lay hold of such a humbling view, in order wholly to discourage and dissuade us from yielding to that Power which would cleanse and

sanctify us. How very instructive it is to remember that the ten lepers were cleansed *as they went!* Thy account of the dear Friends in your neighbourhood was truly interesting to me, and I could feel united to the living amongst you, if such a poor halting child may be allowed to say so. The expression of the Apostle is sometimes cheering in seasons of doubt and dismay,—"We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." I felt much with you, mentally, at your General Meeting last month; hope you had a good time, or, as dear old Thomas Gwin says in his journal, that it was *much good* to you! Ah! what can we desire, at these times, but His presence and power bringing all within us into holy subjection, into humble resignation to His blessed will. I long to be outwardly acquainted with thy dear grandfather and mother; will they accept of the dear love of a stranger? Thou hast, of course, heard a full account of this Yearly Meeting. We were mercifully favoured to feel the overshadowing wing of ancient goodness in the seasons of solemn silence, as well as when vocal service was offered; nevertheless, I think I may say, it was a time of trial, shall I say mourning to me. But I am a poor child, and have great need to look *at home*, and above all (oh may I be enabled!) to look *upward*—from off the discouragements from without, and the fears and feebleness within—to Him in whom is "everlasting strength" and wisdom!

It was pleasant to hear that thou wast favoured to return home with comfort last year, but I hear thou hast been very ill since. Do mention thy health particularly in thy next, which I hope may be before long. I also had an illness in the spring (on the chest), and was brought very low, and have felt its effects ever since; but, through favour, am very much in usual health now. I passed a month or two again at Folkstone this summer, but it has been a time of great stress on the body for some time past; the body and the mind sympathise with each other. I fear I have been too much *poring* at (as dear I. Penington says) the high mountains of difficulty, and the many surrounding precipices and snares of the unwearied enemy, under the feeling of *great* encompassing weakness. Yet I think I may acknowledge that, at seasons, when these appalling things have seemed to come in like an overwhelming flood, a standard has, in adorable mercy, appeared lifted up against them, even the love and power of the heavenly Captain, whose grace He has declared will be found sufficient. Oh, then, may my eye be *ever* unto Him, for He is able to pluck my feet out of the net, yea, to preserve from falling, and to

strengthen to run the way of His commandments. And oh! saith my soul, whatever may be the commands of His love, and the pure requirings of His will, let all tend to His glory and to the deep humbling and utter abasement of the creature. I expect thou hast heard of dear John and M——, as he told me yesterday he had written to a Friend of Aberdeen. He has been in Essex on the Yearly Meeting Committee. We met yesterday at our Quarterly Meeting. After a long time of solemn silence (which is rather unusual in our Quarterly Meeting), dear Sarah Grubb addressed us in her awfully striking manner, as to our revoltings and backslidings, the accumulation of riches, &c., quoting Haggai i. 9, also Amos ix. 9; then, after long pleading with us, she called on the "beloved youth" to come away from "Babylon's streams," and went on in an affectionate, persuasive way. Stephen Grellet, also, and Thomas Shillitoe spoke entirely in unison with Sarah Grubb, particularly the latter, exhorting against accumulation and a following of the world in respectability and elegance of living, saying, "Taste not of their dainties, for you will find there is death in the pot." Stephen Grellet addressed the mourners in Zion, those that sigh and cry for the abominations, &c., for that there is still left "an afflicted and poor people" amongst us, exhorting and encouraging such to trust in the Lord. (Zeph. iii. 12.) . . .

I hope I have not been writing too freely, but I feel knit to thee, though I believe thou art farther advanced in the spiritual journey than I: well, that is no matter; we have all, from the greatest to the least, need to press forward towards the mark; and oh that the day's work may keep pace with the day!

With dear love to thee and thy cousin L., I remain thy truly affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

[The exact date of the following communication is unknown, but it is supposed to belong to this period.]

To ———.

My dear Friend,

Thou queried of me yesterday how the work of religion was begun in my heart, to which I believe I gave thee no satisfactory answer. I feel afraid of expressing much on such subjects, or of "judging my own self;" but now, fearing that my silence should have

done harm, I feel at liberty to tell thee, I trust, under an humbling sense of the tender mercy of my heavenly Father. Ah! His compassionate regard was to me, when but a child, visiting me by His love, making me sensible of the depravity of my evil heart, of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, of my great need of a Saviour, and of His cleansing, sanctifying power; and this, my dear friend, was not through the instrumentality of any outward means, but mostly during the time of my being [confined on a couch],* and in my secret retirings to wait upon Him. We were brought up to the use of prayers morning and evening, and *very* often went with our governess (who was of the Established Church) to her place of worship; this I became uneasy with, when about fifteen, and, showing a dislike to it, she never pressed it again; places of public amusement and dancing were also given up about the same time, and music soon after. Oh! how tenderly have I been dealt with! I can never sufficiently remember it. He has led me gently along, showing me by degrees, first, what He would have me avoid and forsake, and then what He would have me to do and pursue: but how many times have I revolted and turned away from His offers, disobeyed His commands and grieved His Holy Spirit! I desire to be continually humbled under a sense of these things, and animated to renewed dedication of heart to Him who has loved me and given Himself for me; waiting for the fresh discoveries of His blessed will.

And now, my dear friend, I know not whether I have answered thy question more satisfactorily; tell me, if I have not—I feel much sympathy for thee, and desire to be thy companion in seeking daily for fresh virtue and nourishment from Christ, the true vine and word of God, that we may "grow up into Him in all things," and be enabled to bring forth fruit in due season to His praise.

I hope thou wilt accept of I. P.'s letters as a small token of my love. Perhaps some day next week thou canst spend with me.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To H. M.

Without date, 7th Day Morning.

. . Well, my dear friend, in saying farewell, I would add, May the Lord of the harvest more and more raise up living ministers among us, even from among the poor, the illiterate, and the con-

* On account of spinal weakness.

temptible in man's estimation, that He alone may have all the glory. Ah! that which is of and from Christ the life is living and baptising; it baptises into His nature and spirit; it ministers His spirit and life to that which is born of God in the hearts of the hearers; and truly it *hath* a testimony from that in their hearts whence it proceedeth; for, as our Saviour and His beloved apostle declared, it is only those who are of God, and who know Him that *can* hear His words or receive the testimony of His faithful servants. And oh! let me be one of these poor, weak, yet baptising ones, if ever entrusted with so precious a gift.

12*th Month* 6*th*, 1831.—I think I may venture to acknowledge that the good hand has again been laid upon me—ah! more than once, but through fear of stepping amiss, and also, alas! the fear of man, I have only once yielded obedience to what has appeared to be required at my hands publicly. And oh! what *great*, what *merciful* condescension to dispense to such a poor, weak, hesitating creature a portion of sweet peace and humble quiet afterwards. Is it presumptuous to regard it as a token for good, that it was even He? And now, though disobedience has occurred since, and darkness, and deep conflict, and sore buffetings have seemed to beset on every side, I think I may say, that it is my most earnest desire that He who has in unmerited mercy begun to show me of His wonderful dealings and the workings of His love, would be pleased to anoint my eyes to behold the pointings of His finger, to open my ears and my heart to hear and receive His precious teachings and the communications of His will. And oh! saith my soul, that He would bring all within me into pure subjection thereto, and chase away all the darkening reasonings and fear of man, that so He may rule and reign over all within me, and self may for ever be abased as in the dust before Him, who is indeed everlastingly worthy to be praised, loved, and obeyed, and that by the whole house of Israel!

To the Daughters of S. T. and J. C.

My dear young Friends,

I thought as I shook hands with you yesterday in the cloakroom, that I felt a salutation of dear love to you, and perhaps I shall be most easy in acknowledging it, and telling you that I long to be your companion in seeking earnestly after a growth in grace, and in the knowledge of our dear Saviour, desiring to sit as at His feet, that we

may hear the gracious words that proceed out of His mouth, and learn more and more of His precious ways and teachings. He said, "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." May He cause us to love Him more and more! And let us not be ashamed to show that we love Him by keeping His commandments, and following as He leads. I feel earnestly solicitous for your welfare and preservation, now you are as it were, entering on the world; and would affectionately entreat you not to be as slack and slow as I have been, but now, in the morning of your day, to yield your hearts up wholly to our dear Saviour. Let Him come in and take the government of them upon His shoulders, and you will find He is worthy to be called "Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace," counselling and preserving you on every occasion, dispensing of His heavenly treasures to you, and delighting to do you good, yea, enriching you with His everlasting peace.

That this may be your happy experience is the earnest desire of your affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Forest Place, Leytonstone, 13th of 4th Month, 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thy letter seemed in unison with my feelings. Ah! how tenderly can I sympathise with the depressed, the tossed, the dismayed—shall I say, from *sad* experience? The enemy does indeed know where to attack a weak side, and lays his baits accordingly. The depths of discouragement I have, at times, been plunged into, I cannot describe. Surely it is the enemy's work, if he cannot puff up, to try and dismay. Surely our merciful and tender Father would not have the least babe to be thus discouraged—how tender, how healing are His wounds!—and when He makes us sensible of our vileness, our weakness, our foolishness, it is not to discourage us, but to lead us to apply more earnestly for His cleansing power, His strengthening grace, His enlightening Spirit. Oh! dear friend, let us not fear to be thus stripped by such a good hand, for He empties *that* he may fill us, and when we are weak then are we strong. I believe I have greatly suffered from giving way to and drinking in, as it were, discouragements of the enemy, instead of endeavouring to look upward,

and to breathe after a patient, quiet, trusting frame—thus vil[illegible] casting away the shield of the Mighty. How does a glimpse of H[illegible] love and of His almighty power seem, in a moment, to dispel th[illegible] clouds of the enemy, and quiet the swelling of the floods! I hop[illegible] my dear friend, I have not been launching out into words, by writin[illegible] thus much as it arose, or going, as it were, beyond my measure, a[illegible] John Crook says. I have been *indeed* tenderly dealt with, an[illegible] mercifully upheld from sinking into the very pit of despair. May [illegible] be enabled to love Him much, yea, more and more to trust and hope in His love and tender care for ever!

And now I would turn, dear ——, to a part in thy letter which did *prick* me, because I know it is not true, and it ought to be so, alas!—I mean as to advancement in the path of obedience. Didst thou know my proud, rebellious heart, thou wouldst be astonished, and admire that condescending Goodness which has waited very long upon me, and not cut off in just displeasure. What amazing condescension is it that He should require of poor, weak, feeble women (the first in transgression), to "speak of the glorious honour of 'His' majesty, and of 'His' wondrous works." But oh! how most awful, and what great need of the "live coal!" My dear friend, to hear of thy faithfulness in this respect has been instructive and animating to me; the fear of man, and, I would hope, the greater fear of stepping amiss or hastily, still keeps me back; but I desire humbly to acknowledge that the few times when these have been mercifully overcome, have been followed, *very* unworthily, by a feeling of peaceful quiet. How earnestly do I desire that He would ever preserve me in *deep* humility and abasement of soul before Him—that all may be of Him, and for Him, and to Him! The seasons of dismay at the sight of the many dangers and snares around, and weakness within, one has been at times enabled to look up to Him, in humble trust, that He is willing and able to preserve and to give wisdom—yea, that when we step amiss He will humble, and chasten, and reprove, as His wisdom and tender love see meet. Writing to thee has been cheering to me; our situation is very solitary (I mean from *genial* society), and I feel so very depressed from body or mind. There is much *indeed* to depress in looking round on our highly favoured Society. Ah! we are a backsliding people. May He melt us, and try us, and not leave us uncorrected. (Jeremiah ix. 7.)

Hast thou seen "An Affectionate Address to the members of the Society of Friends?" It is written by one who is not a member, but

has long attended Gracechurch Street meeting; it appears to me to be the burden of his mind for some time past, and is a close appeal to us indeed. Ah! I fear we have stumbled many such honest inquirers, and how sad to think of! The present is indeed a remarkable time, as it respects the religious world; there is, no doubt, much good stirring, yet Friends have need to take care, lest they should be led away off from their foundation. I much admire a comparison in I. Penington's works, where he compares the several sorts of *believers* to scholars in the school of Christ, each learning their own lessons and performing their peculiar services, owning and loving one another in their several places. But I have been thinking that it will not do for us who have been so highly favoured, and, as it were, drawn up higher and nearer the great Master, in our loving and owning of the good in others, to descend down to their classes and measures—but rather let us keep close to the Master, and endeavour to draw others up to Him and His *spiritual* and *blessed* teaching and government.

I fear thou canst hardly make this out, so I will say farewell, desiring that, if thou feelest anything savoury in it, thou wilt look upwards to Him who only is good, and gives all good, and not to the poor worm.

L. A. BARCLAY.

TO A. R. BARCLAY.

[In reference to a desire which she had long felt to change her residence.]

Knott's Green, 14*th of* 4*th Month*, 1832.

. . . I do think it is well to ponder some plan of improvement. . . . I would rather be farther off, and come and visit at times for a week, and I felt the same in our last monthly meeting, although it was a sweet one to me. But I know the many snares laid on all sides, and desire to be preserved from taking any step hastily, or hastily giving in to any impression. There are trials in every place, and in every meeting; I think that of encouragement and much notice is a great one. Though I certainly would not choose for myself a residence in —— quarter, I would fain be within a walk of most or many of the members of a meeting, where we could have a simple, and cheering, and helpful intercourse with one another, as "members one of another," whether rich or poor. And I should also like to devote some time in attention to the *education* and relief of the poor neighbours, as objects for bodily exercise, and recreation and employ-

ment of mind—also to be able to invite my friends farther off to give me their company at times, for I think where *we* are *always* the visitors it has a bad effect in setting up self. This, dear Rawlinson, is my idea of an old maid's *life*, as mine is likely to be; and I would also add the belief which has always accompanied my mind, that a peculiar testimony to plainness and simplicity, both in dress, and furniture, and manner of living, would be required of me. This [belief] has never left me, although I have been inclined myself, as well as put upon by others, to look at it and reweigh it from time to time; and I think I have felt willing to give up at any time that which I desired to take up in sincerity, only wishing that self may have nothing to do in it, but to be found walking faithfully to that degree of light I may be favoured with.

With such views, it is not likely that much intercourse with those who live in luxury would be desirable, though I desire to sympathise with and encourage the good in all; there is danger of slipping into their spirit, and tacitly encouraging what ought to be testified against.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To S. B.

——, 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Not by way of *return* do I take up my pen to thee; I was, as it were, *dictating* a few lines to thee yesterday, when sitting solitarily in the cloak-room eating my sandwich dinner, and ruminating on the very pleasant time that I had enjoyed with thee, and thy many instructive and *helpful* remarks. I hope I may treasure them up, and they may come out again with fresh vigour (as it were) in aftertimes, and, I should say, with fresh gratitude to Him from whom all good comes. Dear S——, I do hope thou wilt continue to watch over me, a poor, weak, little one, if one of the flock at all! And do not hesitate a *moment* to discourage or caution, as appears right; for of what *vast* importance is it to be faithful in this watchful care towards the poor "*conduits*" (as John Griffiths says), though indeed I would not arrogate such a title to poor me. Ah! what a great favour it is to be enabled *at times* to trust and hope in His tender care, and wisdom, and love—that He will lead about, instruct, and *humble*, and chasten. May He waken me morning by morning to hear as the learned, giving me to understand His "speech" more and more; and oh! that He

may bring all within me into pure resignation and deep humility before Him. How very kind of thee to write to me! I think I may acknowledge the same poverty; but, thou knowest, after a feast a fast is good. I do trust I was enabled to look only to the source of all good, before and after thou left—we must love Him in our dear friends, and them in Him. Is it not His love shed abroad in our hearts that causes us to love Him, and, consequently, those who are doing so also? It was to me a sweet half-hour in quiet the other evening—it is sweet to seek the strengthening, contriting influences of His love with our beloved friends. Thou wilt be interested I know, to hear that Jacob Green has laid before his friends a concern to visit America—poor man! we *must* feel for him, yet also rejoice in the good intended our dear friends there away, and that the good Hand is laying on another such an honoured embassage. How instructive is the account of William Caton in John's "Select Anecdotes;" I read it yesterday between meetings.

I must hastily conclude, hardly knowing what I have written, except that it is very *different* from what I thought of yesterday. . . .

L. A. BARCLAY.

[How] many crannies has self to creep up into! I do wish they may be all searched thoroughly.

TO THE SAME.

——, 1832.

. . . It was so sweet to salute —— in the cloak-room this day week; she spent a few hours with me also on fourth day—how favoured I have been this long solitude with helps! We can sympathise one with another (though she is so much further advanced than poor halting me), being similarly situated in some respects; well, it is animating to meet with such fellow-travellers. I do hope our (such) meetings are not *entirely* to sigh and to mourn over the desolations, but that we are sometimes enabled "to think upon His name," whom we do *desire* to love above all.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To S. A. D.

DEAR FRIEND,

I think I shall hardly feel easy longer to refrain from expressing to thee, how much I feel for thee and several other dear

young women in the station of servants in our meeting. I think I can, in some degree, sympathise with you in the trials and difficulties that are often your lot, as well as in the temptations that surround you on every hand; and I think I may say I earnestly desire your preservation from that which is evil, and your encouragement in that which is good. "Abhor that which is evil," my dear friends, "cleave to that which is good," even in little matters that may seem but trifles. Nothing is trifling or little that has a tendency (in ever so small a degree) to separate us from the love of our heavenly Father. He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity; He is following after us with His gentle reproofs; He is drawing us with the cords of His love; let us, then, run after Him, let us listen to His "reproofs of instruction"—they are indeed the "way of life," and the way of peace also. You are much exposed to temptations, both amongst your fellow-servants and otherwise; oh! may it be the earnest engagement of your minds *daily* to seek after ability to withstand them, and to be faithful. I believe a few minutes spared from our sleep for this purpose will be no mean sacrifice; but even we may lift up our hearts, or breathe after Divine help, whilst our hands are engaged in our various avocations. Such feeble aspirations have often been wonderfully answered, and we may, again and again, be enabled to say "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us!" To be a faithful servant is a very honourable thing; and I do believe if Friends kept their places, they would be a blessing to the family where they live, a check to everything that is wrong, and, like the good salt, seasoning those around them.

That thus it may be with thee, my dear friend, and other of thy friends and neighbours, is the earnest desire of thy sincere friend.

L. A. Barclay.

To S. B.

Forest Place, 6th Month, 1832.

My dear Friend,

I have been very fearful since yesterday, lest I should have hurt thee by any manner of mine when touching on the subject of trial to us both, which I know thou wilt believe I should be *very* sorry to do. I know I am often apt to use strong expressions to convey my meaning, and sometimes, on such occasions, when nervous about it, omit to put in those palliatives or explicatives which I afterwards see might have been desirable. It would *indeed* grieve me

to know that I had wounded thee, for I love thee dearly, and believe thou only acted for the best, and that the blame lies at my door. I do hope it will be a useful lesson to me to dwell alone and keep silence, as in days that are past. Alas! I fear I am going *down hill* sadly! I desire the Divine correcting and humbling hand may not be stayed in the least; and oh! that I might be enabled to wait continually on Him for a renewal of strength and preservation from fainting. I know that it is the enemy's work to discourage and dismay; and he is particularly active and stirring where it is the weak side of the vessel. How well can I enter into the psalmist's words, "Let not the pit shut her mouth upon me!" Ah! if it had not been that a hand of help was held out (many of us can say), then our enemies had swallowed us up quickly, and the proud waves had gone over our soul. I do hope the same merciful hand may be underneath still to support, although it may be appointed to "correct in measure." Dear S——, do crave for me that the work of sanctification may not be marred, by any means, and that reproach may not be brought by me on that cause which is indeed precious to me, nor any of its humble followers stumbled or hurt. Farewell, my dear friend; when we may meet again I know not. If I might, I would like to stay down in the western counties out of sight, and, one is ready to think, out of danger; yet there the enemy could follow, could he not? and I am reminded, whilst writing, of a remark of Edward Smith's to dear John on this subject when in Cornwall twelve years ago—he reminded John of Lot fleeing to the little city and how he acted. Do write me a few lines, and tell me whether I wounded thee, dear, wilt thou? it will be a relief.

From thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

P.S.—If thou seest dear Sarah Grubb, give my dear love to her; I longed to shake hands with her to intimate near feeling and unity, if such a child might say so.

To the same.

[In reference to a manuscript which had been lent her to read.]

Forest Place, 19*th of* 6*th Month*, 1832.

My dear Friend,

. . . I do not think it is a thing that should be much *out;* there strikes me a danger, if read by one of an ardent, grateful heart,

lest such a one should be improperly excited. Dost thou remember a letter rather on this subject (overwarmth) in J. Kendall's Selection second volume, near the end, signed by (as far as I recollect) R. G. it is instructive to me, and has often been. I remember I felt a great fear, from eleven to eight years ago, when such a most awful subject was first thrown before me, of reading accounts of the exercises of Friends relative to it. Ah! how did I, and do I, desire that all may be genuine, no mixture—that *nothing* may move forward but the Master's voice and power—that all may be of Him, and for Him and to Him, no matter how much to the humiliation of the creature. What an instructive letter it is! How striking is the allusion to "divers washings," &c. May patience have her perfect work in all these probations! Like a picture drawn to the life, how cutting is the allusion to Moses and Aaron! The part I told thee of, as to fear of man, is in the postscript. Thy kind note was very relieving to me, dear S——, but indeed I am not worthy to be a "burden-bearer;" nevertheless, I do wish to be willing to be anything or nothing. If permitted to mingle together in deep exercise with the living in Israel, what a great favour it will be! I thought to-day, in our monthly meeting at Ratcliff, if I might but be enabled to breathe after the arising of Him who is our life, it is all I desire. . . . Yesterday, I had the great *treat* of a visit from ——; I had not had her company, except in meeting, for nine months before. She was encouraging, so I feel a little brightening; for I assure thee I have been often ready to give up going into Cornwall, and to sink into *naughty feelings*. Ah! surely I should fall by the hands of the enemy, did not mercy hold me up; may I ever, then, trust and hope in such great love, and believe in such a powerful Friend! I intend setting out on fifth day next, to sleep at Staines, and take the Exeter coach next day. How formidable it does look to go and visit my friends so far—and many temptations in going from meeting to meeting. Do, dear, crave my preservation every way. I must not forget dear ——'s burden. "Keep silence before me, O islands, and let the people renew their strength," &c.

Farewell, very affectionately thy friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

My dear Friend,

I hope I am not improperly intruding myself upon thee, but having felt in times past much love and sympathy for thee, I fear

to omit expressing at this time (I trust under the influence of the same love), how grieved I was to hear, the other day, that thou hadst in outward appearance shewn a diminution of attachment to those principles which I know to be precious to thy dear mother, and which I hoped were becoming increasingly so to thee—the more so, as the profession of these, I believed, cost thee much trial and sacrifice. Ah! my beloved friend, I hope thou hast not been discouraged from the *noble* and faithful avowal of them, by the haltings, and slips, and falls of any around thee. Truth is the same though all men forsake it—it is unchangeably good and valuable, worthy (can my soul say) to be bought with the sacrifice of all that is near and dear in the world's account; and it is exceedingly powerful too, mighty to subdue hosts of inward enemies, and to sustain in outward fights of affliction (Heb. x. 32), yea, able to preserve on every hand, and to crown at last with life and glory! Oh, then, if we have been favoured with the knowledge of the blessed truth as it is in Jesus, and have received of His grace, and hearing the voice of His wisdom, have felt the preciousness of it, and been enabled to give much for it—oh! let us not sell it under any consideration, or even show to others that it is less estimable in our eyes. Let not the smallness of the outsteppings, nor the apparent want of reasons for withstanding them, lead us to yield to the temptations of the vain mind. The rise of evil is but small at first, and easily withstood; so also the reproofs and *leadings* of instruction are small and easily despised by the reasoning mind—nevertheless, they are full of strength and peace to the obedient, and remain to be the "way of life!"

Farewell, dear ——, I hope I need not apologise for this; I believe it has been written in true love, and under a deep sense of my own weakness and need, "every moment," of the preserving power of Him who first visited me in tender love, and mercifully enabled me to follow Him. May He humble, and purify, and lead us as He pleaseth, only to make us what He would have us to be—His dear children, His faithful servants, to the praise of His great name!

L. A. Barclay.

To H. Cruickshank.

Forest Place, Leytonstone, 1st of 10th Month, 1832.

How could I feel one with thee and partake with thee, dear love, under the chastising hand of our merciful heavenly Father! It

was with me as I fancied it was with thee—I had hesitated throughout the meeting that morning, and it broke up without the utterance of a few words that seemed laid upon poor halting me: and *now* also, I may say the same to my shame!—last fifth day being a similar day of trial to me, and though the sign I had requested was mercifully given, yet the *many* fears were suffered to out-balance the belief of duty. And what has been the consequence? Woe indescribable! for how sad is the consideration of having grieved Him who has dealt so very tenderly with me, who has borne long with my hesitation for years, has graciously revived His work as in the midst of the years, has condescended to my great weakness, leading me gently along—and now lately has helped and preserved me every way in my long journey into the West, and in condescending goodness has followed the little offerings required with a feeling of peaceful quiet wholly unmerited! What can I say more to set forth His goodness? But oh! my dear friend, let us not give way to the enemy's discouragements; he will try to make it appear there is no hope, that we shall never be visited alike again, taking advantage of the sense given us of our shortcomings—and perhaps even to excite to a dread of ever being so tried again. But our heavenly Father deals not so with us; He would only teach us *obedience* by the things which we suffer, that we may be humbled under a sense of our utter unworthiness and the *condescending* goodness which thus lays His tender hand upon us. Ah! what were we, and what our Father's house, that He should thus look on us, and even cause His word to burn within us? Alas! that we should so requite Him! I have found, in my short experience, every act of disobedience has given the enemy advantage over me, so that He has brought floods of discouragement over me, and every thing around me has appeared to go wrong; and not only so, but the power to distinguish the voice of the true Shepherd, to discover the approaches of good, seems lessened. On the other hand, every act of simple, humble obedience has tended to strengthen good, to strengthen the hands against the enemy—yea, even to unite to the best Friend! I often remember the expression of a dear Friend, in a meeting where I was—"in your obedience your soul shall live;" she also supplicated for such. I believed it was for me, but alas! I did not give up, and I have ever since regretted the omission, now five years ago. But thou wilt say to me, If thou knowest these things, why dost not thou do them? Alas! my leanness, my backslidings! May I be enabled to yield up to His power, that He may undertake for me, working in

me both the faith and the obedience, that all may be of Him, and for Him, and to Him, to whom only belongs praise, but to the creature utter abasement. I feel now ill with conflict of mind and the dread of meeting-days; but oh! that all may be brought into holy resignation, into pure subjection, even if it cost me life—it seems truly like laying down our lives for the brethren, I have often thought. Our meeting is a trying one to my *proud* nature; to appear like a fool amongst my own family, and other gay, rich, wise folks, is very crucifying—but oh! may I be brought to submission. Surely the vows entered into must be performed.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To E. R.

Forest Place, Leytonstone, 29th of 10th Month, 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have often been reminded of thee the last week, my brother being confined to the sofa with a sprained knee; but do not think I *wanted* such a stimulus to bring thee to my affectionate remembrance—far from it, I assure thee. In my many solitary hours, since my return home, thou hast *often* seemed my mental and instructive companion. Yes, dear friend, it *is* instructive to remember the sincere-hearted, the faithful, the living ones, however solitary and hidden their lot may be. It does excite at times an earnest desire to be made one with them, even in that precious fellowship in which a cleansing is witnessed from all impurity, and this stands not in words but in power; and does not this sweet remembrance seem to shed over us a glow of praise to Him who is the glorious giver of their brightness, and we are stimulated thereby to love Him *above* all, and encouraged to trust in and follow so good a Master, nothing doubting! . . . Did I tell thee I had much conversation with ——, on the evangelical opinions (so called) creeping in amongst us? Her faithfulness in contending for the faith, in the different opportunities in which the conversation turned on the subject, was very instructive to me. She could speak from real experience, and that seemed to have a convincing effect in one or two instances—but it was affecting to hear how prevalent they were! They have a very plausible effect, exciting the affectionate feelings, and, I fear, tending to stir up or to strengthen that which should be weakened and laid low. I have been much enjoying Isaac Penington's Works, at some leisure times;

how sad that these, as well as "Barclay's Apology," should be not united with by many in these modern times. Surely, are we not backsliding from what our worthy predecessors were called out of, and to testify against? J—— W—— has been visiting our different meetings. How greatly do we want true, faithful, baptised elders—what a great blessing such are to the Church and the ministry! . . . I have had much time, at my needle, in ruminating on the many mercies conferred on a very unworthy one (during) the past summer, as well as the many lessons set before me to learn in that time—lessons of caution as well as of stimulus—but alas! how slow to learn to believe and trust. Since my return it has been a [season] of deep conflict and besetment, known only to Him who searches the heart; and were it not that His arm was underneath, I should have sunk indeed. May He bring all within me into acquiescence with His holy will, whether in doing or suffering; for how unworthy am I of the least of all the goodness and truth shown me! . . . Dear Daniel Wheeler, I suppose you have heard, has obtained a certificate for religious service in South Africa, New South Wales, and the Society Islands. How fully can we unite with *such* missions, and rejoice that the good Hand is laying upon another dear servant, attracting even to "the ends of the earth!" Well, my dear friend, I fear I shall try thy eyes. I often recur with pleasure, and, I hope, with gratitude, to time spent at Marazion, both beside thy couch and down on the rocks. It was sweet to sit beside thee, and at times "take sweet counsel together," and may I not say, to feel at times the tendering, strengthening influences of our heavenly Father's love. When it is well with thee, do crave the preservation of a poor child from snares on every side, and above all, in faithfulness and humility.

With the salutation of dear love to you both, I remain thy nearly united friend,

L. A. Barclay.

My love to R. and M., also thy brother and sister L., and dear ——, to whom I could not but feel much attracted in love; may her eye be more and more attentive and fixed on the great and good Master, humbly waiting for His precious teachings and the discoveries of His will, that so she may be moulded according thereto, and thus become of the number of His dear handmaids and children.

12*th Month* 1*st*, 1832.—Perhaps for some surviving dear brother or sister, a testimony lives in my heart to the gracious dealings of the

Lord my God to me, a poor unworthy creature, unworthy of the least of all His tender mercies, and of His great goodness and truth shown unto me. In my late journey into Cornwall, to see my dear friends there, He preserved me from disease and death (when not far off) and brought me safely home. He led me gently along, and made hard and bitter things easy and sweet, when He had subjected my will into pure resignation—for oh! let all the praise be given unto Him. He *gives* to believe, He *makes* willing and obedient, He strengthens, He preserves; yea, there is forgiveness too with Him, and plenteous redemption! He, of His own free grace in Christ Jesus, pardoneth iniquity, and blotteth out the transgressions of those in whom He hath wrought repentance. And now, oh my Lord God, what can I render unto thee for all thy great goodness and mercy?—the pure service of my heart—the holy subjection of my soul! But oh! I am weak, very weak; be pleased to undertake for me; work in me that which is well-pleasing in thy sight. May thy will be done in me and by me, to the utter abasement of the creature and to the entire subjection of the creaturely will—but if it may be, to thy glory and the praise of thy great name for ever!

To S. B.

Forest Place, Leytonstone, 14*th of* 1*st Month,* 1833.

My dear Friend,

Hearing of an opportunity of sending thee a few lines, I willingly avail of it, and indeed think I have cause to apologise for not doing so sooner; but I know thou wilt bear with me, and not think I love thee the less from keeping silence. I have often thought of you, dear ——, in your little simple retreat, and have longed to follow your example; perhaps some of these days I may, if so best. But I have been thinking that, no doubt, in even *ever* so quiet a retreat, our unwearied enemy contrives to *creep in*, and vary his temptations according to our circumstances; and then again, outwardly, every place has its trials. The main thing seems to be to endeavour to seek after best direction, and to act accordingly, trusting that He whom we desire to serve will cause things to work together for good, and support us under them.

Dear ——, I *can* sympathise with you more than I can readily express by writing. We must not look too much at what others say

or think of us; but, if we have weighed things well, go simply forward. What a favour it is to feel *quiet* in reference to any step! ah! I have need of your sympathy and prayers in this respect. . . .

I had a very pleasant and satisfactory journey into the West, and had comfort and, I hope, profit in being with my dear old friends there. I found them not cooled by a seven years' absence, and though there were many alterations, by death and otherwise, in that time, it was sweet to mark the spiritual progress of many, and to be favoured to feel when together the cementing, strengthening influence of Divine love. It was a great trial on my strength visiting so from house to house (almost) in every meeting, amongst my dear old friends, and I stopped [over] their autumn quarterly meeting, as well as that in the summer; but strength was mercifully granted, and preservation also from the sad disease* that sometimes was not far off, which was indeed cause for humble thankfulness. I took tea with dear W. and R. Byrd in my way back, and found them better than they had been, though William is much altered. I also made a point of going to see dear S. Tuckett at Looe (besides seeing her at quarterly meeting in 6th month), and much enjoyed an hour and a half *on the rocks by the sea* with her, listening to her *animating* yet cautionary conversation. She is as *lively* as ever, both in meeting and out of meeting, and seemed as it were raised up afresh, having kept at home two years before. Speaking of the enemy's transformings, she said, "He can imitate the best things, but he can never bring into quietness, any more than the Egyptian magicians could, with all their skill, make [one of the least things with life]; and he can raise many mountains, but not remove one." I hope to remember her words; I do not expect to see her again.

Since returning home, it has been a time of much conflict with me, as well as that I have had much solitary time for looking back at the many favours of the summer, and the many lessons set before me to learn, also the deficiencies and weaknesses on my part. May all tend to humble as well as excite to love, trust in, and obey Him better who has dealt thus tenderly and bountifully with me; and oh! if it be His merciful way with me continually to abase and to strip, to plunge and to wash, let it be so, if there may but be a preparation thereby witnessed to receive and to give from His good hand more purely to His praise.

L. A. BARCLAY.

* The Cholera.

To —— AND ——.

My beloved Cousins,

Is it not sweet, when socially meeting with our dear friends, or partaking of a bounteous meal, to be favoured to feel something of our dear Saviour's strengthening company amongst us?—as when He came and stood amongst His disciples formerly, when the doors were shut from outward intruders, and He saluted them with the language of "Peace be unto you!" I thought I was a little sensible of this, this evening, and longed that we might open the door to such a precious visitant. I would also acknowledge, that I was ready to query of you, my dear young friends:—Have you not felt His gentle knockings at the door of your hearts, accompanied by the language, "Open to me, my sister," my spouse, "for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night"? Have you not heard His clear, though whispering voice, "This is the way, walk ye in it," when you have been inclined to turn out of the path of self-denial and peace? Have you not felt the gentle, persuasive pressure of His hand upon you, with the encouraging assurance, "'Fear thou not; for I am with thee;' 'I will help thee:' come, follow thou me, I will lead thee to enduring substance, and my peace will I give unto thee, not as the world pretends to give!"

Dear friends, when Jesus calls you, haste after Him; leave all to run after Him in the way of His secret requirings, and heed not what others say or think; for they will not be able to intermeddle with the peace which your dear Saviour will give to all those who love Him, and keep His commandments. His love, His manifesting himself to you, His abode with you, are well worth all you can part with or sacrifice for His sake. Therefore, love to wait upon Him, to hear His words, His commands, and the restraints of His love, and do not shrink from them; His words are with power to the willing, but they will judge the disobedient hereafter; and truly His reward is with Him, even a peace the world can never give nor take away!

L. A. Barclay.

Leytonstone, 1*st Month* 26*th*, 1833.—Oh! thou who hast condescended to be my refuge and my deliverer from my childhood, ever near to guide, to strengthen, and to preserve, be pleased to look down upon me with compassion in this season of extremity and proving. I beseech thee to counsel and direct me, to show me what thou wouldst have me to do, and oh! bring my mind into quiet resignation and

humble submission thereto, however trying it may be to the creaturely part. Thou hast loved me, and given me to desire to serve and love thee more and more: do with me what thou wilt, only let me not depart from thee or bring reproach on thy precious cause, but rather, if it may be, contribute towards the exaltation and spreading thereof, both by example and precept, if so thy will ordains. Thine, O Lord! is the kingdom, and thine also is the power—may all praise and glory be ascribed to thee for ever by my poor soul and all others. Amen!

To ———.

Dear Friend,

It was pleasant to me to have that call from thee. In considering our conversation afterwards, I was fearful lest I should be thought, whilst lamenting the state of things amongst us, and the ill effects that riches too often bring with them, to have encouraged, in any degree, an improper judging of those who are favoured with many talents in a *temporal* point of view—believing, as I do, that such a disposition would much hinder *our* progress and growth in that humility which leads to preservation and to strengthening grace. We know that a birthright in the Society will not give possession of the truth, and we have great reason to magnify that grace by which *we* have been brought to this precious knowledge and possession, and to seek after that fear of the Lord which will preserve from the many snares of death surrounding us.

With respect to the awful subject we a little adverted to, towards the end of our conversation, and in which it struck me thou wast a little discouraged—though I feel myself but a child and a partaker with thee of this burden (unworthy as I am)—it seems with me to tell thee, that whilst sympathising with thee under these feelings, and pondering our similar situation, the words addressed to one of the churches formerly revived in my remembrance, as conveying instruction to us both, "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer; . . . be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Provings and trials may be permitted us for our good; it is good for us that self should be thus battered and brought to nought, yea crucified in us, that so Christ may live in us, and act in us, and have the praise of all in us. It is no sin to be tempted, if we do not yield to the temptation. Sometimes the enemy, if he cannot exalt, will cast a flood of discouragement upon us; but oh! let us not look at him or listen to him, for he was a liar from the beginning; let us

look up to Him who is mightier than the enemy, who can lift up a standard against him, yea, in a word, restore a calm confidence to our troubled minds. In the course of my short experience, I have thought that the seasons of sore conflict and discouragement that I have passed through between the times of public exercise, had been permitted for my further purification and humbling; and oh! if they should be the means of a capacity being attained to receive and to give more purely from His good hand, my very soul craves it may not be spared, but that I may not come forth of the furnace, until the trial of my faith may be found unto His praise, and honour, and glory!

Well, dear friend, I have desired for thee that nothing may hinder thee in any way, or the work to which thou hast believed thyself called to put a hand, but that, patiently enduring the baptisms and provings that may be necessary, thou mayst become more and more skilful in discerning the will of the good Master, and faithful in doing it. I have often remembered, with instruction, a remark of John Churchman's—"Ministry must be of necessity, and not of choice; there is no living by silence or by preaching merely." Ah! surely our living must be in subjection to the Divine will. If silence is commanded us, either for the benefit of others or for our own proving, let us resignedly acquiesce—if it is ordered for our own correction or humbling (we having fallen short or gone beyond our duty), may we be instructed thereby and not discouraged improperly. It is a comfort to believe that our heavenly Father knows all our hearts and their sincerity, that we desire to be His only, His wholly; let us lean upon His good hand that we believe has been laid upon us (in *great* condescension!); if we do wrong, He will correct us; if we slip or hold back from fear, or, if, on the other hand, run on too fast, He will humble and instruct us in His wisdom and tender love. Let us trust in Him, and crave of Him that He will lead us by the hand safely along, being children; and no matter how He humbles us, or in what way, so that His great name be not reproached through us, but rather let it be glorified and exalted for evermore!

L. A. Barclay.

To E. R.

Leytonstone, 22nd of 2nd Month, 1833.

My dear Friend,

Thy kind and very interesting letter surely deserved an earlier answer, and I fear I must almost have appeared ungrateful for

it; but didst thou know how it has been with me the last three months, thou wouldst willingly excuse me. I have been glad to avoid letter-writing all I well could, and I knew thou wouldst kindly bear with me, and not attribute my silence to a diminution of that near and dear love which I have always felt for thee ever since we first were together twelve and a-half years ago, and which has gone on increasingly ever since we have been separated these seven years. I hope I am not writing disrespectfully to one so much further advanced in the spiritual journey—the less may love the greater, and true love seems to cast down all difference of age. I have wondered at this effect in me latterly, for I am naturally so much afraid of those who are older than myself. Before I enter upon thy letter, I feel at liberty to inform thee, my dear friend, as I know thou takest an interest in what concerns me, what has been the absorbing subject with me this winter. . . .

I believed I did hint to thee (and no other), when in Cornwall, how I was situated here, and how I have felt burdened for some years past. I found, on my return home, that my dear brother's mind was turning to Croydon, which was very agreeable to me; but, after pondering the matter for some weeks secretly, I did not feel easy about it. It seemed taking him from here, where his duties, and interests, and pursuits lie, and where his services are increasingly valuable and *wanted* in our meeting—merely for my sake, when, after all, my mind would not be relieved as to furniture and way of living; and *there*, we should be *amongst* a body of friends—*here*, we are out of sight, as it were—which appeared to me to render it more important that one should be faithful. Just at that time, my eldest sister's plans were changed, and she left Birmingham; so that it then seemed to me as an opening of the right time, and that, if I stepped the first, perhaps she might be induced to unite with dear R., and though not a Friend, yet would suit him in many respects better than I. It will take too much paper to say much more, except that it has been, as thou mayest suppose, a season of great sifting and trial, of *extremity*, I might say, fully known only to the Searcher of Hearts. I have desired it might be one of His gracious *opportunities* for the carrying on of His work in me, even the bringing down of the creature and the exaltation of His name or power! Since the time I allude to, I have looked at it in various ways—as it were, tried the fleece both ways—and have, amidst reasonings and trials without and within, concluded (and this conclusion has been attended by confirming

and peaceful quiet) on removing to Croydon (if nothing prevent) in the summer to take a simple cottage there, and have a young woman Friend as my companion and *fellow-helper*. This I do not consider to have been fully decided on till this week; for I have felt fearful of stepping all along, and indeed have borne what I have felt as a burden these *six years* nearly, so I do hope I am not hasty. Thou wouldst judge it must be painful to think of leaving my dear brother. . . .

On now reading thy kind letter again, I note thy observations on depressing feelings as to your removal, and it comes rather *pat* to me now; not that I feel so at this time, but I fully expect to be so tried, as the time draws nearer to the 6th month. It is a comfort, as thou sayest, to believe that it is not in displeasure that we are thus, for a season, deprived of the *sensible* evidence of Divine approbation, but in Fatherly love, to try our faith. Ah! He knows the sincerity of our hearts, and our earnest desire that we may be preserved from bringing reproach on that cause which is indeed precious to us, and which He alone has made so to us. I have had cast before me (both *outwardly* and *inwardly*) the *many* and *specious* snares which our subtle enemy spreads in every place, and suited to every *circumstance* and *situation* in life. It *is* so indeed! but is there not One mightier than He? Should this sight, and that of our own *great* weakness, hinder us from stepping forward in humility and faithfulness, when the way is plainly cast up before us? I have thought that a *proper* sense of our own weakness and of the enemy's snares, will lead us to seek more earnestly and depend more simply on His help and strength, who will preserve the simple and the faithful. I suppose I must prepare for evil report, and, of the two, I would rather have it than good. . . .

Last quarterly meeting we drank tea at P. B.'s, and met [Daniel Wheeler] John Wilbur, and George and Ann Jones. There was a most sweet opportunity after tea, when A. J. very strikingly addressed D. W. and J. W. I shall not forget the time I think. We parted in sweet fellowship. Dear J. W. is now on the water—he is much in our minds. I hope thou hast seen his letters to George Crosfield; some of us think them very valuable, and desire they may open the eyes of many, so as they may avoid the precipice they are drawing towards; but others cry out against them sadly, and say they will do mischief by laying things so open. I must own, I am of my brother John's mind, that it is not a time to shrink and to cover things all up, and daub, as it were, with love and meekness. It is better to search to the bottom of things, and to hold forth the good old way, and show

how good it is. . . . It was very sweet to spend a half-hour with Sarah Grubb before last quarterly meeting—a treat I have not had for a year before, though living so near. She told me, when speaking of these times of dismay, that she was so *much* struck on her return home (after being with her children in Suffolk all the summer), to find those opinions we deplore so spread amongst us. She is not well, and no wonder; it is enough to weigh down all our dear Friends who see deeply and feel deeply—and how few we have! George and Ann Jones's late visit was, I do believe, very helpful at this juncture to the rousing of some, and to the strengthening and encouraging of those whose knees are ready to smite together for very weakness and fear.

It is very pleasant to hear of those who run to and fro down in your corner—may their labours be blessed to the help and gathering of many! Sarah Grubb has been holding many public meetings in and around London; very large and striking they have been. Alas! our poor Society—what more can be done for us that has not been done? How sad that we should be a stumbling-block in the way of inquirers who unite with, and receive comfort from our principles, as described in the writings of our early Friends; but, when they look at the people now, they go away sorrowful! Perhaps, though, this is owing to their looking too much at the *people*, instead of the *principle!*

L. A. Barclay.

To H. Cruickshank.

Leytonstone, 3rd of 6th Month, 1833.

My dear Friend,

It seems very long since I heard from thee, yet I know that true love does not depend on frequent communications, but on our being united in spirit, devoted to the same good Master, who is our life, and head, and heavenly vine, and therefore His Spirit pervades all the living members of His body (the Church) and branches in Him, the true vine—which, as it unites them to Him, and gives them life, and freshness, and fruitfulness, so, also, unites them one unto another, and gives them to partake of the true fellowship. And how do I long, my dear, that we may not in any way go back and lose this (if, indeed, such a poor weak one as I may lay claim to the smallest degree of it), but rather seek after an increase, even the

heavenly increase, a growing up more and more "into Him in all things." And I have just remembered a description (in I. Penington's Works) how this precious and desirable work is to be carried on and perfected in us; it is very striking, and I will copy it. "As the power of the Lord began the work, so the same power alone is able to go on with it and perfect it; and it will go on with it and perfect it upon the same terms it began, and no other. How were the terms at first, but on a giving up of the soul in the faith to the Lord, in the sense of His love, and goodness, and mercy, touching, and drawing, and making willing? And how is the standing, but in the same giving up still; in abiding with the Lord, in hearkening to the voice of the Lord, in waiting for the wisdom and counsel of the Lord?" I do not regret copying this, for, in so doing, I myself have been instructed, having been lately almost ready to flinch and *look back*—but how good is our heavenly Father in bringing instruction and encouragement to us in low times and seasons of faintheartedness! I want to know how it has fared with my beloved friend, of whom I have lately heard an interesting account—that thy bonds have been broken through condescending goodness and Divine strength. I may say it rejoiced my heart, and I was reminded of the time we first met, namely, at dinner at T. Christy's, during yearly meeting, when I sat by thee, and felt knit to thee under a belief that the same good Hand was upon thee that I felt to be upon me—most unworthy as I am to partake in ever so small a degree of such a burden. Ah! my dear friend, may He in mercy take us as by the hand, being children, and lead us safely on in the way He is pleased to cast up for us; and let us lean on His good hand, trusting to His love and wisdom, that He will correct and humble us when we do wrong, and show us the dangers we may be near falling into; as well as that He will strengthen us to do His will faithfully and humbly.

Perhaps dear —— will have given thee an account of yearly meeting better than I can. It was a time looked forward to with much dread by many; yet it was found to be owned and favoured by Divine regard and goodness, in the midst of much that was trying and almost overwhelming—to see how we are going back (as it were) to the beggarly elements, and throwing away the testimony delivered to our worthy predecessors, in the morning of our day as a religious Society, to hold forth to the people. But, as I said before, Divine goodness did qualify some of His poor, feeble, oppressed servants to stand up for the good *old* way, to contend for the faith once delivered

to us; as well as to encourage the fainthearted to wait in patience and stillness, for the arising of Him who would scatter His enemies, and give those who suffer with Him to reign with Him for ever. Some of us regretted that we had so little of solemn silence in our different sittings, compared with other years, when we had been more favoured with that stillness in which pure worship and prostration of soul are witnessed. . . .

I am sorry to hear of thy health being so poorly; I doubt the exercises of the mind have to do with it. Mayst thou, dear love, be brought safely through all, and be strengthened more and more with His might in the inner man. The more we are purified the better; and should these conflicts be in mercy permitted for that end—that we may be more fitted to receive and to give from His good hand more *purely*—let our very souls say amen to it; and may we not come forth of the furnace until the trial of our faith be found unto His "praise, and honour, and glory."

Farewell very dearly; when thou art well enough and free enough, do write to me, and believe that I am thy sincerely affectionate and sympathising friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To E. R.

Leytonstone, 21st of 6th Month, 1833.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . The sympathy, as well as the good wishes of one's friends is very acceptable, particularly at a time of tossing, and fears, and dismay, as it has been with me of late, relative to my removal to Croydon in two weeks' time. It is no small trial of faith to see my dear brother's health so indifferent, as well as to think of leaving him a solitary bachelor; and it seems to increase as the time draws nearer. Sometimes it has seemed as if the floods were ready to overwhelm, lifting up their waves on high; yet there has hitherto been a Hand underneath to support, even in the lowest times, and He doth sit as on the flood, and can stay it; yea, He is mighty and good, and can make a path "in the great waters," and drive Jordan back! May He still be near to sustain and to strengthen, causing to hope continually and yet to praise Him more and more! I was much struck the other day with the fifty-first chapter of Isaiah, calling on

Israel of old to look back at what *had* been graciously done for them, thus leading still to trust and to hearken to His voice, fearing not man. Oh! it has been a time of deep plunging since yearly meeting; but help has been mercifully handed the last day or two. . . .

Dear John has had many encomiums of his book.* I believe he gives all the praise to the great Giver of every talent; I hope it has relieved his mind of much burden towards our poor Society. His health really suffered, whilst writing the two last chapters, from exercise of mind. It will be a comfort to have him watch over me at Croydon (as well as dear J. and H. M.) I do desire that, whilst partaking of such congenial society there, I may not forget the benefit of sitting alone and keeping silence. There will be objects to interest me in the schools and the poor, but I hope I may be preserved from activity and forwardness, which I *much* dread. Crave for me, dear friend, that I may be enabled to walk circumspectly and faithfully, and be kept in gratitude and humility, for it seems to me not a little formidable, the step I am about to take—setting up alone as a housekeeper—like bearing a more public testimony. The yearly meeting was a depressing time, very little of that solemn *quiet* that is *so* precious; yet some were comforted in believing that the great Head of the Church was still near, qualifying His poor oppressed servants, at some few times, to lift up their voice for the good old way, mostly in a very *few*, *weighty* sentences. Dear S. Grubb had an awfully striking testimony amongst us, saying, amongst other things, that we were setting up the Saviour in *name*, and denying Him in power. I doubt whether she relieved her mind sufficiently, but I know it was to the *relief* and *comfort* of many, although others could not receive it, I fear, as too hard! . . . I shall remember you with fresh love, this summer, and gratitude for all your kindness. To think of those I love seems to draw upward to Him who is super-excellent, unchangeably good, and whom we both desire to love and serve above all. May I grow up more and more into Him, and then I shall have fellowship with those whom He loves! I feel it very kind of thee to make the effort to write to me, dear friend; I can make thy writing out well, but fear whether thou canst mine.

With the salutation of near and dear love, I remain thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

* Diary of Jaffray, and Memoirs of Friends in the North of Scotland.

To ———.

Forest Place, 26th of 6th Month, 1833.

My dear Friend,

Before leaving this neighbourhood, I hardly feel easy without writing thee a few lines to assure thee of my affectionate interest, although I have not had an opportunity, as I have long wished, to come and see you. I have been unfavourably situated for getting out amongst my friends, which I have often regretted, yet have often felt much affectionate interest and sympathy for them, though it may not have appeared.

I have thought that perhaps you may have many difficulties and trials to contend with, unknown to others, and that perhaps you may feel your distance from meeting, and sometimes as if you were overlooked by your friends—and I have felt for you herein. But, dear friend, there is One who sees us as we really are, knows all our trials and hidden difficulties. He knows what is best for us; and He leads about, and instructs, and proves, and humbles those who are willing to be *His only;* and in all His dealings towards them, He intends good to them, and He doth care for them; and if He is with them in all their trials, to strengthen them and to do them good, surely it is enough! Only (saith my soul) may they work the good mercifully intended; and may the trial of our faith be to His praise, and honour, and glory!

And with regard to distance from meeting, I have often felt *what* a privilege it is to believe as we do, that (after attempting to do our best to meet with our friends, and publicly to testify our allegiance to our heavenly Father, and our great need of His renewed strength and cleansing) being prevented, we may still sit down in our own houses in solemn silence and prostration of soul before Him; and that Christ, our great and good Minister, is still near us by His Spirit, to teach us as never man taught—to feed us with His gracious words—to minister fresh life to our souls—yea, to reveal His Father more and more to us, that we may know Him and have eternal life.

Well, my dear friend, I have desired your encouragement, in trust and in faithfulness to God, that you may be as lights where you are, and thus glorify His name who hath called you.

Farewell. With love, I remain thy friend sincerely,

L. A. Barclay.

To Hannah Cruickshank.

Croydon, 17*th of* 8*th Month*, 1833.

My dear Friend,

Thy affectionate and interesting letter of 6th month was gratefully received by me at a time of much trial both to body and mind, when a letter from a dear absent friend, or ever so short an assurance that one has been in their affectionate remembrance, is like a cordial to a weary traveller. I believe such cups of cold water, handed in simplicity, and prompted by love to the one good Master, will not lose their reward; and also that they will not improperly attach to the instrument, but rather tend to strengthen our love to the great and good Giver and Master, animating us with fresh alacrity in our feeble service of Him, and an earnest desire to be enabled to make straight and diligent steps in our spiritual journey. But on recurring again to thy letter, dear H., I hope thou wilt not misunderstand me. I cannot suppose that *my* poor scrawls are in the least worthy of a reward; if there is ever anything savoury in them, I trust the thanks and the praise all go to Him who sometimes condescends to direct the pen.

I believe I did attempt in my last to describe a little the various conflicts and trials I had passed through in the winter and spring, relative to my removal to this place, and leaving my dear brother, with whom I lived more than seven years. After yearly meeting, the furnace seemed to grow hotter and hotter as the time of trial approached, and all the reasonings and fears about the step magnified themselves. . . . Now I feel the comfort of being here to be *great*. To be situated pleasantly in a cottage with a nice garden, &c.; a nice little society amongst Friends, both of the middling and poorer class; the near neigbourhood (within a walk) of meeting, also of dear brother John and wife; all these good things seem to weigh me down with the debt of gratitude *due* to the bountiful Giver of them. . . . Thou wilt say my cup surely runs over; and oh, that there may be a faithful bringing in of the tithes! Ah! my beloved friend, I think I do desire to be enabled so to do, as well as to be preserved from other snares; for the enemy knows well how to set them in every place, and under varied circumstances. Thou knowest there is danger of taking our flight as on the Sabbath-day; and there is danger of self-complacency creeping in, also of too great attachment to the outward good things that here surround me, as well as of being cumbered with cares of this

world—even in a *little way* as I am here. How *great* is the need, therefore, of continual watchfulness and seeking after a renewal of spiritual strength and Divine counsel, in order to be enabled to walk circumspectly as well as faithfully. . . . It is a great comfort to me to have [my brother John's] company so easy of access; it reminds me of our earlier years, when he and I were so closely linked together—his advice and experience are very valuable to me, and he is pleased to say that it is a comfort to him my having come here at this time. We are a little band of united ones here (how I should like thee to come and see us)—yet I hope we are sensible of our own great weakness; indeed, it is sweet to believe and trust that our heavenly Father *will* shew it to us more and more, and give us to feel that in Him alone are all our fresh springs.

The account, dear love, of thy exercises and conflicts was very interesting to me. It is the enemy's work to discourage and to dismay, both by *anticipations* and reasonings, as well as by looking *back* and dwelling improperly on our shortcomings and slips. Our good Father would not have it to be so; His corrections are full of love and healing, that we may learn to be *more* obedient children—not to cast us off further and hinder our future welldoing, unless we are given up to disobedience and revolt. In my own short experience, I have found the enemy has been very busy *after* any time of giving up to apprehended duty, as it were, to cast over one a flood of discouragement. It is better not to contend with him, but rather to endeavour to sink down into the quiet, trusting in our heavenly Father (whom we desire to serve) that He will in mercy show us wherein we have offended, and how to do better; and then I have sometimes found He has, at times, been pleased to still the accuser, and to bring into a quiet, resigned state, in which self is willing to be brought low. In such seasons of conflict there is rather a hidden advantage to the soul that is properly exercised thereby. How good He is to *manage* things to the good of those who desire to love and serve Him above all! Let us more and more trust His correcting, humbling hand, as well as lean upon His strengthening arm! And, dear H., let us not be afraid of the face of man, nor of his *thoughts*, but let us sanctify the Lord of hosts himself, and let Him be our fear and our dread; and if He is pleased, in great condescension to poor worms, to give us at times a little testimony to bear for Him, let us not be ashamed if it appear very small and homely. No matter how weak and stammering the creature appears. If there be but life in the offering, and it minister

life to the hearers, no doubt it will tend to the praise and glory of Him who gives it. And oh! that we may be brought low and kept low before Him for ever, and continually emptied, and washed, and refined for every fresh service—if indeed *I* may *dare* to use such a term! . . .

How one does feel for poor Daniel Wheeler—such a vast responsibility and concern! and yet one's very heart goes with him, and wishes success to the Gospel to the very "ends of the earth." How consoling and animating is *our* belief of the universal gift of grace, dispensed, in various measures, to mankind—though one cannot but believe that if we had been faithful, as a people raised up to bear this testimony, many more messengers would have been, ere this, sent forth to different parts of the world, to turn people to this grace and light which lies hid in their dark earth, or is but partially yielded to and acknowledged. This is indeed a fearful thought!

Farewell, my dear friend. I must close this long letter with the assurance of my dear love, and that I do not forget that this is the day of your general meeting. May the great Head of the Church be with you, to your comfort, and strength, and cleansing—giving you to acknowledge that the Lord *is* good, that His mercies endure for ever, and that He is worthy to be served, loved, trusted in, and obeyed for ever and ever.

I remain thy sincerely affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To H. M.

Southbridge, Croydon, 24th of 8th Month, 1833.

. . . . Poor R. H. is no more. We visited her deathbed last third-day; she was comfortable in mind, but much pained in body; she died that evening. I believe her loss will be felt by many of her neighbours. It is comforting, yet awful, to think that we are answerable according to the measure of light and grace we are favoured with. I have often thought that perhaps those who are less favoured with advantages, and perhaps may appear to us less forward in the spiritual course, may be more likely to be accepted than some of us who have been favoured in a higher degree, and yet are shrinking, perhaps, from the faithful occupancy of what we have received. I feel greatly the comfort of John's company and advice,

also the pleasure of a little society amongst the Friends of our *now little* meeting. In short, the weight of the debt of gratitude due to the bountiful Giver of all the good things around me is very great. Yet oh! that I may be preserved in humility, and fear to step amiss; how necessary are a constant watch and a continual cleansing!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

South Bridge, 3rd of 9th Month, 1833.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I have been for the last day or two much looking back to the time I spent with you, and, as it were, enjoying it over again, I trust with reference to Him who gives us to feel love and sweet unity together, who is the band of our union (may I not venture to say?), the nourisher, and preserver, and increaser of it. Oh, may I more and more seek after this precious fellowship, sell all for it, part with all that obstructs it! Ah! it is sweet to believe that it stands not in words and outward communications, but in the power of Him who is our holy Head, living and ruling in us, who is the strength and life of even the least of His members, the smallest branches in Him the true vine. I have been looking back, as I said before, to the instructive and refreshing sojourn that I made with my dear Cornish friends the last three months in last year, with a degree of gratitude, I do hope, for the many favours bestowed, both immediately, as it were, and mediately through my dear kind friends; but especially to the sweet times I spent with thee, my dear friend, which has done me good to remember, I think I may say, tending to animate with fresh love and praise to Him whom we mutually do desire to serve and love more and more, and by whose grace our dear friends are what they are. How do I increasingly long that whatever sweet friendships I may be permitted to partake of in passing along through life, they may only be the means, as no doubt they were intended, of engaging my heart more closely to Him who ought to be the only beloved of my soul!

Whilst on this subject of outward loans, I think I may inform thee (I long with grateful prostration of soul), that I have felt much comfort in being settled here at present. The change is very great from such a solitary life as I led generally at Forest Place, to here,

where I have a genial female companion in the house, a dear brother and sister to whom I feel so nearly united, within a walk, and a few other friends of the meeting I belong (or may so) to—it is like a new kind of life almost! But mind, I dont mean to say that my life is in visiting about. I should not wish that; but to be within reach of a little genial society is helpful, I cannot help believing, if it does not carry us off the watch. I have now been two months here to-day. My little cottage is very comfortable, just the right size for me—two parlours and a tiny kitchen below, and three bedrooms up stairs, light and airy rooms, though very snug—a nice garden behind, a little broader than yours at Camborne, retired to walk and work in, yet open. My dear companion, C—— A——, is very valuable to me. I feel it indeed a great favour such a one has been prepared for me. We work together in the garden, and have also spent some pleasant afternoons reading and working on the top of a hill near here, looking over a sweet view. When I look back to the seasons of indescribable conflict I have passed through last winter and spring, as well as the last month before I came here, when the furnace seemed extra hot, one cannot but be weighed down with the debt of gratitude due to Him who has brought me through, made a way where I could not possibly believe any could be found, and dealt very graciously with me. May I be made more and more deeply to feel His goodness, as well as my great need of His continued tender care and strengthening grace to enable me to fulfil the new duties incumbent on me, to support me under the new trials which may be allotted to me, and to see and avoid the new and not less dangerous snares set around me by an unwearied enemy. . . .

Surely it will be in great mercy to our poor backsliding Society, if we are *somehow* brought back again to what we are so fallen from, even if it be by judgment and purging. Surely the holy and precious standard given us formerly to bear, and to exalt before the nations, will not be suffered wholly to fall to the ground!—let it rather be reanointed, and held up with fresh lustre, though suffering be the prelude.

I should like to have thee here. My dear love is to thee. Do remember me, a poor child, for good. I have great need of thy prayers to be preserved from the many snares on one hand or another. Oh! that I may be so instructed to know the guidings of His eye, and the teachings of His grace, as that I might avoid them. . . .

Farewell. Very affectionately thy friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ——.

——, 1833 *or* 1834.

DEAR ——,

Thy note I duly received and should have written since but had not an opportunity; it was thy second acknowledgment of my poor scrawl, yet I accepted it as the effusion of a grateful heart, and one that desires to be helped on her way in the right path. But what I long for thee is, that thou mayst not be looking outwardly at the instruments, however they may be made helpful to thee; it is the inward work that thy eye should be upon, even to witness redemption both from the guilt of sin and from the power of it. The apostle exhorts the Philippians to work out their soul's salvation with fear and trembling, for, says he, "it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure," so it is by man's co-operation or yielding up himself to obey the power or the grace of God which brings salvation (Titus ii.), and hath appeared unto all men, even in their hearts, that this great work is wrought out, and this must be with fear and trembling, that is in the Divine fear and in holy watchfulness; because we feel it is not of or by ourselves, but of God's free grace, who toucheth us, draweth us, makes us willing, if we yield unto His power, yea, works all in us by washing us, regenerating and renewing us by the Holy Ghost.

It is by yielding up our hearts to this measure of grace, or manifestation of the good Spirit of Christ in our hearts, that we are gradually delivered from the power of darkness and sin, and translated into the kingdom of the dear Son of God; and it is thus alone that we come to partake of, and fully to feel the preciousness of that redemption which is through His blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace! Therefore, the great matter for us to do is to take heed to the reproofs of the Spirit of Christ within us, which is as a light shining in our dark hearts, showing us the evils thereof (for whatsoever doth make manifest, is light), convincing us of sin and giving us to long after deliverance from the enemies of our own houses; and as we are willing to bear His coming as a convincer and reprover of sin—a refiner with fire and a fuller with soap—we shall witness that He will make a thorough work in our earthly hearts, He will bring forth judgment unto victory, and we shall be made more than conquerors through Him that loved us, and He will become exceedingly precious to us in this His inward

and spiritual appearance; our souls will delight in Him as the blessed messenger of the covenant (Mal. iii. 1), we shall love to wait upon Him in the way of His judgments that we may learn more and more of His precious righteousness. (Isaiah xxvi. 8.) Thus the kingdom of God and of His dear Son will come to be more and more set up in our hearts, "which cometh not with outward observation," "and consists not in meats and drinks," but is to be within us, "not in word but in power," and consists in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Now, the work of the true ministers of Christ is to point out this inward work and how it may be witnessed—to direct to our dear Saviour, and how His power may be felt to deliver us from our potent enemies within; they would not have us stop short by the way in merely being pleased, or our affections kindled by what we hear, for it is thus that the prophet Ezekiel's testimony formerly was to the Israelites like a pleasant song of one that had a pleasant voice. But we should look beyond the gift to the Giver of all good, and we should endeavour to centre our minds on Christ the minister of ministers, who can work either with or without instruments, and with the ignorant and simple as well as the wise and learned.

And now, dear R., I hope thou wilt not look on thy poor well-wisher as any other than a fellow-traveller in the way toward Zion, and thy very sincere friend,

L. A. Barclay.

P.S.—I would advise thee to seek such opportunities as thou canst of inward retirement and silent lifting up the heart to God, and thus wilt thou be helped to bear the trials, and to fulfil the duties of thy station faithfully, and in the Divine fear; with goodwill doing service (not with eye service) as unto Christ and not unto men, so wilt thou be a treasure to thy mistress, a good example to all around, and a valuable member in the church.

To M. S. F.

My dear M.,

I had no opportunity of expressing my feelings to thee the other day, otherwise than by a squeeze; but I am now fearful of letting thee go to thy intended solitary abode without disclosing them more particularly. I was thinking of thee a few days ago with much

affectionate sympathy; and considering the solitariness of thy intended home, both as it regards the distance from meetings and dear relatives, and also the seclusion from those dear friends whose society has been felt cheering, if not strengthening to the mind, animating to follow after those things which are excellent and which make for peace. And whilst these were my secret cogitations whilst at my work, the injunction of the Psalmist struck me very impressively and sweetly in allusion to thee, "Seek the Lord and His strength: seek His face evermore." Oh! may thy eye and the cry of thy soul be unto thy heavenly Father, that He would feed thee daily with bread from His table, that His hand may be with thee, that He would keep thee from evil, that it hurt thee not. If it be thus thy earnest engagement to draw nigh to thy God, I believe He will graciously condescend, in the seasons of His good pleasure, to draw nigh to thee, and to manifest himself to be a God nigh at hand, and a very present help in the needful time; for "the Lord preserveth all them that love Him," and His eye "is upon them that fear Him, upon them that hope in His mercy; to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine."

I believe I need not apologise to thee for this. It is written in dear love to thee, and under a humbling sense of my own many shortcomings, and great need of Divine preservation, and renewal of strength every moment.

L. A. Barclay.

To L. B.

——, 1834.

My dear L.,

It was pleasant to come home together last evening, and it was in my heart to have saluted thee in much affection, believing that the good hand of my heavenly Father is laying upon thee, and that He is waiting to be very gracious to thee. Thou hast tasted that He is so, but thou wilt yet see more and more of His goodness, and wisdom, and mighty power, in proportion as thou yieldest more and more up to the touches of His love. Let Him work in thee that which is well-pleasing in His sight, even to make thee perfect in every good work, to do His will. (Heb. xiii. 21.) And though He may lead thee in a way that is crucifying to the natural inclinations, yet shrink not back from the gentle pressure of His hand, for He is compassionate to His

little ones, and will hold their hand with persuasive encouragement, saying from time to time, "Fear not, for I am with thee; . . . I will strengthen thee." Thou knowest our Saviour's parable of the grain of wheat, which, except it die, abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit (John xii. 24); and again, he that hateth not his own life and all that is dear to him, cannot be His disciple. There is, indeed, much in us to be mortified and slain. But God is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think, and His power is exceedingly great to those who believe (who yield to it as inwardly manifested), according to His mighty power which He wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead. (Ephes. i. 19.) And oh, *how precious* is the hope of His calling, *how great* the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints! Let us pursue nothing in comparison of it; let us fear nothing but to lose it! And, dear L., not only tender love and encouragement are with Him, and strength and power, but He is the God of peace too (Heb. xiii. 20); for verily His reward is with Him—He does "bless His people with peace."

With much love, and desiring thy encouragement every way, I remain, &c.,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

MY DEAR ——,

Although it is, and has been lately with me a low season, and one of close proving, yet I do not feel altogether excused (knowing the awful uncertainty of time, and the responsibility that attaches to feeling any little word of advice or caution for a dear fellow-mortal) from taking this opportunity of saluting thee and thy beloved sisters with a few lines, in what I apprehend to be Gospel love—that is, the love of Christ, whom I do desire, above all things, to love and serve with my whole heart. Words fail me to express the earnest and affectionate solicitude I feel, and have felt, for your best, even your everlasting welfare; and, to that end, have desired that you may increasingly yield yourselves up to the government and guidance of Christ, by His blessed Spirit, that strives and pleads with you in your hearts. He calls for your whole heart—and oh! will you not give it, can you withhold it, can you refuse to be filled with His goodness, as He waits to do and to deal very graciously with you?

I beseech you, fear nothing but to grieve Him—love nothing in comparison of (that is, more than) Him—heed not what others say or do; but do you follow closely Christ, your good Master and blessed Saviour, and He will give you a peace (even *His* peace) which the world, with all its pleasures, can never give, neither can it, with all its discouragements, take away!

But what I have more particularly felt it right for me to touch upon now is, to express the desire that—seeing the important station which your dear parents are called upon to fill in our church—you may feel the *necessity* there is for *you* to guard *scrupulously* against weakening their hands by a mode of dress, or line of conduct, on your part, inconsistent with that simplicity which our principles (which are those of the Gospel) lead into. Yes, my beloved ——, although you may not think you see the necessity for this or the other little matter in dress, I believe, if you follow your dear Saviour's leadings closely, He will make you willing to give up your own inclinations relative to it, and, from a love to your parents as well as to Him, to take up the cross; and I believe such little sacrifices are very graciously accepted in the Divine sight, and will draw down a blessing upon you which you may have no idea of now. Thus, I fully believe, *will* the hands of your dear parents be strengthened—and to have, also, the blessing of our beloved parents is no light one truly.

Farewell, my beloved ——; may you be blessed and be a blessing to others around you, even by simply attending to the leadings of the Spirit of Christ, however small and insignificant they may appear, and easily to be reasoned against with what you may think plausible reasonings. Remember, that he that despiseth the day of "small things, shall fall by little and little," and that the beginnings of Christ's heavenly kingdom are compared to the growth of a grain of mustard seed, so small and easily crushed, but if suffered to spread in us (by faithfulness on our part), it leads to "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." With dear love, I remain, &c.,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Croydon, 24th of 2nd Month, 1834.

My dear Friend,

Thy dear sister —— having kindly and confidentially read to me some part of thy last letter to her, could not fail to introduce me into a degree of affectionate sympathy with thee in thy present new (and, may I not say, in some respects, trying?) allotment. Ah!

my dear friend, there is much temptation to a warm and grateful disposition in the hospitality, and kindness, and appearance of love of our friends, especially to one lately come amongst them in a way to interest so many; and such may be easily taken therewith, and led away from the quiet habitation, where the mind is drawn off from all that is gratifying to our selfish nature, and is prepared to hear the "still, small voice" of the Beloved, teaching as never man taught, and leading into all that is excellent and pure; and, may I not also say, where ability is mercifully given, humbly to make a stand against all that is contrary to His precious leading and teaching, however plausibly it may be decked out.

I was grieved to hear what thou describes as a weekly custom with certain Friends, and yet it is no more than one quite expects in this backsliding day; and no doubt thou hears much more that is trying discussed in your various circles. But oh, my dear friend, let none of these things move thee, or tempt thee out of the stillness where alone God is known and felt to be God, and exalted over all that is of the creature! I do not expect thou wilt find it thy place to sanction the thing by going to them. I would not *touch* what I doubt of; and no matter at all whether thou art able to answer their reasonings, be *content* to be *unable* to do so, and to be thought a fool. "Study to be quiet, and to do 'thy' own business." It is enough for thee if thou feels the gentle, withholding pressure of the Divine hand upon thee, and in obedience to what is manifested, thy soul shall live; for "the Lord preserveth the simple" and "the faithful," and in times of pinching trial and close besetment, "the name of the Lord" will ever be "a strong tower," into which the righteous (or faithful) may run and be safe. And, dear friend, I do also believe, that in thy faithfulness the hands of others will be strengthened, and who knows but a secret doubt may be thereby raised in others also on the subject? and then they will bless the Lord on thy account. I cannot but believe it is the enemy's work to hurry into creaturely activity—he hates flesh to be quiet, because then he cannot act. Oh, how easy is it to mistake his imitations for the leadings of God's Spirit! but (as dear I. Penington says), in that which lies low in the pure fear is the preservation. Surely the enemy cannot imitate the annihilation of true quiet; but there, in the light, he is seen in all his approaches and successfully resisted. It is indeed a precious thing to have unity with that blessed Power that makes and keeps self of no reputation. My soul most earnestly covets it for myself and for my dear friends.

I expect thou wilt find it best to keep much at home, and not to go from house to house; and it is easier to begin cautiously, and not to open the door too wide at first, for a torrent rushes on irresistibly, almost before we are aware, and carries us off our feet.

It is nearly thirteen years ago since I was at ——, so that there is almost a new generation risen. No doubt it would be a comfort if there were one or two whom thou couldst feel really united to in all respects; but, alas! it is a day in which we can hardly trust a brother, or put confidence in a friend whom we have looked on as a sound member. But oh, "it is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in man, even in the princes of the people." Truly He "is more excellent than the mountains of prey," and there is none like unto Him or to His faithfulness round about Him; therefore, let us lean upon Him, however much He humbles us, and love to hear His voice, however much He reproves us, for it is the voice of love; and verily His love is better than wine or any outward stimulant! Whilst I write, I remember the dear Friends at ——, whom I think thou wilt be pleased with. I do not know them outwardly, but feel united to them in spirit—may I not say, in the bond of Gospel love? I hope you will occasionally go and see such as are in solitary situations like them—there are many I believe in —— (or ——) monthly meeting. It will be refreshing to you and them, and I think we often receive help ourselves in such little sacrifices, comparable to the cup of cold water. I have often thought the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew (the latter part) very instructive, taken in this point of view—I mean as to little alms-deeds (spiritually) of various kinds.

Perhaps —— has told thee we have had an acceptable visit from dear —— and —— —— to our families; of course they were my guests, which was pleasant; but, I may own, I was much taken up whilst they were here in beholding and fearing the many snares to those who put their hand to the Gospel plough. I assure thee, dear ——, although I may try to do my little best to encourage another fellow-pilgrim, I am often ready to halt and look back myself; yet, at times, I desire to trust still in Him who has hitherto helped, and to commit my all into His good hand, who will humble and correct in wisdom and love; and oh! that nothing on my part may hinder His perfecting that which He hath in mercy begun, to His own praise and to the utter abasement of the creature for ever.

Farewell affectionately. I remain thy sincerely attached friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To H. M.

23rd of 6th Month, 1834.

. . . I can truly say, it is my earnest desire that *nothing* may move *forward* but that *living* power, *freshly* poured forth, which is the foundation and spring of true Gospel ministry. And oh! that nothing may hinder or hold back, but that all may be brought into humble subjection, the creature abased, and the Creator alone exalted, and His blessed name magnified for ever.

Farewell, dear friend. Crave my preservation on every side, and that such gracious *condescension* and *long-suffering* may be answered by humble faithfulness and close watchfulness on my part.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

——, 1834.

MY DEAR ——,

I hardly feel easy to omit telling thee how very sorry I was to hear of the step thou art about to take, in resigning that which has cost thee some sacrifices to obtain, and to make an open profession of, which I do believe was precious to thee, inasmuch as solid peace and satisfaction was the result. And now, dear ——, I would affectionately query, Who has beguiled thee, or what has hindered that thou shouldst not obey the truth, and follow on to know more and more of the precious leadings of the Lord, who is "the way, the truth, and the life"—even to know of the *increase* of His holy "government and peace" in thy heart? Hast thou not professed to believe in Christ, in His inward and spiritual appearance in the soul, according to what He declared by His servant John formerly—"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me?" And dost thou now seek to be made perfect by that which is outward, and to subject thyself to ordinances which are but shadows of the good things which Christ brings home to the heart, in its faithful admission of, and subjection to His power inwardly manifested? Oh! my dear friend, I can testify from my own (most unworthy) experience, that there is indeed a rich supper prepared for those who love Christ in His inward and spiritual appearance, and are subject to Him. They are, at seasons, permitted

to partake of that bread of God which comes down from heaven, and gives life unto the world; yea, they feel that they live by Him, and He giveth them of the new wine of His kingdom!

This is surely better than all the shadows of the thing! And so, also, when the knockings of Christ's Spirit are attended to, and the government of our hearts is placed, as it were, on His shoulders, He doth baptise us with the "one baptism" of the Holy Ghost, which is "not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God," by the cleansing of the thoughts and intents of the heart; and thus we know a being "baptised into Jesus Christ," a being "buried with Him by baptism into death," and a putting on of Him; and experience abundant ability to "walk in newness of life." Hast thou, dear ——, read Barclay's Apology on this subject, and Elisha Bates? But, above all, I would entreat thee to retire in spirit before the Lord, and beg of Him to enlighten thy eyes to see that which belongs to thy peace—that which will give thee solid comfort in pursuing. I fear the unfaithfulness and deadness of many of us have proved a stumblingblock in thy way; but oh! look not to the people, but to the unchangeable principle and power of truth, which is abundantly able to direct and preserve, though we, from unfaithfulness, may fall away from it. I think I may say, it is my full belief that none ever left the principles professed by our Society, but such as either never really *possessed* them, or else, through unfaithfulness or unwatchfulness, fell away from them.

And now, my dear friend, I would, in conclusion, say, that it is my sincere and earnest desire that thou mayest so entirely give up to be led and instructed by the Light and Spirit of Christ, as that thou mayest be favoured to experience somewhat of that precious fellowship mentioned in 1 John chap. i., in which there is a holy communion partaken of that far surpasses all outward signs and shadows! I believe I need not ask thee to excuse my freedom; I think it is the freedom of love, and that thou wilt as such accept it, and believe me to remain, thy sincere friend,

L. A. Barclay.

P.S.—I hope I write "not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect," but under a deep sense of the unmerited and adorable mercy of my heavenly Father, by whose free grace I am what I am; and, in the constrainings of His love, I would not hide what He hath prepared for those who love Him, but would say, Come, taste and see how good He is!

To ———.

Tunbridge Wells, 7th of 8th Month, 1834.

My beloved Friend,

I fear thou hast thought me very neglectful of thy last kind and sisterly letter, supposing that I have plenty of leisure for writing, and perhaps I have appeared almost unfeeling, or as if I did not share deeply with thy feelings of sorrow, under the loss of such a dear friend and mother in Israel. This has, I assure thee, not been the case; for there have been times when it has been greatly felt, as well as the reflection how very few of the old veterans (in the Lamb's army, may I not say?) and experienced judges in Israel are left behind. Shall I be thought *judging* if I say, there are few comparatively that have not shaken hands more or less with the world, that are men of truth, hating covetousness, clear in discerning, and bold in testifying against what is not of the truth, discreet and tender, yet faithful in reproving and warning? In short, the fathers—where are they? and the true prophets—do they live for ever? Ah! my dear friend, let their precepts and example live in our remembrance, and may their good Master and great Pattern rule and reign in our hearts! They directed us to Him, and they testified of His goodness and of His mighty power; and now, if we have been favoured in any measure to taste thereof, let us more and more desire and seek after that spiritual nourishment, whereby we may be enabled to grow up into Him in all things, and to be built up in Him, a spiritual house and holy priesthood, to offer up the spiritual sacrifices which are acceptable through Him. Is He not elect and precious to us, as the chief corner-stone, though always despised and disallowed of the wise builders in every age? and oh! that we may be preserved from grieving or going away from Him by disobedience to His Spirit in our hearts. He only hath the words of eternal life! and though the mountains should depart, and the many helps, like hills, be removed, yet His kindness and peace, and His instructions of life, shall not be taken away from His humble little ones, who keep close to Him, and abide faithful in His fear.

It is a subject, as thou sayest, that we should be careful not too much to dwell upon—the strippings in our poor Society, and the inroads of the enemy—lest discouragement and dismay should overwhelm, and our hearts should faint from rising up to do, with the little might and sight given, that which belongs to our day's work; and

by this means, the general weakness is helped forward instead of hindered. I often remember a passage in that sweet chapter, the second of Ecclesiasticus, viz.:—"Woe unto him that is faint-hearted, for he believeth not; therefore shall he not be defended." Is it not the case, that these faint-hearted overlook, or do not yield to, the Lord's mighty, strengthening power, and therefore are not likely to be helped?

The few particulars thou gave me of dear —— and ——, and of the interment, were very interesting to me, and I felt it kind of thee. Ah! my dear, I can fully sympathise with thee in the feelings of condemnation thou describes: but how tenderly indeed are we dealt with, in that we should again be proved, and our backsliding passed by. Yet, do we not find that every act of disobedience dims the sight, and weakens the ability to give up to the next apprehended requiring, so that sometimes we have a dreary wilderness to pass over before the effects are done away? But let us endeavour to keep the word of the Lord's patience, till He say, "It is enough!" let us bear His chastisement and the hidings of His power, till He is pleased renewedly to wash, and once again to re-anoint for what He shall appoint unto. I noticed thy kind wish that we lived nearer each other; ah! I fear I should stumble thee, and not strengthen thee. I feel peculiarly united to thee, I will confess; yet I hope that near attachment to thee, or any other, would not lead me to fix in a place where the Divine approbation did not rest on the movement. I do not consider —— as a very fixed place of residence, although I should be sorry to let such an idea *out*, or to give too much way to it myself, lest there should be a snare in so doing. I often think, the more detached we are from earthly comforts and dependencies, the more we are as sojourners, the better. I miss dear —— greatly, and have been tried in various ways the last two months, so as latterly to be ready at times to give up hope, yet have been mercifully preserved from utterly sinking, and enabled to commit myself into His hand, who humbleth, and correcteth, and instructeth according to His tender love and unerring wisdom. The more we are melted, the more likely we are to be made up again tender, so as to take the impression designed.

I am stopping here with —— till next week, and intend then going to Hastings for a fortnight, for a little sea bathing, and hoping the change may be beneficial, not to health (for that is very good, through favour), but to the mind, as a season of renewed searching of heart and seeking after fresh strength to walk more circumspectly, faith-

fully, and humbly; may it be blessed to me is my earnest desire. We have had nice accounts of dear ——, which are animating and comforting, to see how those who feel their great weakness are mercifully helped to be made strong in the Lord's might.

Farewell very affectionately,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To H. M.

Hastings, 25th of 8th Month, 1834.

. . . I would shrink gladly out of sight from fear of *undoing* in conversation what is feebly attempted to be done in meeting. I have been thinking, whilst writing, of the sea of glass mingled with fire—is there not such a comparison? how true it is! Ah! there is no safety but in keeping close to Him who is mighty to preserve as well as to strengthen. How prone are some of us faint-hearted ones to sink down into despair at the sight of the slippery path, instead of clinging *more* closely to Him! Is not this something of unmortified self that would be strong in itself, and does not like to see its own utter nothingness? Ah, my dear friend, let us commit our way unto Him who is good and faithful, in welldoing, that is, in close watchfulness and humble faithfulness—and then He will bring it to pass, that is, our safe stepping, to our own peace and to the praise of His great name, who hath touched, and drawn, and made willing to follow. . . .

I hope my *dear* friend, H. M., does not suffer the enemy by any discouraging feelings to rob her of the good penny (as G. Fox says); but oh, for diligence when the good Master calls, and a humble watching thereunto; otherwise I have thought (whether rightly or not I cannot tell) we may not clearly see the pointing of His finger, or may miss of His heavenly words. How do I long for my dear friends of this description, that they may more and more seek after and experience the cleansing and qualifying efficacy of His living word (John xv.), that they may be as clean and empty vessels, ready for His use whenever He is mercifully pleased to bid! and then I have thought that conduct and conversation would accord, and be hardly less edifying or teaching.

It is now time for my afternoon's *sit* on the shore—the sea is grandly high, most majestic waves! . . .

Now, dear H., I must say farewell. Do not think I am got stronger every way. Oh, I am tremblingly weak, yet desiring to pursue, in the right fear, the prize set before us.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Croydon, 15*th of* 9*th Month*, 1834.

. . . My mind seemed much with you yesterday week, and I hope you were favoured with the presence of Him whose power and wisdom are the alone authority, strength, and comfort, of all these our meetings for discipline. I have from a child (almost) felt greatly interested in the transaction of the discipline, and *secretly* exercised in these meetings; but now I am so deaf, I can take almost no active part in them, were I able; so that I often think, if I may but be enabled to breathe after the arising of the pure life, both in myself and in others, this is all the part I can take; and oh! to be helped to do so more and more. After I returned home, I had a bitter draught of inward discouragement and outward depression to partake of for some days; it seemed like the waves of the sea, one after another. But, through adorable mercy, I have been helped out of it the last few days, and have indeed cause to praise His good name, and to say, It is good to lean upon His tender arm through all—yea, it is He who giveth power to do so; He worketh in us to will as He wills, and to do that which is well-pleasing in His sight. I had a humbling testimony to bear yesterday in our preparative meeting, on the subject of the second query, which I hope may be long remembered by me, and I have been favoured to feel a peaceful retrospect; so I hope the anticipated (and, in part, partaken of) storm is changed to a calm. Oh! that nothing on my part may ruffle the waters! . . .

We attended a meeting in town last fifth day, held at E. Bates's request, for Friends of our quarterly meeting. Dear S. Grubb was there, whom I could not but eagerly and affectionately salute, not expecting to see much more of her in these parts—she is going to Hereford, and Worcestershire, and Wales, with certificate. I found that she and I coincided in our feelings about the meetings—yet I hardly dare say how, even to thee. Dear R. H. is about to embark on the 24th, and is perhaps gone from London by this time. The morning meeting would be likely to give him the usual certificate.

My dear brother John is returned to us with comfort, I trust, how-

ever poor, and to our comfort too.* He visited dear William Byrd, whom he found much brighter than he expected, though entirely unable to move from the position in which he is placed, either night or day. . . .

My love, please, to all your little circle, and to thy brother, to whom I did not bid farewell. If it be not presumptuous in such a child to say so, may you be preserved faithful, and watchful, and humble; and then you will, no doubt, be blessed of the Lord, even of Him who made heaven and earth. Many eyes are upon you, some for good, and, it may be, some for evil, and they are quick-sighted; oh! that yours may be single to the recompense of the reward, despising the shame, for His service is truly enriching, and it is perfect freedom.

Farewell, my dear friend and sister. I hope thou wilt not shrink from yielding up thyself even to be brought again under exercise. I fear lest the good, and acceptable, and *perfect* will should not be accomplished. But what great need have I to look at home. May all within us be humbled and brought to nought (no matter how), to entire resignation and submission! May we be melted and made tender, even just such as our heavenly Father would have us to be, that He alone may be glorified for evermore! Do write before long.

I am thy truly sympathising and nearly united friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To I. E.

——, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I accept the kind intention of thy note; but oh! I would rather thou took no notice of the poor instrument, in whatever way she is enabled to hand any thing in season, but rather may thy heart bow low before Him who is the great Giver. He it is thou knowest who gives to feel sympathy, and who puts words into our hearts for others, and He it is who enables to hand outwardly also. It is all of His goodness and free love; therefore, let both of our hearts bow in gratitude and humble praise to Him alone, who only is worthy of all our praise, and thanksgiving, and love; yea, and He is worthy of the pure, undivided service of our hearts—worthy for ever to be trusted in, feared, and obeyed. And, dear friend, let me add, He is a never-failing help in the time of trouble to those who fear

* From a religious engagement in Cornwall, &c.

Him and lean upon Him alone. "God is a refuge for us," therefore "trust in Him at all times; ye people pour out your heart before Him." Surely we *may* pour out to Him with safety, and cast all our care upon Him, for He doth care for those who endeavour to walk uprightly before Him, and when they may be ready to think that no eye seeth them, God pitieth them. He doth not afflict willingly, but for a wise, and good, and gracious purpose, even to draw us closer to Himself, the fountain of good—to incite us more and more to love Him with a perfect heart, to trust in Him alone and not lean to our own understandings, and to serve Him more faithfully and willingly. In all His dealings towards us (though we can hardly sometimes be persuaded to think so) He doth prove Himself to be a wise and tender Father, waiting long upon some of us to be gracious to us, and desiring we should come, taste, and see how good He is! Therefore, how desirable, my dear friend, is it that we should seek after that wisdom by which we may be enabled to hear the Lord's voice to us, and to see His name or power manifested in His various dealings towards us! Then shall we be strengthened to hear or mind the rod (if such should be administered), and who hath appointed it, and what He is requiring at our hands. (See Micah v.) And then, I have thought we shall be preserved from fainting or sinking too low under the chastening of His hand on the one hand, or from despising it on the other, remembering that whom the Lord *loveth* He chasteneth, and proveth even with scourging the sons whom He receiveth. (Heb. xii.) And again, "As many as I *love* I rebuke and chasten." How striking too is what follows (Rev. iii. 19, 20)—the precious effects of hearing His voice, and receiving Him in the way of His coming—Ah, He doth sustain these from day to day, through whatever He permits and whatever He requires. They have bread fresh from the Master's table, and His love is better than wine or outward stimulants and helps.

Give my love to thy wife; I feel much for her; but how sweet to remember and feel that the Minister of ministers is ever nigh by His blessed Spirit, to minister spiritual instruction, and life, and nourishment, to lead us in the way we should go, and to strengthen and comfort us therein, if we will but wait for, seek after, and attend to Him. The preciousness of our views on this subject is peculiarly felt by those who are solitarily situated by sickness or otherwise.

L. A. Barclay.

To R. R.

Croydon, 14*th of* 10*th Month*, 1834.

. . . This morning, in our little retirement, I felt instructed in remembering that unless we are willing to go down as to the bottom of Jordan, we shall not be enabled to bring up stones of memorial, and to say, "the Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation," delivering from the proud waves that lifted up their heads on high. I entirely united with thy remarks on our state as a Society. Oh! for an increase of quietness and abasedness of the creature, that He alone may rule and reign in us and amongst us, and work all in us, and have the praise of all, whose right alone it is! And then, I believe, when self is still, even in its fears and foreboding cogitations, as well as its wise reasonings and hasty actings, the Lord our God will be truly exalted in our earthly hearts, and He will mercifully enable us to see and to perform our individual work and service (whether actively or passively), and thus to exalt His name before others. (See Psalm xlvi. 10.) . . .

[There are] comfortable accounts from dear Stephen Grellet from his own home; also of Daniel Wheeler, who held several satisfactory meetings at Rio Janeiro, South America, and we heard, that after he left, prayers were put up by the congregation for his welfare and preservation; they were much reached, and said that "he spoke with authority, and not as the scribes." . . .

Thy desire for my encouragement felt cause for humbling gratitude; I have but once broken through the host of discouraging reasonings here. Oh! the compassionate forbearance of Him who has begun to show me of His great goodness, and who knows the desire of my heart to be His only, His wholly. Crave my preservation, dear R., when it is well with thee, for I often feel weighed down under a sense of the many snares and dangers on every side. Yet I know the Lord's arm is mighty; may He help me to cleave close to Him, to lean upon Him, and never to leave Him, and then He will not forsake me in the needful time.

Farewell. With dear love, I remain thy nearly united friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

My dear Friend,

I have felt since quarterly meeting an inclination to pen thee a few lines, which has been increased since hearing, the other

day, that thou hast been appointed to the station of overseer in your large meeting, in which thou hast my tender sympathy; for it must, indeed, be an awfully responsible station to fill, although one of great use and blessing to the Church. I feel greatly for such in the compass of our quarterly meeting, at the present day; now that we have (many of us) so greatly degenerated from our original view of being "members one of another," and have got out into an independent view, *out* of the true love and the unity of the Spirit. These ideas have tended to deteriorate the station amongst us, and to hinder the benefit of it; as well as to discourage, and to render it trying to the sincere-hearted who desire to come up in faithfulness to their duty. But, dear ——, I would do my little best to encourage and animate thee, however weak and unfit thou mayest believe and feel thyself to be, not to look out at what others do or how they feel about it; but do thou turn thy attention inward to the measure of the light and grace of Christ mercifully given within. He is head of the body, the Church, and His light and grace are abundantly sufficient to direct, and lead, and strengthen His poor feeble servants, in whatever way He requires their service. Do thou meditate in the law and precepts of His blessed Spirit continually, and thou wilt be given clearly to see what is the proper qualification, as well as what is proper for thee to do and to leave undone.

Thou mayest be often ready to think that thou hast enough to do to attend to the vineyard of thy own heart and family; but let not the feeling of thy own weakness and shortcomings hinder thee from yielding to that Power which can cleanse, as well as strengthen, which can abilitate to follow, as well as enlighten and lead. And if thou yieldest thereto (even art willing to be shown what is required of thee, and the high standard thou must press up to), He will lead thee to seek after great watchfulness before God, that thou mayest not slip in thy duty, or give offence to any of the little ones by thy example; and He will lead thee into the humble fear and pure love of God, which will keep thee *from* the fear of man, as well as *in the true* love of thy dear fellow-members. And in this love consists the proper discharge of the duty of an overseer—to feel the value of the souls of our dear sisters, to watch over them for their good and growth, and therein to act in the meekness of the heavenly wisdom, which Christ is ever willing to dispense to them that seek after it. And in seeking after the help of others, thou wilt be helped thyself, and kept humble and watchful.

I would also affectionately and tenderly say, be careful that thy example in the bringing up of thy children is consistent with, and adorns the Gospel—that is, that it is such as the "power of God" leads into; and then, dear ——, His power will assuredly bear thee up over all the thoughts of others, and the reasonings and fears of thy own mind. And the Lord will ever give strength to His people; He will bless them with a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. I hope thou wilt receive this free salutation in the sisterly love in which it is written. I have often remembered the time we passed together at F., three or four years ago, and the love and interest I felt then for thee are not abated by time and separation. At the same time, I desire renewedly to be made sensible of my own great weakness and shortcoming, and the great and continual need I have of the preserving power, and strengthening grace, and cleansing virtue of Him whom I do desire to serve in sincerity, and to love as the only Beloved of my soul, the chief among ten thousand!

L. A. Barclay.

To E. H.

10*th Month*, 1834.

My dear ——,

I do not like to let the present opportunity slip without penning thee a line or two, expressive of the sympathy I feel with thee, as well as the rejoicing in that thou hast been enabled to yield to the good Hand in tender condescension laid upon thee. I did feel greatly for thee, dear, and thy example felt instructive and animating to me. Ah! how long have some of us been waited upon, and our great weakness and hesitation borne with, and how tenderly have we been dealt with, and again and again visited. So it may tend to thy comfort to know that a weak sister feels animated afresh by thy example, to look *back* on the great goodness and mercy extended, and upward, with earnest desire to be enabled to come up in more faithful obedience to Him who indeed proves Himself to be a tender Father, a rich rewarder of those who endeavour, however feebly, to serve Him. He makes willing, and He works the obedience; let us yield up to His power, however humbling and crucifying to the creaturely wisdom and will, and He will graciously lead about and instruct, correct and humble, as His tender love and wisdom see best. Let us lean upon Him, and cleave close to Him more

more; and then, I do believe, He will not forsake us in the hour of trial and deep conflict. He can still enable a little one to put to flight a host of reasonings and opposing feelings, and can cause those who feel themselves as the stones of the street to celebrate His praise!

Farewell, my dear friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

P.S.—I hope I have not improperly intruded myself on thee. We have cause to remember the refreshing meeting we were favoured with on fourth day, and may He have the praise and pure service of our hearts, who alone is worthy for ever.

To ———.

Croydon, 19*th of* 11*th Month*, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thy short letter was felt kind and acceptable, and seemed to bring thee nearer to me. It is very pleasant to have these tokens of the remembrance and feeling of our dear absent friends, to be thus brought nigh in sympathy, and to be mutually refreshed in looking at and adoring the dealings of an all-wise and gracious Providence towards His little dependent ones, wherever scattered or however tried. Yes! He is indeed good to His Israel, His upright-hearted, clean-handed little ones. His eye is for good upon them that fear Him, in all His dealings towards them—He chooses them in the furnace of affliction—He numbers their tears, though scattered ever so secretly, and their desires after Him and the honour of His name are had in remembrance before Him. He will be their "refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble;" and though the earth (all that is earthly in them) may be shaken, and the mountains (those whom they have looked to for strength and support, as instruments) may be removed; though the sea roar, and the proud waves may lift up their heads apparently to overwhelm them—yet He is near to them, and His voice is mightier than the noise of many waters; He is near to hear their cry, and to save them; He is more than father or mother, and sticketh closer than a brother; and He will hold them in the hollow of His hand, and give them to see and partake of that river which maketh glad His whole heritage—yea, He will cause them to shout for His mightiness and glory in the midst of them! Then, oh! "let Israel hope in the Lord from henceforth and for ever."

We were privileged in having the company of dear —— and —— as my guests for a few nights about a fortnight ago. It was truly a refreshing and strengthening time. I had never seen so much of her before, and her conversation was peculiarly helpful to us at the present time. She had also never had any of ——'s company, and it seemed a comfort to her to find that both his and my feelings were so similar to her own. Surely there is a help sometimes in kindred minds thus speaking one to another, although their communings may have much of the mournful in them, and though they may be sad under a sense of the state of things amongst us (a highly favoured yet backsliding people), and of the insidious snares of our cruel enemy. If such are but preserved in the Divine fear on such occasions, and are engaged to think on His name—His mighty power—will He not notice their tears and their sincere desires? and He hath promised "they shall be mine" "in that day when I make up my jewels, and I will spare them," &c. Oh, my dear friend (I have been thinking), that we may be of the number of these jewels, of the number of those who are spared of the Lord, who, we read of in another part, were those who sighed and mourned for the abominations committed in the land. Let us be willing to be of these oppressed, suffering ones, for assuredly those who suffer with their Lord shall reign with Him.

We hear agreeable accounts of ——. He is one of those who hold up the ancient principles of truth, which is a comfort to hear. I fear —— has got his view beclouded; many looked much towards him, hoping he would set us all to rights, but I fear they have been sadly disappointed. It will not do to look to or lean upon man; but oh! let us look to Christ, our divine Master, who teaches us still by His Spirit as never man taught, speaking with undoubted authority in our hearts, and is a swift witness against all that is evil in ourselves and others, if we will but give heed and believe His testimony. But the thing is, we do not like His cross; we would have some easier way to the crown, and so we say in our hearts, we will not have Him to reign over us; and then slaying the witness, we become hard and blind, and call light darkness and darkness light.

L. A. Barclay.

To L. S.

Croydon, 10*th of* 12*th Month*, 1834.

I have been intending to write this day or two past, and now that we have the affecting account of dear Edward Smith's decease,

it seems a fresh stimulus to take up my pen in the way of sympathy with thee, dear L.; for I do not doubt it is a near stroke to thee (or you) as well as to our little circle of intimates here, with whom he has formed a precious link in the chain of endeared friendship and fellowship. Ah, my beloved friend, it is indeed a keen stroke, as well as a solemn warning! I felt him as a dear brother nearly united in the fellowship of the Gospel. Well, his work is cut short in righteousness. I do believe his prayers, and his alms, and his secret tears and conflicts are had in remembrance before Him whom he desired to serve above all, and his memorial is blessed, and his works shall follow him. How greatly will you miss him in your meeting! . . . It is very striking to me how faithful he has endeavoured to be lately in the writing way; as it were, making haste to do his day's work in the daytime. We have been much pleased with the opportunity these labours have afforded us of seeing him down here, and dear C. and I have been looking back with much affecting interest at the two last visits he paid us—I think also once when thou wast here, and we took a sweet walk together.

Poor dear Eliza! how tenderly do we feel for her! How *sudden* a stroke to her! yet it is inflicted by a most tender and wise Father; and I believe the wind will be tempered to the shorn sheep—the soothing balm of His consolation will be poured in—and His tender arm will be underneath to support. And will she not have cause to rejoice that she had such a sacrifice to yield up to Him, who will cause all things to work together for good to those who love Him above all—who wounds only to heal—who strips only to clothe with the pure garment of love and entire resignation? Ah! in all His dealings towards us He *doth* show himself to be very good—a wise and tender Father; and all His provings are designed to draw us nearer to Himself, the fountain of excellence and good; to mould us more and more after His Divine image, that we may bear the inscription of holiness to Him. May the language of her heart be, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord;" and He will care for His stripped ones, He will be tender over them, for they are precious to Him, and, as their eye is ever unto Him, He will not fail or forsake them.

On hearing of this circumstance, the first impression was rejoicing with the departed, and longing, if it might be, to follow; yet, dear Lydia, I cannot help fearing this desire may, in some degree, arise from an impure source—a shrinking from conflict and trial in this

changing, proving scene; and one is, as it were, reproved for the wish, and brought back to the feeling—the will of the Lord be done, let Him do what He will with His unworthy handmaid. Should many days, and many trials, and exercises, and labours be appointed, may the desire of my heart be, to be made resigned, and faithful, and humble. It is affecting to lose a beloved brother and contemporary, but this is what thou, and I, and others, must expect to do now; and oh! that it may work the good designed by the trial, namely, to stimulate and warn to diligence in the work of the day assigned us, that we may be found ready, watching, and faithful. If thou should be going to see dear Eliza, do give C.'s and my dear love and tender sympathy for her. Perhaps it may be as well if thou read to her what I have written, though it is not said to her, it is for her as much as thee, for I feel you united together.

Well, dear L., to turn from this absorbing subject to thy letter of 10th month, which, on perusing a *third* time now, is felt to be more acceptable than I had felt it before, although it was not unacceptable then by any means; but there are (as thou sayest in it) times when we feel unable to lay hold of the hand of help or encouragement held out to us. This has been peculiarly my case since we parted—a time of stripping, of buffeting, and of sore conflict, more than I have known for some time past; but I suppose those who would be faithful soldiers of the Lamb must endure hardness; and perhaps it is part of the many baptisms they must pass through, who are, at any time, to be made use of in pulling down the strongholds of Satan in others. The enemy attacks such much more *inveterately*, as well as that they must be more often cleansed, more deeply plunged, to be qualified for such an awful work. Well, my dear friend, though at times one seems ready to shrink from these necessary baptisms, and rather to desire to be hid—to be known *only* to One, if so His will might be performed; yet at others one seems melted under a sense of His goodness and condescension to one so unworthy, and the desire is raised that nothing may be spared, that so His gracious designs may be accomplished; that not a jot of suffering may be lost, but patience may have her perfect work, that nothing may be wanting that may tend to the abasement and purification of the creature, and to the glory of the Creator!

I notice thy allusion to taking the cup of salvation in *any* form; this comes rather [home], having apprehended such an awful requiring lately; but oh, the dread, and fear, and reasonings, and hesitation, and disobedience! Yet I have trusted that He who knows the desire

to be rightly directed, led, and strengthened in so awful an exercise, has forgiven the offence; and, in matchless mercy, He has condescended to put a little testimony in my mouth, even since such a hesitation, after a long time of cessation.

It would be very pleasant to have thy company again here, dear L. I often remember the sweet walk we took, the morning thou left, up Primrose Hill. It will not do to cling to earthly helps and enjoyments; but yet it *is* a time when we have need to endeavour to strengthen one another's hands in upholding the standard once delivered to our forefathers, and which is still precious to many up and down, though others turn their backs, and do not consider it to have been anointed of our Captain. . . .

L. A. Barclay.

To E. R.

Croydon, 29*th of* 12*th Month*, 1834.

. . . It is good to be continually reminded that we must lean only upon the One Good Friend who "sticketh closer than a brother." And how greatly do I desire that the present time may be blessed to us, in our becoming increasingly acquainted with Him, His precious ways, the mightiness of His power, and the wisdom and love pourtrayed in all His works and dealings! . . . Well, my dear friend, you must not look to escape what is come already upon others to try them; but oh, that you may be enabled to set an example to them of the benefit of faithful watchers and diligent labourers; for surely one is ready to think if this had been the case in other parts, things would not have come to their present painful state amongst us.

I have had lately a sweet letter from dear ——, in which he desires his dear love to those dear Friends in the West who are faithful in advocating our ancient principles. He writes encouragingly as to brighter times, that a remnant will be raised up and preserved of the humble, lowly ones, who shall be made strong in the Lord's might; that He will gain a victory by these few, and the wisdom and activity of man shall be abased in the very dust and the Lord alone axalted. Ah, we are sadly degenerated in our ideas on this subject as well as others, which seem to me all as branches from one root, namely—the denying the precious universal gift of Divine light and grace. It is true some *appear* to own it, but then they act and preach to the contrary,

and there is a sad endeavour to unite the two opinions, and make things appear all the same, covering all over with love and harmony; but it is like trying to unite the iron and clay in Nebuchadnezzar's image, and it is better not to be in harmony with what militates against the spiritual (and truly Gospel) view of things which we have always held. *True* love will lead to judge what is contrary to Christ, the Light, and to seek the recovery of the lost member even by severity, if need be. . . .

I was much pleased to hear of your meeting being continued, and hope it will tend to good, though no doubt —— and thou must feel the responsibility to be great. But it will not do to shrink from burdens, if rightly come upon us, and you will be strengthened for it. We want more of a noble disinterestedness amongst us sadly in these parts, that the cause of truth may be precious to us, and not a shrinking from exercise. It is very sweet to hear of the dear blind man and others being drawn near in spirit to us. One can salute them in Gospel love, though outwardly unknown. Many eyes are upon you, and you are as a city set on a hill that cannot be hid. May your lamps be so continually replenished with heavenly oil as that they may shine with unsullied brightness, to the glory of the great Name and to the help of many a poor wandering soul.

I have been much interested and instructed during the past year in making an Index to "I. Penington's Works in four volumes," and have just completed it after much labour on it. Of course, I read the whole carefully, and condensed each paragraph. I intend presenting a copy to my dear Cornish Friends who have the Works, and shall not forget thy sister L., who I believe has them. My dear love to them and tender sympathy in their trials. . . .

L. A. BARCLAY.

To L. S.

Croydon, 19*th of* 2*nd Month*, 1835.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

I seem as if I could hardly let thee go into the West without a few lines by F. J. (if he be at Wandsworth), expressive of the rejoicing that I feel on *thy account*, as well as the tender sympathy with thee, since hearing for *certain* what passed at your last monthly meeting. Ah! dear love, I do indeed feel for thee under the awful, and, may I not say, humbling exaltation that is come upon thee, the increase of exercise and responsibility. But thy good Master, the

great Minister, will ever be with His poor, exercised, and, peculiarly in this day, tribulated ministers; He will be their strength in weakness—His good presence will be with them in the many fiery trials that *must* be their portion, to prove them and to purify them—His mighty arm shall be underneath them when passing through the deep waters, to bear them up from utterly sinking, when the mighty waves may roll over their heads—and He will not fail or forsake them when He leads them forth to the battle, but will gird them with His own strength, and hold them as by the hand, saying, "Fear not; for I am with thee."

Well, my precious sister, I would fain do my little best to encourage thee. Ah! it is no matter how poor, and weak, and foolish, we seem to ourselves or others. We want some of the plough-boy preachers of old times in these degenerate days; oh! for the baptising ministry of those times. I sometimes think, if things are brought about amongst us, that there will be again raised up mean and contemptible instruments and a foolish way of preaching, as in old times, that the Lord alone may be exalted. And, blessed for ever be His name, He is abundantly able to qualify these poor, mean, foolish ones, as ever He was; to make them wise in His counsels and mighty in His power; yea, to enable them to preach His everlasting Gospel with the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, that He alone may be glorified, and His name exalted and spread among the nations. May it be so, saith my very soul; and may all flesh be silent and abased before Him for ever!

Farewell. With C.'s and my united dear love, I remain thy poor, frail, but affectionate and sympathising friend and sister,

L. A. Barclay.

Croydon, 20th of 2nd Month, 1835.

The enclosed [the preceding letter] was hastily written yesterday, whilst waiting for the fly to take us to monthly meeting, and not finding F. J. there, I do not feel quite excused from sending it thee, as perhaps there may be a time when even what is hardly equal to a cup of cold water may be acceptable. We had a few women Friends of the committee yesterday, who stirred us up to take up the subject of overseers, to the relief of some burdened minds, I do believe. M. P. has been paying us a little visit, very pleasantly, and I think one might say helpfully, for those who feel themselves

but poor and weak may sometimes help the poor and weak! I had long felt about going to Reigate monthly meeting, and I was glad of the opportunity of (without selfishness) taking her and ——, on fourth day, to it; and we were favoured with a sweet day altogether, except a little burden I brought away from the second meeting, from fear, as usual. The first meeting was very sweet; a precious covering in silence, much of the meeting. Ah! this is what we want now-a-days, and what the true ministers covet, and not to be heard—even the Lord's power reigning over all, and being exalted over all in our earthly hearts, through an inward stillness, whereby He may be livingly known to be God, and an ability received to glorify His holy name before others. (Psalm xlvi. 10.) Dear Joseph Sayers laid before Friends the visiting of families in that monthly meeting. We were glad to be there, and I believe the company of my two dear companions was felt helpful. We spent the afternoon with dear ——, who seems more helpless than when I last saw her, a year ago, but more resigned to wait her dismissal from this suffering state.

Do give my dear love to F. J.; I think I feel the same towards him, on this occasion, as I do towards thee, as I have expressed in the enclosed note. Ah! we have few true elders amongst us—those who have been baptised by the Holy Ghost for the service; surely it is such *only* who are properly qualified to watch over the ministry, to warn and to reprove, as well as to strengthen the weak! And where there are those who have been thus anointed by Christ, our holy head, for such (or any other) service, if they are not appointed thereto by their friends, I believe it tends greatly to their own loss as individuals, as well as to the loss and injury of the body. I have often remembered, in looking at the subject of elders, the description of those appointed in Moses' time—"able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness." Ah! these are such as we want in the present day greatly; clean-handed, honest-hearted, true to God, and the glory and spreading of His great name; in nowise yielding to what will not tend to this excellent end, but rather hinder it, however smooth and eloquent the words, and fair the doctrine (for thou knowest, dear L., how it *may* be so, as we were reading the other day, and as we have often felt). And there is a covetousness which must indeed be *hated* by those who desire above all to fear God —a covetousness of the esteem and favour even of those whom we look upon as princes. Is not this something like the Babylonish garment, and the wedge of gold, which, being concealed, brought

dimness of sight and led to faint-heartedness formerly, so that the enemy prevailed to the discomfiture of Israel? Ah! I have thought that the Lord's gracious, tender hand is upon some in the present day, to allure them even into the wilderness, away from creaturely dependencies, and, it may be, closely proved various ways; and there He will speak comfortably unto such as are willing to offer up these coveted things, yea, will make the Valley of Achor a door of hope, and give them to behold the vineyard they are to be engaged in, and abundant ability to labour therein!

Well, I do believe dear F. has been so anointed, and is one of these honest-hearted; and I greatly desire (if it be not impertinent in me to express it) that he may ever be preserved so—that his sight may be kept clear for God (I desire to write with reverence), and his hands strengthened in the power of His might to act for Him, which will be greatly to the help of the body, to his own peace, and to the praise of that excellent Name which we desire should be exalted over all. And one is impressed, whilst writing, with one great means of this being the case (and this applies to both ministers and elders!) namely, to be very frequent in inward retirement and waiting upon God, in the silence of all flesh, or, at least, seeking after it! Here we shall be more and more instructed in the knowledge of ourselves, and, consequently, in that of others, as well as in the living knowledge of God; here is the way for *true discernment* to increase amongst us as it was in the beginning, as well as strength to act according to that discernment. One longs for this, though, indeed, I have need to lay my mouth in the dust, feeling very deficient in this, alas! as well as in other duties.

Well, dear L., farewell once more. I did not by any means intend to enlarge thus when I began, but I knew not how to stop. Perhaps it might not be wrong to show this to dear F., if not impertinent in such a child. I hope he will deal faithfully with me, if it be so, tell him, and at all other times also. With the salutation of endeared love, I remain thy and your nearly united friend—may I add, in the bonds of the Gospel.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To R. R.

Croydon, 5th of 3rd Month, 1835.

. . . Thy letter yesterday felt not a little cheering and animating to my often drooping and dismayed mind. Ah, my dear

friend, I am ready to think if thou heard all that we hear, both within the limits of our own quarterly meeting as well as from other parts, even *thou* wouldst be dismayed. One is at times ready to say, Blessed are the dead who are taken from the evil to come! but I know this proceeds from self, unresigned to the duties and trials to come, and shrinking from suffering; and oh, may every thought of this kind be brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ. I have compared one's feelings for four months past till lately, to that of being trodden under foot. I believe there are a few (and will be more by and by), valiants raised up, who are ready accoutred, not by their power and might, but by the Spirit of the Lord God of hosts, for the battle. He is mustering His little ones, whom He will make as David; and *who* shall be able to stand when He rises up to the battle? and *who* shall let when He is pleased to work, though it be by the foolish and weak? My heart salutes these dear valiants in Gospel love, and wishes them the best speed in their work, which I apprehend to be, through the proper exercise of our divinely appointed discipline, to purge the camp of what has for so long been as an evil disease in it, to the discomfiture of our Israel before the enemy, to the hindering of the true exaltation and spreading of our great King's name among the nations, and to the great burden and pain of the faithful. The painful things we hear of from week to week do not surprise us. They are marks of the growth of the evil, and we receive them as symptoms of the state of the disease. Yet truly they must be deeply painful. I believe the spiritually-minded, honest inquirers will not be much hurt, for they are quick-sighted enough to see through the thing; yet there is no doubt the weak will be stumbled, and woe unto them by whom these little ones are offended! . . .

Thou kindly asks me how I fare as to the path of duty. Alas! the fear of man seems so deeply rooted, what struggles it requires to overcome it! and oh, what bondage it leads into, and weakness of hands, and dimness of sight are the consequences of suffering it to hinder our obedience to our tender and good Master! But how gracious and condescending is He to interpose, time after time, for our deliverance, that we may be set free to praise Him, and to magnify His great and ever excellent name.

I suppose thou hast heard of the "Beacon." I do not intend to touch it. [These] unsound principles are more insidious in their poison than the openly shocking doctrines of the Hicksites. Ah, I often remember a manuscript, which I believe I read to thee, which

says of J. Wilkinson and J. Story's schism, "They are now bringing up new things which were not in the beginning, having the smooth words which man cannot see but as their fruits make them manifest and an inward eye is opened. The doctrine of this spirit is so smooth that many cannot see a hole in it, but the nature of it is to divide Friends asunder like stray sheep." Ah, is it not so now? And the nature is, to scatter from Christ the life. How smooth things appear now in many instances, but the Life is wanting! Oh for the baptising ministry of good old times!

Dear E. Smith's death was a rousing stimulus to thy poor friend from a lethargy of discouragement; and I have had another in the death of dear Mary Marriage.

Farewell, dear R. Crave that the prevailing despising of what appears weak and foolish in man's eye, and rejection of what is ancient, may not hinder thy poor, weak sister from declaring the whole counsel in mercy given her to declare.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To L. S.

Wandsworth, 19th of 3rd Month, 1835.

We are here an hour before meeting time, for the select meeting to be held, so I shall occupy the time in writing a little note to thee by F. J., if here, and which I believe will not interfere with that exercise of mind which often seems to attend me during these important meetings, however unworthy to be dipped into sympathy with any of the dear exercised labourers. Thy letter, dear L., was deeply interesting and instructive to me; I might almost say I was prepared for its contents, for I own I had felt for thee about going away at this time, and especially to that part. It was very instructive to me thy yielding to what seemed best in this matter, and a feeling of thanksgiving and praise seemed to ascend to Him who does all things well for those who love Him, and enables them to act for His glory; and one felt animated by thy example. . . .

On second day last, I went down to Rochester, to W. Rickman's, and attended the quarterly meeting next day. I assure thee it was a very exercising time to me, and I greatly desired to be preserved from doing anything to the reproach of the good cause; but I had for several [quarterly meetings] felt a wish to be with them. It was very crucifying to me to have to stand up the first in the meeting for

worship, and the last in that for discipline; but the Lord made hard things comparatively easy, and what was very bitter to the natural part to be sweet, or, at least, peaceful; blessed for ever be His holy name, who is indeed worthy to be feared *above* all, to be loved, trusted *in*, and obeyed by the whole house of Israel! It was sweet to be with the dear Friends of that county again, to whom I have formerly felt united. Dear W. Rickman was very lively and striking in the meeting, but I could not hear him; also dear Mary Baker, who took up the subject which had opened upon me. Elizabeth Beck also was there, and I believe it was a favoured meeting; the precious covering in silence was very sweet to me. We afterwards went on to Maidstone, and were at their meeting next day—also a season of favour—and were helped to return home comfortably last night. Thou wilt say I have cause *still more* to trust, to love, and obey. . . .

May the Lord keep us poor striplings in the hollow of His holy hand, and hold up our goings in His paths that our feet slip not! For surely if He leave us (or, rather, if we leave Him) a moment, we shall fall. Oh, to be preserved low in His pure fear for ever!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To H. M.

Croydon, 26*th of* 3*rd Month*, 1835.

This approaching committee does feel *so* trying and exercising, I feel almost ill at the idea. How very pinching it will be to express a sentiment as to any one proposed, with that unflinching yet humble faithfulness that should be! for perhaps there may be relatives or intimates of the individual present. Well, dear H., we must crave one another's help, and remember the cause is not ours, and no might or wisdom of ours will help it forward, but rather hinder. As for poor me, I greatly shrink from such a *vast* trial of faithfulness as it will be; oh! that I may, with clearness and *humble* faithfulness, be enabled to express any little feeling that may be given, and sink into nothingness again. Who knows, perhaps my deafness may be a help to me in such a case, as I should not be biased by others; is it presumptuous to say so, though? Dear E. Robson's testimonies felt encouraging to me, though I heard very little, except the last. I wish thou hadst been appointed representative to the yearly meeting instead of me; I am sure it would have been better. Do not the deaf belong to the blind, the maimed, and the halt? . . .

Oh! that the deeply exercised travailers for the welfare of Jerusalem may not faint under their manifold afflictions, nor cease to breathe for her; for, surely, the set time to favour her will come, and the poor dust thereof shall be compassionated. . . . It was very pleasant to see ——; I told her I was glad she came to feel with us. Why should not elders go thus to a neighbouring meeting more often than they do?

L. A. BARCLAY.

To J. F. M.

Ventnor, 29th of 4th Month, 1835.

My mind seems much with you at this time, when I suppose you are about to commit to the grave the remains of our dear and valued friend, Ann Brewster. I have long been hoping to see her once more, but union of spirit—which I hope it is not presumptuous to lay claim to—is perhaps better than personal intercourse. It is indeed a blessed exchange and happy release for her, and one seems to rejoice on her account; but we shall feel her loss, notwithstanding she has been so long laid by from public service. Surely the secret exercise of such is felt helpful to the body. The places of these dear ancient worthies, of whom we have latterly lost so many, are not easily refilled. Their experience, and stability, and deep humility are very slowly attained, and in the course of many a painful stepping; but it is in the ordering of a wise and kind Providence, and humble resignation is the disposition we should seek after. And surely, if we feel these losses, it is our duty more and more to yield up to His qualifying power, whereby a capacity will be received to walk in their footsteps, and to serve the Lord faithfully in our day and generation.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To E. R.

Southampton, 8th of 5th Month, 1835.

. . . Ah! my dear friend, it is a fearful prospect to me this yearly meeting; but we must look to Him who can make all things work together for good to those who sincerely desire to love and serve Him above all; yea, to fear Him above all too; and He is abundantly sufficient for His own work. He can choose the weak and base things, in the world's eye, and things which are not (according

to their idea), to search out and bring to nought those which are lifted up above the pure witness for Him. I apprehend there is, and will be more manifest at this yearly meeting, a great desire to cover things over and mingle things together, much appearance of love, as well as of advocating our early doctrine; but oh! how closely have we need to feel—how closely have we need to keep to the unerring Guide and pure Witness, in order that we *may* rightly feel whence things come. I tremble for myself, and *greatly* desire to be preserved *in* a humble, meek, listening state, waiting for true sense and feeling—and if any service is called for, for wisdom and strength to perform it, fearing none but to disobey my good and gracious Master.

I hear that dear friend —— ——, whom I have written of to thee as a remarkable instance of the sufficiency of the Divine power to qualify the very weak and foolish ones to be ministers of the Gospel, is coming over with certificate. One longs there may be more such instances as there were in early days. . . . I would not wish to be uncharitable, but it is hard for some to see through some things—not that I would set up myself as discerning though, far from it;—every degree of life or growth has a proportionate degree of discernment mercifully given, and, as such, it is not to be boasted of, but occupied with, in deep humility, and close watchfulness for its preservation and increase. But, dear friend, let us not be surprised or amazed at anything we see or hear. We know how subtle the enemy is, and we know how weak man is, when he departs in any way from Him who alone can preserve us. When we ponder these sad things in secret, oh, may we not be moved thereat, but may it tend to our instruction. What if things do wax worse and worse, and the spirits of some be further manifested!—there is One who is over all, who will work as it pleaseth Him, to His own glory and to the purification of His Church. Oh! then, let not the faithful few, the little flock of Christ's companions in suffering, fear or be faint-hearted; for, as they keep the word of His patience, and are faithful in their day and generation, He will give them to partake of His royal banquet at His table, and they shall reign with Him for ever. My heart salutes them, at times, in what I believe is a measure of Gospel love, wherever scattered, and however their dwelling may be in the dust, and sackcloth may be the covering of their loins, and none may know how it is with them. But God knows and sees them, and they are very dear to Him; they that touch them, touch the apple of His eye, and none shall be able to pluck them out of His hand. I hope I do

not write too freely, nor improperly take the great Name into my mouth and hand. I feel thee as a dear elder sister, which makes me run on so to thee. I assure thee it has, by no means, been an abounding time with me lately, but one of much exercise and discipline—I might say, even the discipline to utter close things, and that which I know is kicked against by some; but things very hard to my shrinking nature have been most graciously made comparatively easy to me, and I would fain yield myself up to Him who has dealt so very tenderly with me, so I may but be preserved from bringing reproach on His good cause, or on the awful work to which I have feebly put a hand in apprehension of His requiring.

My dear brother's severe illness has also preyed much both upon body and mind, although one seemed kept in quiet and resignation as to the event of it. It was a great comfort and favour that he was raised up again, and as soon as he could bear travelling, we came to the Isle of Wight, about three weeks ago, which means have been wonderfully blessed to him, so that he is very much recovered. . . . John's writing labours are at an end for the present, but he is going on with Dewsbury, by Rawlinson's help. It has been very sweet to me to be with him since being out, though it is only a scrap now and then that I get of his *quiet* company. His remarks have been very instructive, and his mouth has been opened several times in ministry in our little private opportunities, or with a friend, for he has been silent quite [as to public ministry] since leaving Cornwall. I shall feel my loss of him greatly. . . .

I felt a sympathy that I cannot describe on hearing of dear ——'s prospect; my dear love to her. I believe some will be called to singular (to man's eye) services, and oh! that such may be faithful. Are we to limit our Master, and choose our own work?

L. A. Barclay.

[The close and lengthened trials and provings which she had to pass through were, no doubt, heightened by her natural timidity, which at one time well nigh amounted to that fear of man which acts as a snare and hinderance in the path of obedience to manifested duty. Those who knew her best in after life, and who knew also this feature of her mental constitution, could not but be struck with the way in which she was strengthened to faithfulness, when she believed herself called upon to deliver close things, "and hard to be uttered," either in public or more private ministrations. Truly the Most High

"giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." Like her brother John, she was brought under deep exercise of spirit in the prospect of a Gospel errand amongst Friends, before her gift in the ministry had received the acknowledgment of her monthly meeting. This will account for some of the allusions in the following letter.]

To L. S.

Croydon, 3rd of 7th Month, 1835.

. . . I much hope that this change of air may renovate thee. Body and mind are closely connected, and such an awful time as it must have been to thee for several months, must have pressed much upon the poor body. I may truly say it has been an exercising time to me since yearly meeting, in which my mind has been much turned to the same subject—*not* that I am aware the matter, as it regards myself, has been taken up by Friends—and not *at all* that I have *voluntarily* reverted to the subject, for I have not entertained it at all during the four years that I have feebly put my hand (as I apprehend) to the awful work. But circumstances have unavoidably led to it and brought it upon me; and, truly, day and night have I felt weighed down, and close conflict and deep searching have been my portion. But, through favour, one seems a little strengthened to cast all care upon Him who hath hitherto cared for me abundantly and most graciously. He can make a way for us where we can see *none*, and remove mountains of difficulty. My soul desires to lean upon Him in humble fear, and holy confidence, and pure resignation. And oh, that I may be enabled to perform all my vows made in the seasons of sore conflict and dismay—to come up in faithfulness and *entire* dedication to Him who hath indeed dealt very bountifully with me. For what am I, a poor, weak handmaid, the least in all my Father's house (if indeed I be one at all), that He should condescend to look upon me, and to lay His hand upon me, and to put His words into my heart and mouth? May I never refuse to obey Him in whatsoever and wheresoever He calls, is the earnest breathing of my soul. I should not, dear L., have turned upon this subject, had I not been feeling for thee, and it seemed to lead to my own capability of sympathising by experience lately. . . .

I greatly feel dear John's going. He is now gone to Malvern, and is only likely to return for two weeks before they leave Croydon

permanently. It is very sad to me to look at, it has come so ve strongly before me since yearly meeting—almost overwhelming; y I desire to feel resigned. I shall greatly miss his help and judgme both in temporals and spirituals. Where a friend is undaunte speaks the truth in love and true faithfulness, and is unbiased by the affectionate part, how may we rely on their feeling and judgment, and what a comfort it is! But how few there are of this description! Yet I know there is One who is omnipotent, who delights to show Himself strong on the behalf of those who fear Him, and He can make the weakest to be strong in His might, and the dry bones to stand up in living power to fight His battles!

We have had several very sweet and strengthening visits since yearly meeting from divers of our dear Friends, namely, Edward Alexander, W. and A. T., A. C., and Solomon Chapman, with one or two others, all whose testimonies have been in a similar strain, tending to turn from the instruments to the great Giver, and to the teachings of His grace in the secret of the heart. This has been very confirming and comforting to me, as it is what has been my exercise and labour for some time past, and sometimes in the same words. Ah! dear friend, this is what we greatly want—to be directed to turn inward, instead of looking out after words and declarations concerning the thing; and I greatly and earnestly desire that I may be preserved from, and *helped against* the fear of man, or a shrinking from delivering this very unpalatable doctrine to the carnal mind. But oh! to be enabled in humble fear, and in the puttings forth of the Divine power, to deliver the whole counsel, nothing doubting and no one fearing; and do thou crave this for me, and let us crave it for one another, dear L., for indeed we seem to be standing in slippery places—a sea of glass mingled with fire! But the Lord is able to preserve us poor striplings, if we do but look singly unto Him; and as we are engaged to wait upon Him daily, to feel after His cleansing, quickening power upon our souls, I have faith to believe He will not only preserve us in public ministrations, but so season us with His divine grace and life, as that our whole conduct and conversation may adorn His holy doctrine, and, being so seasoned, may minister grace to all around us. So be it, saith my soul, and let the Lord alone be exalted in us and by us, and may all flesh be abased to the very dust before Him for ever; for He alone is worthy to be praised, magnified, and adored, to be loved, trusted in, and obeyed by the whole house of spiritual Israel for ever!

I intend leaving home on second day week, with my sister Susan, to go to Tunbridge Wells for a week, and thence on to Sandgate for a fortnight with Rawlinson; I do not wish to leave home just now, indeed it would seem desirable not to leave my own meeting—but I feel they have a claim on me, and I do not wish to be deficient in family duty; also my health, I hope, may be benefited by the sea air and change. I hope I may be preserved faithful, *not forward*, whilst out. It is likely I may attend a few of the little meetings in Kent, but I am known there, and it seems like going home. I need not say to thee, dear L., that I hope thou wilt do what thy hands find to do where thou art going, thou art more faithful than poor shrinking I. May we be preserved near to the divine Master, that is constantly eyeing Him, waiting upon Him to know and understand His voice and will concerning us, and for ability to perform it, and I believe He will show us the many and various snares we are liable to, and will be our help and our shield! Let us trust in His tender, correcting humbling, as well as His good, strengthening hand, and lean upon Him evermore. My dear love to ——, I have reason to remember her; she was the first to whom I opened my mouth to speak (as I trust) in the Divine name; and the peace that overflowed I shall not forget; it is now ten years ago, when she was in Cornwall.

L. A. Barclay.

To William Rickman.

7th Month, 1835.

Ah! my dear friend, it must be affecting to thee thus to follow to the grave thy dear friends and fellow-veterans in the good fight of faith. I can fancy thee, at times, almost longing to join them in their disembodied state, ready to think the chariot-wheels long in coming, yet desiring in patience to wait for Him. Ah! the time will come, when He will not tarry, to the rejoicing of thy soul; for truly His reward is with Him, even a glorious one, for He hath prepared a crown of righteousness for all those who have loved and yielded unto His spiritual appearance in their hearts. And this I know to be thy case, my dear and valued friend. Thou hast faithfully and unflinchingly laboured to bring others to this love and subjection, for thou hast testified of what thou hast seen, heard, and handled, and felt to be very precious. And though, perhaps, the humility of the disciples may not see any use they have been of in the world, in

a retrospective view; and though the future prospect, as thou sayest, may not appear very bright, yet no doubt there remains a blessed reward in store for them, and a glorious rest and joy for the faithful—even from the hands of their good Lord, who has wrought all their works in them, by whose grace they are what they are, and to whom alone they ascribe all the praise. They are acceptable unto God through the beloved Son, and their song, even in this state of trial and tribulation, is:—"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen!"

I took it kind of thee to write to such a stripling as I am, and valued thy letter as an encouraging testimony to His praise, who has been with thee all thy life long. M. M—— I felt as a dear mother. We can but rejoice on her account—it is well with her! She rests from her labours and sufferings, and her works do follow her; they ascend as a memorial in the Divine sight, and they leave a precious savour behind them, tending to His praise, as well as to the encouragement of those left. For, although she is dead, yet she seems to speak this language:—"'Be ye also ready', by an humble faithfulness to the best of masters, for such an hour as this!" Ah! it is a day of trial indeed. Some feel like being trodden under foot; but there will be a set time to favour Zion with Him whose eyes upon her for good. He does compassionately regard and care for the dust thereof. In His own time He will arise and comfort her, and make her desolate places like Eden, the garden of His own planting, and abundant thanksgiving and praise shall be found therein.

L. A. Barclay.

To R. R.

Croydon, 6th of 7th Month, 1835.

. . . I felt thy sympathy truly sweet. It has been as usual, and much more than usual, a season of exercise and conflict with me since yearly meeting, so that I have shrunk from writing. It always is so with me then, for the sight, and hearing, and sense of the state of things amongst us are brought so close to one, and mourning and lamentation, as well as trembling for myself, seem to cover one! . . . Nevertheless, in the lowest seasons, I may thankfully acknowledge that some sweet glimpses have been afforded of the

mightiness of His power, the excellency of His wisdom, and the tenderness of His love, who "sitteth on the circle of the earth." He giveth power to those who feel they have no might of their own. He will cause all these things to work together for good to those who love Him, who are His called, and chosen, and faithful ones, and none shall be able to pluck them out of His preserving hand of power.

My dear brother John, thou wouldst hear, was enabled to attend a part of the yearly meeting, and has not suffered from it. . . . Ah, how wily is the enemy, how artfully he goes to work to glide us off the true Foundation, so that we may not be aware of it. Yet, oh! let the sincere-hearted, faithful little ones, the little flock of Christ's companions in tribulation, remember "their Redeemer is strong, the Lord of hosts is His name."

L. A. BARCLAY.

To H. M.

Sandgate, 25th of 7th Month, 1835.

. . . Dear Thomas Shillitoe and Sarah Grubb may be a little cheered in the hope of brighter days amongst us; but oh! the bitter conflicts, the deep plungings, the fiery baptisms, that must *surely* be passed through ere those days come—it makes one start back to think of. The sons of Levi, the vessels of the ministry, must indeed be purified and refined before the pure offerings, as in ancient days, can be offered. May it be so, saith my very soul; and let the Lord work mightily to the carrying on of His great, and good, and gracious work. But oh! the precious sons and daughters of Zion who have thus adulterated from Christ, may they be saved, even as by fire, when their work is tried to the very foundations. I hope I am not writing presumptuously. Dear H., I desire to take my part (if indeed it belong to me), and to be thoroughly purified. . . .

It is trying that any men Friends (in such very small meetings) should keep at home to tend shop. We called after meeting at ——'s, and, on going into the parlour behind, I felt constrained to utter a few words, turning that way, greatly in the cross. It is my *earnest* desire to be preserved from doing wrong, or *diverting from an inward* attention to the great Minister, in these days of looking after words *especially*, yet I have believed it required of me to break silence in all the meetings I have attended since leaving home; I hope I may now be excused. I never felt so weak, surely I *shall* bring reproach on the good cause,

and fall into one of the many snares around. . . . Dear A. Brewster! I hope something sweet and pithy will be prepared; I wish I might have a double portion of her meek and humble spirit. We *may* covet the best gifts thou knowest.

Farewell, dear H. Remember me when favoured, for surely I never more needed the prayers of the faithful; I believe they will avail for my good. With dear love, I remain thy nearly united friend,

L. A. Barclay.

Do write to me, if inclined. Oh! that the 6th verse of the 116th Psalm may be my experience. It has been many a time, so I ought to trust.

To ———.

10*th of* 7*th Month*, 1835.

Thy kind communication seems to awaken much tender sympathy with thee, my dear friend and sister. I could long to have some of thy company again. I do feel very tenderly for thee, dear, but do not like thee to give way to gloomy, desponding feelings. Surely the Lord's mercies are very many and great, or we should have been consumed long ago. His compassions fail not, and great is His faithfulness indeed! Has He not many a time extended a hand of help, even when we were ready utterly to sink, and seemed almost beyond hope, for we seemed unable to hope even in Him? But He hath beheld us with an eye of pity, and said to the waves, the great proud waves, "Be still!" and our *extremity* has indeed been God's gracious opportunity for the display of His power and the excellency of His might. His wisdom, too, and His tender love, and his very faithfulness are among the wonders seen in these deeps; and it is then that He doth seal precious instruction to us. Oh, then, lift up thy trembling eye, thou dear fainting sister, unto Him, thy tender, wise, compassionate heavenly Father, and stay thy mind upon Him as much as thou canst do. He is not far from thee, even in the most desperate time. He who is God beholds thee, as He did Hagar of old, and will succour thee in the needful time, bidding thee fear not! Do not thou shrink from monthly meetings. Surely it must be the enemy's work thus to discourage, and do not believe him, for he was a liar from the beginning; and when he comes in thus like a flood, the Lord, thy Redeemer, who is mightier than he, will lift up a standard against him, if thou drink not in the enemy's suggestions, but cast

thy care simply upon the Mighty One, for none ever trusted in Him and was confounded, or whom did He ever cast off that called on Him? Dear ——'s printed testimony no doubt you have. I have read it with pleasure several times. Ah! thou must miss her greatly, but the never-failing Friend, the unchangeable Minister, remains. If we give up ourselves too much to the feeling of our solitariness, does it not almost show a want of true resignation to the wise (no doubt) and good disposal of Providence, as well as a want of trust in Him, the Mighty One of poor worm Jacob? Ah! my dear friend, let the painful feeling of the loss of our dear, valued friends excite us to a holy and humble yielding to the Lord's instructing and preparing hand, that He may give us strength to come up faithfully in their footsteps. And surely this is fulfilling the desire of these dear worthies!—they would not keep us always as children leaning on them!—they would want us to come up higher and higher, in a noble faithfulness, and in an humble watchfulness, that we may fill our ranks in righteousness, and be valiant for the truth in our day and generation. My very soul saith amen to it! Let the Lord do what He will with His most unworthy handmaid, fit and prepare, lead about and instruct, and give to suffer as He will, and what He will.

It was sweet to me to have the company of —— and ——. We enjoyed, through Divine favour, some precious times together, partaking of a sweet unity and of that river whose streams do refresh, and, at times, make glad the city of the living God, and the *tribulated travellers Zionward, even in the midst of tribulations!*

We have had several pleasant visits from some dear friends, whose company and labours were strengthening and comforting to us—to me especially; for their testimonies were much in harmony together, and tending to direct to the inward teachings of the grace and good Spirit of Christ. . . . How do I desire to be enabled faithfully to bear such a testimony (however unpalatable it is now-a-days, as it ever was, to the wisdom and craving of man), without shrinking, in the seasons of the puttings forth of the Divine power! And I know, dear ——, thou dost also desire the same thing, and I would, in my small measure, endeavour to encourage thee to do with the might given what thy hands find to do, and to keep humbly and watchfully, and use *faithfully*, that good thing which has been committed to thee, I am persuaded, by Him who divideth to every one severally as He will. But I am a child, and have great need to look at home. Exercises and conflicts have brought me very low since yearly

meeting, but I can indeed testify to the goodness and tender dealing of the Lord, and my heart desires to trust in Him above all, and to love and serve Him above all.

L. A. BARCLAY.

TO ———, ON HER ACKOWLEDGMENT AS A MINISTER.

Croydon, 8th Month, 1835.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

I believe I can hardly do otherwise than send thee a few lines, expressive of the tender sympathy I have felt with thee this last week or ten days, since being aware of what was likely to be brought forward the other day, as well as how rejoiced I was in the conclusion come to, and I greatly desire it may tend to thy strengthening, preservation, and growth. Ah, my dear friend, the Lord overrules all things for good to those who sincerely desire above all things to love, and fear, and faithfully to serve Him; and thou canst speak well of His condescending mercy in bearing thee up amidst many deep conflicts and sore exercises during the long time of thy proving, and seasons of discouragement. And now He has shown thee this great goodness! and I know the language of thy heart is:—"Who am I, O Lord God, and what is mine house, that thou hast brought me hitherto? And yet this was a small thing in thine eyes, O God;" for thou "hast regarded me according to the estate of a man of high degree." And the desire of thy heart, under a sense of His goodness, is, that He would be pleased "to establish thy house," even thy *heart*, in faithfulness, and in humility before Him for ever; that His powerful hand may be with thee, to prepare and to bring forth all that He calls for at thy hands; that He would so be round about thee (and clothe thee with watchfulness) as that He would keep thee from all the evils that are ever at hand, that they grieve thee not, nor hinder thee from fulfilling His gracious will concerning thee; and truly, dear sister, my very heart responds a feeling Amen to this language on thy behalf. May the Lord bless thee, and enlarge thy coast, not in words, but in the deepening of life, and in the further and further experience of His wonderful dealings, and mighty workings, and precious instructions! and, if He blesses, it shall be blessed. Ah! what a most awful and a deeply humbling exaltation it is. What is there to puff up? How rich is His condescending mercy in calling us, the weaker vessels (the first in transgression)—

and often the weakest of these—to publish His goodness, and speak of the glory of His kingdom! And truly all is of Him; the emptying, the cleansing, the filling, the qualification, yea, the faith, the willingness, the obedience, are all of Him. It is of His *own* that we give Him; and oh! may it *ever* be so, and that *only when* He bids us! So let flesh be for ever abased and nothing before Him, and let the weakness of the creature so appear to ourselves and to all others, as that none of the excellency of the glory and of the power may be detained from Him to whom it alone and everlastingly belongs.

I may truly say it has been, as thou wouldst suppose, these last ten days, a season of deep exercise to me in the weighty consideration of this most awful subject—a season of close proving, and therefore, I trust, of instruction. Conflicting feelings have been many and sore; but there is a Power that is able to limit the mighty waves, yea, to do us good through the varied and, to nature, painful turnings of His hand. I desire to know a habitation in that which limits them, and to commit my way, yea, body and spirit, into His hand who is graciously redeeming me more and more to Himself! Farewell.

L. A. BARCLAY.

[The following letter was written under feelings of discouragement from remarks made in her presence, but which did not relate to herself.]

To ———.

Croydon, ——, 1835.

MY DEAR ——,

I felt your visit yesterday very kind; at least I have this morning been able to do so (after another plunge last night), and I hope I take it, as I believe it was intended to be, as an expression of your desire that I might be strengthened in what is good, and preserved from sinking too low, or *into evil*. Ah, I own I heard and felt sufficient on fifth day to prove as a cold bath, and perhaps reasonings have but too much crowded in. Crave for me, dear ——, that the latter may be overcome and silenced by Him who commandeth the winds and the waves, and they obey Him, and that this season of exercise may be one of instruction and deepening in the root, for this is what I greatly covet, and not to spread in the branches, which I greatly *fear*. Perhaps thou wilt say, *may* my simile prove correct.

Though it may have a repressing effect at the time, may it tend to brace the system and promote a healthy vigour afterwards. So be it, saith my soul.

Well, my dear friend, in saying farewell, I would add, May the Lord of the harvest raise up more and more living ministers amongst us, even from among the poor, the illiterate, and the contemptible in man's estimation, that He may have all the glory. Ah, that which is of Christ, the Life, is living and baptising; it baptises into His nature and Spirit; it ministers his Spirit and life to that which is born of God in the hearts of the hearers; and *truly* it hath a testimony from that in their hearts, whence it proceedeth;—for, as our Saviour and His beloved apostle declared, it is only those who are born of God, and who know Him, that can hear His words or receive the testimony of His faithful servants. And oh, let me be one of these poor, weak, yet living, baptising ones, if ever intrusted with so precious a gift!

L. A. Barclay.

To R. R.

Croydon, 17th of 9th Month, 1835.

My dear Friend,

I feel it cause for gratitude to Him who is the *primary* hander of every cup of refreshment permitted us, that thy letters have often come at such acceptable moments, this last one peculiarly so, for I felt very fainting on First day evening, perhaps a foretaste of the two succeeding conflicting days. Ah, the great Master knows what He does, in leading about, and instructing, and proving as to a hair's breadth; and oh, that His hand may not spare, nor His eye pity, but that I may come forth as gold seven times purified! Thy letter felt animating and encouraging to thy often faint-hearted friend, and I thought I would tell thee so thus early, as I am likely to be much occupied soon in removing from my present cottage to John's house, and also say how pleasant it would be to me to have a little of thy company at your quarterly meeting at H——. Thou wilt say, perhaps, what business have *I* to come there. Not as a spy, I assure thee; but, if it may be, to creep just inside the door, and to sit and feel for and with you, and, if permitted, it would be a favour to partake of a crumb of bread with you. . . .

My dear friend queries if the fear of man have left me yet. Ah, it is still too strong, though I have been more stimulated latterly (both by goodness and by judgment or affliction) to overcome it. And oh, what *great* goodness and condescension it is, that the *very* weak should be thus tenderly dealt with, their weakening reasonings subdued, a willingness wrought, and obedience given! Surely He only is to be praised and magnified, to be *feared* and obeyed, to be *leaned* upon, and His approbation *alone* sought after. May He be so by me, saith my soul, and may the creature be kept in weakness and in nothingness before Him and before all others for ever. It is a fearful thing to open the mouth publicly in the present day; indeed, *when* is it *not* so, if our fear is a right one? It is my earnest desire to be preserved from yielding to improper reasonings, and to be strengthened to be faithful to my God in my day and generation, however close and unpalatable to the natural man, in these criticising and refusing days, may be the testimony to be delivered.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To L. S.

[After referring to her brother John's removal to Stoke Newington, she writes—]

Croydon, 24*th of* 10*th Month*, 1835.

. . . Inward exercises have not decreased, too, as thou wouldst suppose, so that there were times in last month when one seemed pressed, as the apostle said, almost "out of measure, above strength;" but, through condescending goodness, I was helped through these seasons of extremity. Ah! I would not have the necessary baptisms and purifications abated at all, but that patience may have her perfect work, lest there should be a mixture of the precious with the vile. But oh, to be preserved from bringing reproach on that blessed cause which I sometimes think is more precious to me than natural life.

It was very sweet and instructive to read thy kind letter, and to mark how thou wast helped along. It is marvellous to see sometimes how the very weak are helped and strengthened, but it is the Lord's doing, and how can we wonder at His might—only admire and extol His great goodness to His often hesitating and fearful creatures. I think I might cast in my mite of praise in testifying of His goodness and condescension to such a very poor reasoner as I am, when I tell

thee that I was favoured to return with comfort from the quarterly meeting at Horsham (a week or two back), whither I had felt drawn for a year—or years, I might say. I went with dear M. Pierson, who had felt similarly for the same time, and J. F. M. accompanied us; and we had a sweet time with dear —— on our way. We found W. and A. T. with L. C. there, with certificates, which was a comfort to us, and the sweet feeling of union in love and in exercise permitted in the meetings was very precious. On returning thence, I went, by agreement, with dear Mary Hagger, a Kentish Friend, to attend Epping meeting, which she had felt drawn to, and *omitted* when visiting meetings in Essex in the summer. On taking her home to her daughter's at Tottenham, we planned to go also to Winchmore Hill meeting together, another First day, which had been my desire for five or six years past, but unaccomplished till now! In these little matters we were favoured to feel satisfaction and near unity, and I believe we were loth to part from each other. She is a dear, simple-hearted, faithful friend, and lively in old age, and I felt instructed and helped in being with her. I returned home last week, and am now brought again into a low spot—if it be for purification, no matter, let the *naughtiness* be thoroughly purged away—but oh! I fear it is my own fault. Let me bear the indignation or the purification (whichever it be) humbly and patiently, and let Him do what He will with His most unworthy handmaid—humble, correct, empty, or fill! . . . Ah! there is One (thou knowest it, dear L.) who can in the *moment* of His *goodness*, with a ray of His divine light and power, remove all the misty clouds of reasoning, and cause even the *mountainous* height of the fear of man to flow down before Him. . . .

I did not get away quite clear from Epping, as it respected one individual, which I have regretted, but we must live and learn experience and simplicity by suffering. Since we met, we have had many warnings of the uncertainty of time, and stimulants to diligence in doing the day's work, lest the night should overtake us wherein no man can work.

L. A. Barclay.

To William Rickman.

10*th Month*, 1835.

. . . I trust thou art a partaker of a degree of peace and quiet, in the retrospect of thy northern journey, and that the li

tribulated flock of Christ's companions in suffering, have been cheered and strengthened by thy labours amongst them. Ah, they are indeed deeply to be felt for, but their Redeemer is strong—the Lord of hosts is His name. May they look to Him, lean upon Him alone—not lean to their own understanding, or trust in anything short of His arm of power; for what will the strength, or wisdom, or activity of man do, but lead to confusion and death? The modern fashion of lecturing is a mode in which the arts and parts of man have a wider scope than our worthy predecessors allowed, and which will, it is to be feared, lessen our value for true, living, Gospel ministry.

These are sad times. Still "the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His." May He preserve us poor striplings faithful, yet humble, before Him, when He is pleased to gather you dear veterans to your everlasting and blessed rest. How sweet it is to feel united to such, though outwardly unknown and far separated! Ah, this precious fellowship depends not upon words; it depends upon and is fed by the living virtue and power of Christ, who is the life of all His true members, and knits them together in Himself.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To R. R.

Croydon, 29*th of* 10*th Month*, 1835.

. . . It has often been remarkable to me that I generally have such a sweet feeling of unity with thee in spirit, whenever thou art engaged, as I find afterwards, in writing to me. Oh! how precious is true fellowship. It is not dependent on outward intercourse, neither is nourished by words, but by the living virtue and power of Christ, who knits together in Himself all those who desire to be His living members, and He is their life, and from Him is their "fruit found." To be brought into this, to witness an enlargement and growth in it, to be enabled to guard against all hindrances to it, is what I earnestly long after, more than natural life; for this is the blessing of natural life, yea, the blessing of blessings! . . .

My dear brother John is in a trying state of suffering with his knee; there is also much affliction around us by illness or death. May we be wise to consider these things, that we may understand the loving-kindness and wisdom of the Lord in permitting them; for surely there is a voice of love in afflictions and trials, and they have a speech of instruction, if we will but hearken thereto . . .

I was sorry to part so abruptly from thee, dear R.; thy kind feeling expressed in thy note is truly helpful. I own I often do, from fear of uttering a single word too much, sit down short of delivering all the counsel given; but I do not think this was the case at H., praised be His name who took away the fear of man, which was *very strong* before, and mercifully helped. I desire to be kept low before Him—if it may be, *few* in words and much in power—that all may be of His free goodness, love, and mighty power, that the weakness of the vessel may so appear to myself and to others, as that none of the excellency of the glory and of the praise may be detained from Him to whom alone it is due.

L. A. Barclay.

To E. R.

Croydon, 30*th of* 11*th Month*, 1835.

. . . My mind has seemed much turned towards you (I might say, your favoured county) lately, in sympathy with that good thing which is little, and lies very low in many; as well as with some of you deep feelers and burden-bearers who suffer therewith, filling up that which remains of the afflictions of Christ. And I think I might venture to say, the earnest breathing of my soul has been from day to day, that that may be preserved, yea, more and more quickened, and raised up, and strengthened; and that you may be sustained, kept from fainting, yea, strengthened even to rejoice in the midst of suffering, and to glorify the Lord in the fires, even the name of the Lord God of Israel, as it were in the isles of the sea; for I cannot but believe that the shaking and the scattering will even extend to you. But the Lord will be a strength to the poor and the needy, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat; and He will bring down the heat as with the shadow of a cloud; the branch of the terrible ones shall be brought low; and He shall reign in Mount Zion, and in Jerusalem, and before His ancients gloriously! I feel greatly for you who are watching the approach of the enemy with all his wiles and hidden stratagems, and are faithfully giving warning and planting the guard: the Lord bless your honest endeavours, and give you boldness with wisdom, and true valour with meekness. Ah! there is a sad spirit gone forth that would cover all over with love, and meekness, and prudence, but is it of the right sort? I doubt it does not proceed from the pure fear of the Lord, nor yet from the faith that He gives! but the enemy cares not how near we approach

in Saul's armour, so as we do not come in the name of the Lord! Truly it is cheering (and is it not strengthening too?) to think of thee, and of a number more, upright-hearted, clean-handed, faithful ones, up and down; I do believe they will be preserved, whatever sifting and trial may come upon us; yes, made to shine brighter and to wax stronger by all these things—and how does all that is alive in me *long* to be made of this proved, yet loved and preserved number!

Faith and reliance on the merits of our Saviour are so *pre-eminently* held up to us now, that good works (or, in other words, a faithful co-operation in fear and trembling with that grace that works in us, and would bring salvation home to us) are quite lost sight of; and indeed I think they lose sight of all the many and solemn declarations in holy writ, that we shall be rewarded hereafter according to our works. It is very painful that such Church of England doctrines should be held and propagated amongst us; and it is very painful that *opposite* doctrines should be preached amongst us, as I think must be evident even to our dear young people. And, also, it is very trying, my dear friend, to such poor striplings as I, to have to utter what is contrary to what the great ones amongst us declare. But what is to be done? We cannot choose, but utter what is given—the Lord will judge, and I do hope will set to rights whenever wrong, if there be but a keeping close to Him, and a lying low before Him; and this is what I greatly desire, and ever to be *kept little and low*. . . .

I shall, no doubt, be with you mentally to-morrow and fourth day, which I believe to be your quarterly meetings; and in this mental sympathy or exercise thou and I shall be sharers, for I suppose thou wilt not be there. The Lord preserve His little ones, and strengthen His firmer ones; and let all flesh be abased before Him for ever, and let His name and blessed truth be spread and exalted over all, and the gain of all and the praise of all be ascribed unto Him alone, to whom it is everlastingly due!

L. A. BARCLAY.

[On the 24th of 12th month, 1835, she was recorded a minister by Kingston monthly meeting. To use her own expression, she felt this to be "a most awful and a deeply humbling exaltation"—one which bound the sacrifice as with fresh cords unto the horns of the altar, by calling for unreserved dedication, increased watchfulness, and a yet more lowly sitting at the feet of her heavenly Master.]

To ——.

4th of 1st Month, 1836.

I fear thou hast thought me long in communicating with thee, but I have been so situated that I could not with comfort before now, having had Friends with me for two days after quarterly meeting; and since then I have felt much bowed down under the awful and humbling sense of what has seemed, as it were, confirmed upon me in the Divine ordering and *most* condescending goodness.

I now take up my pen, dear sister (for so I may and must call thee, however unworthy I feel to be united to the poor, exercised, yet living ones), to tell thee simply that thy subject of consideration has again and again been the subject of my thoughts, both on my bed and at other times; and I believe I may say, at no time has it been but with the feeling of unity with it, although I should be sorry, by my thus saying, to blind thy eyes concerning it; for indeed I know too well that the opinion of others is not to be relied on, but the Lord's counsel to be sought after; and as thou art desirous of doing so, in His pure, holy fear, I believe thou wilt be rightly directed in all thy steppings in relation to this very important matter, as well as in thy judgment as to the thing itself.* It was pleasant to me to hear that —— had made you a longer visit, and I gathered from what thou said, that you had had some opportunity of feeling after best guidance *together*. Ah! is not this most satisfactory, if we are but brought sufficiently into quietness and inward stillness, wherein all prejudice as well as partiality is subjected? and I believe the feelings we are favoured with on such an occasion, will be helpful to us in coming towards a conclusion in our more *private* waitings.

Well, dear ——, thou hast my tender sympathy and desires for thee, that a degree of *peaceful quiet* may attend thy looking towards whatever decision thou art enabled to come to. Ah, this is the great thing to be desired in all our steppings of whatever sort—to feel the peace-giving smile of heavenly approbation. This will bear up amidst many provings and clouds that may afterwards come upon us for our trial; this will sanctify all, and assure us that all things shall work together for our good, as we desire above all to love, and fear, and faithfully serve Him who is over all, mighty, and good, and blessed for ever!

The first page of thy letter, dear ——, as it regards thy poor friend,

* A marriage connection.

felt comforting and encouraging; I may say it coincided with, and added to the feelings of awe, and of (I trust) humble gratitude that accompanied my mind, and still does, in reference to what has transpired in the last fortnight. It was striking to me, the visit* not being paid till second day, for, by that means, I felt emboldened, or, rather, constrained to bear (as I *thought might possibly be!*) a last testimony on the subject of worship and prayer (which had been upon me for some days past), on yesterday week; it was very humbling to me to have to utter what was *close*, as well as to utter *anything* on that day, but it could not be helped. . . .

Truly they were awful and humbling meetings [on the succeeding First day after receiving the visit]. I had *hoped* and believed that silence might be my portion for some time to come; but, to my trial, I felt obliged to utter a few words in the afternoon meeting, greatly in the cross. And now, my dear friend, I seem filled with awe at the awful consequences involved in such a conclusion of Friends towards me! I desire to be wholly dedicated to Him who has shown me such *astonishing* goodness. It is He only who can bring into resignation, as well as give ability to obey, and preserve in humility. I am greatly dreading to go to —— meeting, which I have felt for some weeks past. I am fully sensible how desirable and proper it is in my state to keep at home in quiet, and unless it be very clearly required and a necessity laid upon me, I should not *dare* to do so; if I must, what a great comfort would it be to have some feeling Friend with me; but I know I must look solely to the great Minister to support, and make way, and strengthen through all. The monthly meeting is there this month. And now, dear ——, I know I shall have thy sympathy as thou hast mine; and oh, that I may have thy prayers also. Crave for me, *above all things*, that I may be brought low and kept low for ever;—this is the prevailing desire of my soul. . . .

I feel greatly for —— in tender sympathy; but surely, dear friend, we must also feel for the precious cause of truth, and let all creaturely affection and foolish pity give way to a concern for the promotion of *that* in the hearts of our dear friends, and by them. I believe I would have the same faithful dealing extended towards me that I would advise towards others. I am aware there are some diffident minds whom it might be better to leave awhile to bear the *immediate* corrections of Divine goodness; but there are also others to whom it would be best, yea, necessary, to give the tender hint *outwardly*, as Divine

* Of the Friends appointed to inform her that she was recorded a minister.

wisdom and ability are afforded. . . . I believe that which is tender and good will not suffer by such faithful dealing, but be deepened and strengthened, and eventually produce more healthy, well flavoured fruit, to the praise of the great Husbandman, and to your comfort. I believe I write these remarks under a humbling sense of my own great weakness and constant liability to err and slip, if not mercifully preserved and watered every moment, and how needful to be always kept in this sense, that we may more earnestly seek after this help and preservation.

L. A. BARCLAY.

[Of the visit spoken of in the preceding letter she subsequently wrote—"I had to attend their First day and monthly meetings, to my trial and humbling, and to bear a testimony in a close way to the inward and spiritual appearance and work of Christ; but, through condescending goodness, I was helped over the mountains beforehand, and the deep plungings afterwards. I suppose I must be content to bear such seasons of extremity, and learn to endure hardness, if I would be a true soldier of the unconquerable Captain."]

1*st Month* 10*th*, 1836.—"Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." In remembering this language this evening, I have thought that the Lord Jesus Christ is the rest of the soul; and that to return unto her rest, is to retire back to an inward, humble abiding in Him, in His precious power, in the pure fear; in which alone is true preservation, safety, and peace, as well as ability to do anything that is acceptable unto God.

To ———.

Croydon, 25*th of* 1*st Month*, 1836.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In the evening at ——, we got upon the subject of revelation, much to my dismay, as I cannot say a word for the *good way* in a conversational way, but as —— had rather spoken against it, I felt constrained, some little time afterwards (when they read a psalm before the young people went to bed), to utter a few words on the subject, exceedingly in the cross, in a ministerial way. It was altogether an exercising visit, but I felt peaceful in the retrospect. But oh! my beloved friend, I cannot describe to thee the deep plunges and bitter anguish that I have gone through since returning home; I suppose

the cause was from hastily letting in discouragement from something that dear —— said at ——, on my way home the next day. Thou knowest a little matter is enough to one prone to take it in. The *mention* even of the snares and dangers around, seems almost to plunge one into them! So that I have almost doubted of all, and concluded that Friends *must* have been wrong in their judgment of me, and that I am wrong altogether and have believed a lie. . . . * It appears to me that the apostles formerly, and the true ministers in the present day, preach not themselves, but Christ, the Word; they preach and minister his power and Spirit, otherwise the words are not living, but dead; and they desire that He—the Word that liveth and abideth for ever (1 Peter i. 23)—that is, that His blessed power and Spirit may have free course and be glorified in the hearts of the hearers, may have the whole sway and rule over all in them. I believe it was in this sense I quoted 2 Thess. iii. 1, and I have not felt any uneasiness about it since, which I hope I should, if it were wrong; but do tell me how thou feelest about it. There is One who knows my earnest desire to serve Him faithfully, and humbly, and watchfully—to seek His favour only; and how greatly I fear to do harm to His blessed cause, or to bring reproach on that awful work to the which I have apprehended myself called to put a feeble hand; that He may humble and correct *any how*, graciously instruct and guide, and powerfully strengthen and preserve!

Third Day.—I feel a little more quiet this morning [since] a little strengthening retirement after breakfast, and I have had a note from dear ——, which has allayed my reasonings. Ah, my dear ——, is such a proving conflict as this one of those times in which the gift itself (if such has ever been committed) is to be purified? If so, my very soul saith Amen to it! If the Lord's good hand be but underneath, it will support under any overwhelming plunges that He sees best, and bring forth more pure to His praise.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To R. R.

Croydon, 30*th of* 1*st Month*, 1836.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I fear thou hast thought me long unmindful of thy kind letter of last month. It was acceptable; but the exercised and awful

* In reference to some critical remarks on her quotation of a passage of scripture, on an occasion subsequent to the visit before alluded to.

state of my mind, at that time and afterwards, seemed to preclude intercourse with my dear friends, and solemn silence towards them seemed to be most congenial—not from a withdrawing or a want of love, by any means, for never more have I needed their sympathy and prayers truly. This I know I have had from thee, dear R., if thou hast heard that the awful time of recommendation to the select meeting has come upon me—awful indeed, and involving awful consequences! Crave for me, that I may be preserved in the lowliness of the pure fear, and in the simplicity of the true faithfulness. Ah, what am I, the least in my Father's house, and altogether weak, foolish, despicable, and utterly unworthy, that my Lord should thus think of me, and show me this great goodness, and regard me according to the estate of one of high degree? . . .

It was very pleasant to see thee write as thou didst respecting thy removal from ——; ah, this is all we desire, to be permitted to feel a degree of peaceful quiet to attend our looking towards any step of the kind, as well as in the taking of it; and this does bear up against many reasonings and low feelings. I sincerely hope thou mayest continue to feel satisfaction in thy re-settlement at home; thy company there may be helpful at this time of shaking, and perhaps a visit now and then to thy friends at —— may be more beneficial now than a residence there. I cannot describe the longing that I feel on thy behalf, my beloved friend, but I believe thou knowest my exercise, and canst feel me in that which is beyond words.

L. A. Barclay.

To H. Cruickshank.

Croydon, 23rd of 2nd Month, 1836.

. . . Many of our young people are attending other places of worship, and our other peculiar testimonies are being gradually laid aside. Surely such are going back again to the beggarly elements, to the door of the house of bondage, whence our forefathers were brought out by a mighty arm and an outstretched hand of power. And does not the world see this, and point the finger at it with satisfaction, thinking we are coming to our right senses at last?—but alas! the little ones, the spiritually-minded and panting ones amongst them, are offended and stumbled, and surely woe lies at our doors who are the means of so doing! I heard lately that —— had expressed a belief that, if a revival takes place amongst us, it

will be by the proper exercise of the *discipline*, and not by preaching. I thoroughly united with it, and shall rejoice if it be so; for I have long thought that these modern views, which have been for so many years gliding in amongst us, have been undermining the very root and foundation of our discipline, although the superstructure may to casual observers appear correct and fair. Ah, we do indeed want a healthy action in this respect; but there must be a purging in order for it; and oh, that we may not be dismayed at the operation thereof, nor at the falling of them of understanding, but abide in our lot, even *in the* quiet habitation of stayedness upon our God, who (as the mountains are round about Jerusalem) will be round about His little dependent ones—His poor and afflicted remnant. He will be their hiding-place and shield, and nothing shall harm them, as they are followers of that which is good, even of His good Spirit; but "such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity." But oh! saith my soul, that such may be at last gathered and brought back. But surely, dear H., the way to this desirable end is not to salve all over with love and harmony—this is the false love, and the harmony and union of the wicked one; but it must be through judgment, by setting the judgment of truth over such, and testifying faithfully against the evil in them, in pure love to their souls, and with tender dealing towards them. And I do believe, if our elders and overseers had been faithful in these respects, years and years ago, these sad errors in doctrine and practice would not have got to the height they have now. . . .

The fathers, the mothers, where are they? and the ancient prophets are quickly removing from us! Yet the Lord liveth for ever! and in Him is everlasting strength and wisdom. We are, as it were, shoving forward towards the front of the battle—the thought is fearful, and awful, and humbling! The Lord look upon us, poor weak striplings, teach our hands to war and our fingers to fight, gird us with His strength, clothe us with His heavenly wisdom, and ever preserve us in the depths of humility in His pure fear. . . .

Well, my dear friend, I must now bid thee farewell with reluctance. In the meantime, it is sweet to think of thee and of others, though outwardly unknown. The Lord unite us more and more together in the hidden fellowship, by a union with Himself through His beloved Son, our Saviour.

With the salutation of love, I remain thy truly affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To E. R.

Croydon, 27th of 2nd Month, 1836.

. . . How *rejoiced* I was to hear that thy hands had been strengthened by thy friends acknowledgment of that precious gift and qualification which had been bestowed and wrought in thee by the mighty power of God, and the anointing of His blessed Spirit! May the Lord be with thee from day to day, and bear up thy spirit amidst the many searchings of heart, wadings of spirit, and painful travails of soul, that must be the portion of the living elders of the people in these days of treading down and of backsliding. Yes, the Lord will be near to strengthen thee, to keep thy bow in His strength, ready for His use. And though thou mayest be ready to query thy use, and to dwell in discouragement on thy being debarred from much active service, yet I have believed that it will not be so, as thou yieldest to the little puttings forth of His power, and that the place will be no sinecure to thee. My heart salutes thee in dear sisterly love (though a younger and an unworthy one), and wishes thee God's heavenly speed in whatever thy hands may find to do for the name and blessed cause of the best of Masters; for, truly, His is the kingdom that we do desire to promote, and His is the power, and the strength, and the wisdom, in and by which it can be promoted, and spread, and exalted; and to Him let the glory and the praise be for evermore ascribed.

I hope I am not going *beyond the measure* of a child in thus writing to thee, my dear and valued friend, but I feel that nearness of love and union with thee that knocks down all difference of age, and other reasonings and fear; and perhaps I am the more prepared to sympathise with thee under thy promotion, from having been permitted (most unworthily) to partake of the same exaltation, though to a more humbling station—a place of all work! But we must not grumble against the good Master. *How* unworthy are we poor weak handmaids (the first in transgression) to be in the most menial office of His glorious house! and the language of my heart hath been, "Let me be a servant to wash the feet of the servants of my Lord." . . .

I note thy encouraging allusion to poor David—the Lord's hand is not shortened—He can work by weak and despicable instruments, and confound the wisdom of the wise, and bring to nought the understanding of the prudent, even by foolish things, and things which are not, according to man's account. And seeing I am so weak and

ignorant, and the snares around are so many and deep, I have said in my heart, Oh, that He would keep me very close to Him, my eye looking wholly and steadily on Him; yea, may He lead me, a poor child, by the hand, and cause me to lean *only* upon Him, for otherwise surely I *shall* fall; and, if He teach my hands to war and my fingers to fight, with His might and in His heavenly skill, oh, may He ever preserve me in the depths of humility and in the watchfulness of the true fear! . . .

My brother John is confined at home, but he is not idle; he has many visits from Friends, and I do believe he deals very faithfully and fearlessly with them. He is also beginning a third volume of his series, a valuable MS journal of an Irish Friend, Joseph Pike, which treats on many subjects remarkably *pat* to the present times and errors.

I have often remembered a remark of an ancient worthy, that "the discipline is a branch from the same root whence the ministry springs." This is very true, and when life goes from the one, it goes from the other —and when this hedge is broken down, or, rather, *dies* down, we are left weak as others, and a prey to all depredators. But, my dear friend, I fear I shall make thee sad, but I am often sick at heart myself, so my communications must savour of sadness. We have had several removals lately of dear Friends, especially those of three dear ancient labourers in the Gospel, namely, Joseph Binns of Southwark, who had come forth quite late in life in the ministry with much brightness and power; dear Sarah Lamley of Warwickshire, and Sarah Charman of Reigate. They travelled formerly together, and were buried on the same day. Dear W. Rickman came down to my house the evening before, and went with J. F. M. and myself to Reigate. It was a memorable day—a day of great favour and precious visitation to some present. We have had several interments here also;—one of Richard Phillips. Ah, these are truly exercising times! I have such a jealousy of funeral sermons creeping in amongst us.

[And then alluding to some painful events taking place in the Society at this time, she adds—]

Oh, the deception of the enemy, and his false appearances, even as an advocate for the good old way of truth! but he cares not how close the imitation is, so as the very truth itself is kept out! I often remember a dream of dear ——, I know not whether you have heard it. She dreamt she was at meeting and in the gallery, and presently she saw something come into meeting, it was *so* beautiful, and glorious, and taking, that every one made way for it and admired it; and at

last it came right up into the gallery, and was well received the and it crept about the legs of the Friends and gradually twined its about their bodies, till at length it actually squeezed the very life out!" "Blessed is he that watcheth in deep humility, and in faith and patience, and keepeth his garments!" The Lord preserve his poor weak little ones low in his pure fear, for "in vain is salvation hoped for from the hills," or help from the princes of the people; "truly in the Lord our God is the salvation of Israel," and nothing shall harm those who are followers of that which is good, even of his good Spirit.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To L. S.

Croydon, 1*st of* 4*th Month*, 1836.

. . . For several days after thou left, it was a *struggling* time, but at last, through Divine help, I was enabled to overcome, and to cast all my care upon Him who has hitherto wonderfully cared for and helped me, and who, I do believe, will be the wonderful counsellor and the mighty protector of the weak and solitary ones, if they do but lean upon Him solely, and desire that He should be the best beloved of their soul. Oh, then, let me seek unto and serve Him only and wholly, and trust in His mighty power and His unchangeable and excellent goodness for ever!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To R. R.

27 *Marine Parade, Brighton*, 30*th of* 4*th Month*, 1836.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I expect thou art now suffering from exercise of mind for the body's sake, as well as, perhaps, for thy dear sister's sake, whom I much thought of on fourth day and fifth day. I trust it was a good day to her, and a time owned by Him whose presence and approving favour is the crown of all blessings, yea, in whose favour there is life, for with Him is the fountain of life! As to the body, which is the Church, surely every living member must at the present time be, in degree, bowed down with exercise; and oh, that such a child as I might be fitted and prepared to partake therein in any measure, that I might be one of the true burden-bearers, willing

to suffer and to bear for my good Master, as well as to cast off the burden at His bidding. . . . I often think that much of what the prophets Jeremiah and Ezekiel declared is applicable to us, and how instructive it is! Ah, it is only such whose eyes have been divinely anointed that can see through things, see men and their motives (as dear —— says); these are, at times, given to see through the hole in the wall, the abominations that are committed as in the dark. But I desire not to judge improperly, or to speak hastily. It is the enemy's work to deceive and lead astray from the fountain of living waters, and he well knows how to assume the appearance of an angel of light, and thereby deceives the more easily. . . .

L. A. BARCLAY.

To W. RICKMAN.

Croydon, 5th Month, 1836.

. . . How very kind do I feel thy affectionate remembrance of me in this way! I trust that my eye, on receiving such tokens, is unto Him who puts love and sympathy into the hearts of any, and gives to express it; and in this way how often is it, that what looks very simple to ourselves, only like a cup of cold water, is made very acceptable and helpful to a fellow-pilgrim, leading to gratitude to the great Giver, and to taking a little fresh courage in the fight of faith and the course of dedication. How very kind, too, my dear and valued friend, was thy warm invitation, uniting therewith the excellent caution thou afterwards givest—"*to mind the inward freedom and the stepping-stones.*" It reminded me of what dear Mary Alexander said—"that it is good for spiritual children to breathe fresh air." Oh, the great need, as thou sayest, to keep close to our Divine Leader, and to lean only on Him, not to our own understanding, nor yet be looking out at others. Crave this for me, my dear ancient friend, when favoured with ability, for truly I am very unworthy to be intrusted with the attractions of Gospel love. Oh, that I may be preserved from harming the precious cause of truth, or bringing any reproach on that *awful* work to which I have been constrained feebly to put my hand, and then no matter how poor, and weak, and foolish I may appear.

I have been to Brighton for two weeks, recruiting by the sea-side. The last week I was joined by Lydia Sargent, junior, and I think I may say, through condescending goodness, it was a season of refresh-

ing, though mingled with plunging and conflict, which I suppose I must expect, and is it not true, that the cups of refreshment are thereby rendered the more precious and acceptable? like as Elim was in the desert to the Israelites.

Our approaching annual assembly seems an awful time to look at, yet we have great reason to trust in the Almighty Arm of power, and not to be afraid. How greatly does it behove those whose eyes have been divinely anointed to see through men and their motives, to dwell very low, to keep very inward to their Divine Leader, and Enlightener, and Teacher—to ponder His instruction—to watch His season for the declaring of what they have been given to see, as on the house-top, for the arousing of His backsliding people. Some seem enabled, amidst all the causes of trial that are around us, with humble confidence to mark the increasing symptoms of ripeness to throw off that which has been as an evil disease in the camp, and to look forward cheeringly to a season of deliverance. But oh, the sufferings to be endured, and the deception that must be further manifested before such a day! "What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?" "The Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor of His people shall trust in it."

My dear brother John is favoured to feel calm and comfortable, resigned to leave this state of trial and probation at his Lord's summons. Such a prospect is deeply affecting to me. We are nearly united; but I believe death will not separate us, if I am but preserved in Christ, in whom is our union.

L. A. Barclay.

To Hannah Cruickshank.

Croydon, 29th of 5th Month, 1836.

. . . My soul seems melted sometimes under a sense of the Lord's *great* goodness and condescension to such a poor, hesitating, disobedient creature for so many years, and I do feel a desire to be helped to be diligent in doing whatever He calls for at my hands the remaining, though declining, few years of my life (if indeed a single year may be allowed me), in whatever way He may be pleased to appoint, whether actively or passively. And, dear sister, I would affectionately encourage thee also, to give up, without reasoning or fears, to so *very* good a Master, for none ever shuts a door for nought in His house, or hands even a simple cup of cold water! He can

cleanse and qualify, strengthen and support even the weakest vessels, and perfect His praise out of the mouths of sucklings. . . .

Of the state of things amongst us M. W. would be able to inform thee, and to give thee some idea of the trials and sufferings of the burden-bearers amongst us. I expect we must yet look for greater sufferings and treading down, more evil to be yet manifested and brought to light—like the prophet being told to turn yet and behold greater abominations! and no marvel, for the enemy is the father of lies and deception, and can transform his deceitful workings into the appearance of an angel of light, and it is only those whose eyes are anointed by the finger of Christ who can see through things, through men and their motives, who can see through the hole as it were in the wall, what they are working in the dark out of the pure light! But the Lord will plead the cause of His poor oppressed ones, and arise for their help in His own time; He will bring them forth as gold seven times purified, so they will truly be His dear people, made precious to Him and chosen in the furnace of affliction, and they shall be enabled with unspeakable and most precious experience to say, "the Lord is our God;" for they will have *marvellously* proved His power to be infinite, and His goodness most excellent, and that His faithfulness endureth for ever! And, dear love, do thou yield to His mighty power also, and that is the way to have the body helped as well as the mind blessed with peace; but oh, *how* unworthy are we of the least of all His precious goodness and mercies.

Farewell, very dearly,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To E. R.

Croydon, 31st of 5th Month, 1836.

Ah, my dear friend, the assurance of thy love and desires for me was helpful and comforting to me, and I do sometimes hope the prayers of some for my preservation may be heard, and surely never did I need them more than now—having ventured to lay before my friends a feeling of duty that I have for some years had, to go and sit with our dear Friends of Oxfordshire and Warwickshire in their several quarterly meetings, the end of 6th month, and to attend some other of the little meetings thereaway, also Birmingham monthly meeting in 7th month; for which I am favoured with a minute instead of a certificate. Friends kindly acceded to my wish [in this respect],

being such a child, and dear Hannah Marsh is going with me. It does indeed seem a fearful time to be going about, and one hears things that are enough to frighten the feeble-minded. May I be kept quiet, and leaning only on Him whom I do desire above all to fear, love, and faithfully serve! Truly I am without scrip or purse, and am ready to wonder how so poor a creature can be required to go forth in this way, as well as to fear that I shall certainly bring reproach on the good cause or the awful work I have put my hand unto, and fall by the hand of the enemy. Do crave my preservation in watchfulness and deep humility, as well as in a willingness to be anything or nothing. I have been long disobedient and hesitating, so my time is short now, and I feel a desire to be made diligent and faithful the remaining years of my pilgrimage here. It was a close exercise of faith to me last summer and autumn, not seeing any way to move, until it was opened by the acknowledgment of unity in the 12th month, and now it seems very early [to be so engaged], but I cannot help it. . . . It has been a comfort to me, amidst seasons of conflict, of deep exercise and trial, this yearly meeting, to be permitted to partake of sweet fellowship and union with some dear Friends from various parts. . . . How sweet this is, to feel that precious love and union that extends over sea and land, and does not depend on outward intercourse! Oh, that I may seek after preservation in it, and to have it daily kept alive and strengthened by Him who is our life.

I know not how to give thee any account of yearly meeting this year, my dear friend, my memory is so deficient; but I may say, that although it has been a trying time, a time of dismay and of treading down, yet we have been favoured with some precious cups of refreshment and comfort, which have strengthened us still to bear up and not to faint. Dear A. Thorne is very simple and short in her communications, but so pithy, and full, and sweet, they were always a few words fitly spoken. . . . But oh! the shrinking, the unfaithfulness, the compromising, and the vast number of shades of declension and of going over to these new opinions, so that the little remnant know not whom to believe, whom to trust to, so great is the deception of the enemy to blind people's eyes—but they receive renewedly the advice to sit alone, be patient in tribulation, and to keep silence, dwelling deep, and waiting to see the end of these things. For surely it shall come, I do believe—the day of deliverance—although things are not yet ripe enough; there is more evil to be manifested, and greater

abominations to be seen, that are working in the dark out of the pure light. . . . Oh then, that *you*, who have not, as yet, been tried (though I am ready to fear your borders are not exempt entirely), may be doubly vigilant on the watch-tower, to watch the very beginnings of the enemy's approach. And be ye faithful and fearless, no matter in whomsoever ye perceive a willingness or susceptibility to receive his baits; and it does come on so very gradually, that those who feel a godly concern for their brethren and sisters had need not to wait till (as they would say) things were more tangible, but to give the warning word which may reach the witness, or, at any rate, be the means of raising it after a while—and such faithful ones shall have their reward.

We had a sweet visit from dear W. Gundry in our women's meetings—it was like marrow to one's bones. He addressed the little mourning ones, those who sigh and cry for all the abominations committed in the land, reminding them of those formerly who, though there was not much for them to do, had to sigh and to mourn—yet that the man clad in linen set a mark upon their foreheads, and they were spared when the destroyer was sent over the city. He encouraged those in small meetings, saying that it had been his lot to be in one where there was no minister for forty years—spoke on silent worship, and recommended a patient, reverent exercise in meetings, not looking for words—on the great bait of the enemy, a desire to be something in religion—reminding us that the root is to bear the branches and not the branches the root, desiring we might take deep root downward, that we might bring forth, in due time, fruit upward, and cautioned against having *itching tongues* as well as *itching ears!* . . . [At the concluding meeting] Sarah Grubb at last broke through, on the superiority of silence above words, when the power reigns over all, reminding us of the cloud covering the tabernacle, so that the priests could not minister; also how it was in old times amongst us—such glorious meetings—quoting a piece out of George Fox's Journal showing that he had nothing to do at some place, because the people were already under Christ's heavenly teaching, and needed nothing outwardly—saying we should yet be favoured with such times, and that then what was uttered amongst us would *gather* instead of *scatter* us. Oh! it was a sweet though short time; I should have been glad if we had sunk into this solemn silence, and concluded.

L. A. Barclay.

To L. S.

Croydon, 6th Month, 1836.

My dear Friend,

I am inclined to take up the pen now, and tell thee that I shall much think of and feel for thee next fifth day; I hope dear M. P. will be with you as intended, if not, if you are but favoured with the strengthening, confirming presence of the good Master, it will be enough! Many, I assure thee, have been the discouraging feelings that have come over me like the waves of the sea, and had I not had a word of encouraging stimulus from some dear Friends, I fear I should have been quite overwhelmed. But how tenderly are we dealt with! He knows our great weakness and how much we can bear—He can stay "His rough wind in the day of the east wind." I often think of what the poor Indian said—that "the work seemed *so* great, and he felt *such* a poor, ignorant Indian!"—but he was instructed that being so weak and ignorant, there was the great need for him to say neither more or less than the great Spirit bid him to speak, whether two, or three, or more words. And I can say truly, this is my desire for myself, to be so preserved, even keeping close, and low, and watchful, and faithful to Him, who I desire should be my Lord and Master. As the time draws near, I seem to be filled with many fears of various sorts. Oh that I may be kept from doing harm, and then I would not mind any proving, I think, even though I might have to sit all the meetings in silence!

L. A. Barclay.

To A. R.

Croydon, 18th of 6th Month, 1836.

I trust the report of thy dear father's illness was unfounded, it would be no small disappointment to miss of his company; however, we must leave this and everything else that concerns us in the hands of an all-wise and gracious Providence, who will do all things well, and for our good and instruction. Three of our little company here were at Tottenham yesterday, on the sorrowful occasion of dear Thomas Shillitoe's interment. Ah, it was truly affecting to me, and is so continually, to think of *our* loss. The change, we cannot doubt, is a most blissful one to him, so we may rejoice on his account—but oh, such faithful, undaunted, uncompromising veterans are rare in

these days, and their places are not—cannot be refilled soon. We may truly say, "a prince has fallen this day in Israel." I hope I am not insensible that the great Master and good Minister, still remains all-sufficient for His struggling, panting, little ones; and He can make a way of deliverance and help for them when they can see none. So let us trust still in that Arm which is not shortened that it cannot save. Oh, that He would cause the mantle of the Elijahs to descend upon the Elishas amongst us, and make the feeble ones to become as Davids, strong in the Lord's might, and wise in His wisdom, and humble and low in His pure fear!

L. A. Barclay.

To L. C.

Croydon, 18*th of* 8*th Month*, 1836.

My beloved Friend,

I fear thou wilt wonder what is become of me, or at least of my feeling—nevertheless, I would assure thee, it is as strong as ever, rather increased than diminished by the union with a Friend whom I love and value. I have many times (as thou wilt suppose) thought of you with feelings of interest and strong desire that, seeing the Lord has been pleased to bring you together (I fully believe) in His fear, you may be daily careful to seek after preservation therein. Thus will you be preserved from the snares, supported under the trials, and strengthened for the duties that are attendant on such a change of condition—and thus, trusting only in the Lord for strength and preservation, and doing faithfully and heartily what good your hands find to do for His name, you shall dwell before Him in the land, even in a sense of His love and life, and verily you shall be fed. And as ye delight yourselves thus in His ways and in His fear, He will give you the desires of your hearts, even to know more and more of His precious precepts, and wonderful dealings, and mighty strengthenings, to the increase of His praise and glory. I feel as if it were the grateful language of thy heart, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" and I know it is thy desire to bring in all the tithes of thy increase into the heavenly treasury: mayest thou then be made fruitful in the field of offering, even in the deep begettings of the pure life! And may thy dear partner also, by an indwelling with that which is low and pure, witness a continual and increasing qualification to strengthen the true growth, and to protect the good fruit.

I prosecuted my intended little trip into Essex, after we parted, and was out till last week (third day night). It proved very satisfactory to me, being mercifully helped to clear myself at Haverhill, which I had had for years in my mind's eye. I then went on to Halstead and Earls Colne to see my dear friends there, and attended their meetings, also Maldon, and took tea one evening at Sudbury with dear M. King—dear old Friend! she seemed so cheered to see me; I do like to visit our dear ancients who are laid by. The visit to C. was *indeed a sweet* picture of a happy union. Dear W. and H. I. are truly united in spirit; there seemed such a peaceful sweet covering so continually over us, I said in my heart, truly the Son of peace is here! Dear Sarah Grubb was so overdone with public meetings I could not call on her, to my disappointment. This little *recreative* tour has done me good after my late more exercising one, and I have been favoured to enjoy my comfortable home with a sweet relish and, I trust, a grateful heart. And oh, that so many mercies and benefits may lead to proportionate returns of fearless faithfulness, humble watchfulness, and filial confidence—for surely, surely, who is like unto Him, and to His faithfulness round about Him!

L. A. Barclay.

To A. and E. R.

——, 1836.

. . . I have long felt warmly interested in Kentish Friends; but, dear friends, *mere* warmth of natural feeling or kind interest, I trust, will never move me. No; I have said again and again in my heart, let nothing move me but Thy constraining power—let nothing hinder me when that moves! And truly it is no light matter to move in such an awful service; but the good Master, if He move and put forth, I trust will go before, and guide and strengthen unto all, support under all, and preserve through all in humility; and so I desire to live a day at a time at His good hand, who can make the very weak to become strong.

L. A. Barclay.

To ——.

——, 1836.

My dear ——,

In looking over the conversation of the day, yesterday, I was afraid it had been too much about *persons* rather than things;

and I was afraid that anything like self-complacency or looking with a judging eye should creep into *myself*, in so doing, rather than to dwell under a humbling sense of His goodness and power, by whose grace *alone* we are what we are (if we are in any measure what we should be!), and by whose preserving power continually extended, shall we be kept in that grace wherein we stand! I thought there was at one time a precious little feeling stealing over us, as it were, something like the *strengthening* and peace-giving influence of our dear Saviour (John xx. 19)—I long at such times that we should not shrink from opening the door to such a visitant! Surely when He thus looks in on our social evenings we do not want words, nor ought we to look for them, nor *fear* they will be *looked for*; such a feeling cramps and hinders that communion which is so precious. I was afraid also whether I had appeared to speak improperly of my little visits at the other side the river; I *only* intended to set forth His goodness who had so graciously made a way, both outwardly and in the minds of others; for truly I am very unworthy to lift up a finger towards the help of the least.

Farewell, desiring thy remembrance of such poor striplings, when favoured.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To E. D——., JUNIOR.

Croydon, 9th Month, 1836.

MY DEAR E.,

The seeing thee this morning, I believe for the first time, in thy Friend's bonnet, seemed to awaken in my heart much affectionate interest for thee, and I thought I could salute thee in Gospel love, and wish thee the best speed, even God's heavenly speed, on thy journey through life (beginning, as thou now art, as it were, a new stage of it); and oh, that thy journey may be towards Zion, for that is the only way to blessedness—it is the city of God, the new Jerusalem, the city of peace, and all God's saints and people are citizens of it; let nothing and nobody hinder thee from seeking to belong to it, for out of it thou shalt be out of true peace and true blessedness! And in order that it may be so, let thy face be stedfastly set thitherward; let the desire of thy heart be to seek the Lord thy God, and to know the way to his Zion. Let it be evident to others that this is thy bent, and let the language of thy example to others be, "Come,

and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten"—a covenant even made by sacrifice. And if thou art thus desirous to be led aright by Him, He will show thee that to "walk in the light of the Lord" is the way to His holy mountain, His city of peace and blessedness. Therefore, oh, my dear girl, be willing now in thy youth to walk in the light of the Lord Jesus Christ, which shines in thy heart, and will clearly show thee what is pleasing and what is displeasing to God, both in thy thoughts, words, manners, dress, and conduct. Think nothing too small it points out to thee, neither be ashamed of following it implicitly, for it is the light of thy dear Saviour, and it is His precious voice speaking in thee, and it will be thy condemnation if thou hatest or despisest it. As thou art obedient and faithful in the little, so He will teach thee more and more of His precious ways, and strengthen thee more and more to walk in His peaceful paths, and this will be God's heavenly speed which I greatly long for for thee; and then thou wilt be a great comfort and a blessing to thy dear parents, and a good example to thy brothers and sisters, and all others around thee.

L. A. Barclay.

To E. R.

Croydon, 2nd of 12th Month, 1836.

My dear Friend,

It seems very long since I took up the pen to thee, and although I have not heard from either of you since I last wrote, yet I feel inclined to assure thee that the sweet feeling of union and love continues unabated by time or distance, nor does it need words to fan the flame of it. How precious is it to feel this, extending over sea and land—even towards those unknown by outward ken! But this may savour of boasting; oh! how *most* unworthy is a poor worm to be permitted to feel the least spark of this precious union and love. Surely it is nothing of our own that we can fabricate with our creaturely warmth and activity, though there may be imitations of it, under the enemy's transforming influence. Ah, it is like a tender plant that soon withers and dies when dwindling or cut off from Him who is the life and the true vine, from whom alone is its freshness, and its fruit is found. Thy poor correspondent longs that nothing may hinder the preservation and growth thereof in her, but that, nourished by the flowing of the heavenly sap, there may be propor-

tionate fruit produced to the praise of the great and good Husbandman. And the testimony of this love is strengthening and animating to the poor drooping mind, weighed down under a sense of the state of our poor church—the dimness of the gold, and the changedness of the fine gold. Ah, is it not a day for such burden-bearers to cling close one to another, and, above all, to Him, the mighty strengthener?—to speak often one to another, in the Divine fear, and in the remembrance of His wonderful goodness and power—encouraging to a continued confidence in His never-failing arm, and a renewed watchfulness and faithfulness before Him.

My thoughts have been often turned towards you lately, with rejoicing, that the feet of our dear faithful labourers, G. and A. Jones, have been again led your way, and I long to hear all that thy kind pen can tell me about their visit in your monthly meeting, towards which thou knowest I still have much of a *homish* feeling. I hope nothing will *scatter* what they have been enabled to do amongst you. . . .

It is come to pass, as dear S. G. had to foretell sixteen years ago—I remember it, and she told us we might put it down in our pocket-books—that we were mingling (three times repeated), and that, if we did not retrace our steps, we should be so mingled with the people, by degrees, that, by and by, we should think there was no occasion for this or the other query, and at last for any discipline at all!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To E. R——N.

1*st Month*, 1837.

We have been solemnly warned by the sudden removal of dear Rebecca Christy. It was a comfort that she was in the bosom of her family, and having her husband with her. After attending Gracechurch Street meeting, held in silence, she remarked to William Allen, she thought she should not be much longer here—that she hoped they might soon be singing the songs of Zion. She was taken ill that night, and confined to her bed. Before the close, she addressed her children separately, saying, "Mind not the world too much; it will eat like a canker; I have seen it, I have seen it." Her end was peaceful.*

L. A. BARCLAY.

* NOTE.—The following extract from the Annual Monitor for 1839, it is thought will not be out of place here. "A few days before her decease, when her mind appeared

To R. R.

Croydon, 17*th of* 1*st Month*, 1837.

. . . It was pleasant to hear of your excursion to Chichester, and how thou couldst speak well of His goodness who does not fail His *poor* dependent ones in the needful time. Oh! this is animating to think of, and we may and *must* recount His mighty acts and speak of His great goodness. It is the poor and the empty whom He delights to fill and to enrich, and He makes them so, *that* He may do so. Oh, what condescension!

I suppose —— applies for membership from having been brought up amongst Friends, *not* on the ground of convincement. I wish she may be brought to feel really *with* us, and not merely a *preference* to us. Why should many cover themselves with our cloak, and not faithfully wear and bear it? as dear Sarah Tuckett says. But I fear thou wilt set me down as a very *strait* body, and a complainer in Israel. Well, I cannot help it; I have a very high sense of what we ought to be, and oh, that I may be made so, by any means, however battering and beating, turning and overturning! for truly I do not wish to judge others, but rather this, that I may not put a stumbling-block or an occasion of offence before them. I have long been of the mind that our meetings for discipline are too open, and that the old way of their being confined to those who are "faithful men and women, grown in the truth;" and as it is seen that any young people, or others, evince such a growing qualification, to invite them thereto, would be preferable to our present very mixed state, in which the discipline is handled by unclean hands. I did not intend to write thus, dear ——, and have no particular object in view, but as it arose whilst writing, and not knowing that I had ever expressed as much to thee before, I thought I would pen it. . . .

The rapid rolling on of weeks and months is indeed fearful and awful. May I be enabled to watch and wait, in calm resignation and faithful confidence, on Him who can make clear, and give strength to bring forth. We have had an acceptable family visit from R. B.,

to be under concern at the state of our religious Society, she said to her husband:—"When I consider the manner in which those Friends who are leaving us, speak of the "inward Light" (it being the Lord's grace or Spirit placed in the heart), oh! it does grieve me more than all beside. Oh, what should I have done when I was a young woman, but for that in the heart, when I had no one to help me or direct me. How clearly did it show me what was right and what was wrong!" *(Obituary Notice of Rebecca Christy.)*

that to me was very helpful. . . . It is very trying to see what a desire after words, and a leaning upon the poor instruments, there is amongst us. How sad, and what a dereliction of principle it is to do so, and thus to worship the gift instead of the giver. Oh, that I may ever be preserved from gratifying this itching ear, whatever it cost.

We had a sweet social visit from dear W. Gundry in his way to you. I greatly enjoyed his company, feeling him as a father (and oh, we have few fathers!). He dined with me, so I had him alone, which is a treat to my *poor deaf* powers, that I seldom have. Before we separated, we had a precious opportunity, much in silence, in which we were melted together and favoured with that feeling which is beyond words, although these were not withheld for my help and comfort. How grateful should I be for all these helps!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To L. C.

2nd Month, 1837.

. . . There is so much shrinking with some that it makes it hard work, but it is to our own Master we stand or fall, and we must not love father or mother, even, more than Him and His precious cause. . . . Let us not shrink from suffering afflictions for Christ's sake, but rather rejoice that we are counted worthy, in ever so small a measure, to fill up that which remains, for the body's sake, the Church. Some, perhaps, may think me uncharitable in my remarks; but One knows my heart. To be united to Him and to all that is of and for Him, is all that I desire.

Farewell, dear L., with dear love I remain thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To E. K.

Croydon, 4th Month, 1837.

MY DEAR E.,

I hardly feel easy to leave home without sending thee a few lines, indicative (far more than I could do personally, no doubt,) of the affectionate interest that has always lived in my heart towards thee, and which is by no means lessened the last year or two, although the expression thereof has but seldom been made. I do not forget

thy affectionate letter in the second month of last year, of which I have taken but little notice outwardly, but the contents of it have often been very present with me (especially during the autumn and winter, when my mind seemed more at liberty), though the yearning and affectionate solicitude that has attended me in reference to thee has hitherto been known only to the great Searcher of hearts. Ah, He knows the travail of my soul on behalf of some in our meetings, for surely He gives to feel it—and He knows the fears also of His poor weak creature, lest, on the one hand, the blood of a dear brother or sister should be required at my hand, and, on the other, lest I should in any wise step improperly, so as either to crush that which is tender and strengthen the wrong part in any, or be acting in the creaturely will and wisdom as if I were better than my neighbours. Ah, it is an awful thing to have a testimony put into our hearts and into our mouths for Him! the Lord help His poor worm to be faithful, and preserve in the depths of humility!

In reading thy letter and in the intercourse we have had together since, dear E., I have frequently feared that there was too much of a tendency in thee to lean upon others, to live, as it were, upon their encouragement—I know it is a common weakness, I feel it in myself, but the Lord has graciously turned His hand upon me to lift me out of it; and will, I do thankfully believe, still more mar this dependence, and starve this desire, whenever it arises; and I do rejoice in His tender care of me in this respect. For oh, I do increasingly feel, and I long for thee also increasingly to feel, that we must *dwell deep*, sit alone and keep silence, bearing His yoke upon us—*then* we shall *increasingly* feel how good He is to those that seek Him *alone*, and wait upon Him in the way of His judgments, that so they may learn His righteousness, and judgment may be brought forth unto a perfect victory! We *must* dwell deep—not be looking outwardly, for the kingdom is *within* that is to be overthrown, the strongholds are within that must be razed to the very foundation, and the strong man armed turned out thereof; and the kingdom is *within* that is to be set up above every kingdom, even the heavenly, peaceful kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the beginnings thereof are sown in every heart; it is there we must watch and labour for the growth of the blessed seed of the kingdom, for the spreading of the heavenly leaven, even by yielding to the puttings forth of the power thereof, suffering Christ by this measure of His blessed Spirit to crucify the old man in us with the affections and lusts, and to bring us into a

conformity with the will of God, and consequently into an union with Him! And in the progress of this heavenly work, it will be good for us to sit *alone*, from outward dependencies, looking and leaning upon Christ alone, the all-sufficient teacher and support of His redeeming people! And let us silence all fleshly desires, and resign ourselves to the Lord's will, though He slay our creaturely will, and confound our creaturely wisdom, and bring to nought that in us which would so continually rise up and be something. Oh! thus let us bear His heavenly yoke upon us in our youth (O what poor weak children are we!) let us suffer Him to break us to pieces by falling upon Him, yielding to His power inwardly revealed, and let us be willing to manifest to others (and verily it shall be so in our whole conduct and demeanour) that we are of His broken ones, His melted ones, and then assuredly there *shall* be hope for us, a glorious hope (not the hope of the hypocrite), a hope full of immortality; the Lord Jesus Christ shall confess us before His Father and the holy angels, to be of the number of His dear sheep, His *purified* ones! This, dear E., is the earnest desire of my heart for thee, as it is for myself, and I would be thy companion in seeking, in labouring after it.

And now I would bid thee affectionately farewell, remaining thy poor weak sister, but very sincere friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To R. R.

Croydon, 17*th of* 1*st Month*, 1837.

. . . It was pleasant to hear of your excursion to Chichester, and how thou couldst speak well of His goodness, who does not fail His poor dependent ones in the needful time. Oh, this is animating to think of, and we may and *must* recount His mighty acts, and speak of His great goodness! It is the poor and empty He delights to fill and to enrich, and He makes them so *that* He may do so! Oh, what condescension!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To MARY HAGGER.

Croydon, 26*th of* 3*d Month*, 1837.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I have often thought of thee and talked of thee too, with much love and unity, and it does me good to remember such

dear faithful friends as thyself; it animates me to desire to walk in your footsteps, in following faithfully and serving unreservedly the one good and great Master, whom indeed you have found to be a good one, and worthy to be loved, served, trusted in, and obeyed—and that by the whole house of the spiritual Israel. And now you may be old and gray-headed, He doth not forsake you, even the dear faithful ancient ones, but is near you still, to support and strengthen you, to comfort and preserve you in patience, until He shall be pleased to take you to Himself. Well! Oh, that I may die the death of the righteous, and that my latter end may be like his—peace! . . .

You are privileged who are in a quiet, snug corner, and neither hear or see what is going on amongst us much; and yet I think the rightly exercised mind, however secluded, must *feel* how things are; and the deep exercises and secret breathings and pleadings, on behalf of the body, of these hidden ones, are helpful, though they are loth to believe it. Therefore, dear friend, mayest thou be encouraged in thy deep wadings and mournful provings, to put on strength in the name of the Lord; and when it is well with thee, breathe for the help of worm Jacob, for the strengthening and preservation of the little ones, even in fearless faithfulness and in humble watchfulness, that their eye may be singly and simply unto the Lord, their mighty one, for by Him alone shall Jacob arise, though he be but very small and despised, and the Lord can cause the weak and foolish ones to confound the wise and the prudent; and He can call them that are not, and them that are base in man's estimation, to stand up for His great name, that no flesh should glory in His sight! Amen, saith my very soul! and may He work what He will work for the purification of His Church, and for the glory of His great name; for I do believe that He will have a people for His praise, whether we will be gathered, yea or nay. . . . I am ready to say, "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." Yet we have a skilful and powerful Physician. Oh, that He may turn His good hand upon us again and again, and not cast us off for ever, for we are called by His name. . . .

There have been many deaths about and much sickness. I feel it a great favour to enjoy my usual health, indeed I might say, better than usual for the winter; so that I feel bound in gratitude to yield up to what I have apprehended for years to be the pointings of duty, viz., to go and sit with our dear friends at Dublin yearly meeting, and I look to going in about three weeks time—my friends having liberated me for the purpose last week. I hope thou wilt remember

me for good, for indeed I have great need of the prayers of the faithful, and have great faith in their success. May the Lord help His poor weak handmaid to be faithful and deeply humble before Him. And oh, that I may be preserved from bringing any reproach on that blessed cause, which I do trust is more precious to me than natural life.

Farewell, my dear and valued friend. I shall hardly look for thee at our yearly meeting, but believe thou wilt be with us in mind. With kind love to thy daughter, I remain thy truly affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

P.S.—My pen has run on, I trust, in innocent freedom, unconsciously, for I did not think to write more than, as I said, a few lines.

To ———.

4th Month, 1837.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I do not feel easy to leave home at this time without taking up the pen to write thee, I trust, in Gospel love, especially as we had not the ride together to W. when I hoped to have the opportunity I desired. Thou remembers when I called to ask thee to go with us, thou touched upon the subject of joining with others in the Bible district visiting, in allusion to ——. Being in haste at the time, I could not enter upon it, but the subject weighed upon me much, and the desire increased to have some conversation with thee on it, as I feel it to be one of no small importance, connected as it is with the bringing up of our dear young people. I quite unite with the object of the Bible Society in the spreading of the holy scriptures, and the encouraging the diligent perusal of them; but inasmuch as we believe it to be very wrong to give them that appellation, and that honour, which belongs only to our blessed Saviour, I should not feel easy either to attend the committees or to hand, in the course of the district visiting, such papers and tracts as use such terms. With respect to our dear young people, I would not encourage them either to attend the committees or to join in districts *with* others, for the above reason, as well as I believe it would be injurious to them to mix with those of other denominations. We know (and do we not *feel* it even in *ourselves?*) how *very* insinuating is the spirit of the world, how it insinuates itself into us under such very pleasing and plausible pretences (as of our

doing good to others, and desiring that our religion should not wear a gloomy aspect, as if we thought ourselves holier than others, &c.), and thus are we most gradually drawn off the watch into a shaking hands, as it were, with the worldly spirit in others, instead of, in our conversation and demeanour, testifying against it, and being a reproof to it. And surely, if we *must* feel and acknowledge our *own* weakness in this respect, how can we, in conscience towards God (knowing that we shall be accountable for the dear lambs committed to our *faithful* charge), suffer or encourage our beloved young people to run into such temptation in their tender and inexperienced state. And hereby are we also endangering their religious principles (as well as practice); for the principles of others, who are thus united with us, have such a plausible and taking appearance; they are generally the most serious in the profession of them, and with pleasing manners are very likely to mislead the young and inexperienced, and weaken their attachment to those principles in which they have been educated.

These are my sentiments on this subject from conviction, in my own mind, from experience of the effects in myself, and from observation of them in others; and I think I shall hardly be acting the part of a sincere and faithful friend to thee, my dear ——, without adding that I have for some time past felt and lamented the effects in thee, I mean of associating with those not of our Society, and suffering the children to do so too. I know that the education and bringing up of dear children rests very much with the mother of a family, and I would, in *true* affection, beg of thee to consider impartially, to weigh in the true balance, whether it is not better to make any sacrifices (either of expense or of education) rather than to subject our dear children to the intercourse with others in sending them to their schools? for are we not thereby opening a door which we shall not be able afterwards to regulate! Oh, that the *example* before our dear children, as well as the precepts we may inculcate in our conversation, may be such as will strengthen them in obedience to the discoveries and reproofs of the light of Christ, and in a faithful attachment to the testimonies of His blessed Spirit, which ever was and ever will be contrary to the wordly spirit! I know very well I may be thought to be narrow-minded in these remarks and sentiments, but oh! let us sift such a thought. Is it not that which would shake hands with the worldly spirit that says so? Is not the way to life strait and narrow? We must not please the worldly spirit either in ourselves or others, if we would walk therein; we must be stripped of it, we

must take up the cross to it, that is, yield to the Spirit of Christ which will crucify it, if we would escape the broad way that leads to destruction; and we must be content to be thought narrow by the world, if we would be of the number of Christ's little flock of redeemed ones, redeemed from its spirit, and precious in His sight. The blessing is to those who are despised and reproached for obedience to Christ's Spirit, and the woe is to those who are spoken well of and flattered by the world, for the world loves his own, and whosoever will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God.

And now, my dear friend, I must draw to a conclusion. I know thou wilt not take this my sisterly freedom to be impertinently intermeddling in other men's matters; thou wilt take it in the sincere love which dictates it, thou wilt let it have its full weight, by retiring inward, and waiting to feel the light of Christ's blessed Spirit, to show thee how things really are with thee. Oh, He is the faithful and true witness, that will not flatter us; and may His gentle whisperings and secret discoveries be faithfully attended to, both by example and precept, whatever may be the sacrifice, or the mortification it may involve; for what will it profit us, if we shall gain the whole world and lose our own soul's peace! We had better cut off our right hand and pluck out our right eye than be an enemy to God, and separated for ever from Him, who loved us, and gave Himself for us.

Farewell in true and tender love, and under a humbling sense of my own utter weakness in every respect, and unworthiness to hand at any time even a cup of cold water, whereby the precious tender good thing in any dear brother or sister may be strengthened. Oh! I feel it an awful thing to stand in the station of a minister, or a watchman for the Lord, to give warning to others, and to testify for Him; and I do desire, in the endeavour to be clear of the blood of all, to be ever preserved in the depths of humility, and in the *pure* fear of the Lord alone!

I remain thy sincerely affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To H. M.

Reigate, 1837.

. . . I hope this journey will do thee good. Give my love to ——, and say I hope nothing will hinder him from attending to the manifestations or secret feelings of hesitation given by the Spirit

of Christ in the secret of His heart, in relation to however small a thing, and even what man's reason may cavil against. There is no other way for strength of sight and of feeling being increased, but by faithfulness to the little. Tell him I hope he does not sell prayer books and altar companions; we ought to have a testimony against them, and not promote them. And, dear H., do thou be faithful at that large meeting; do not be afraid to please the dear Master. I hope thy visit will be blessed to many. And now farewell, dearly loved friend, "let us always trust Master," as the dear negro said to William Williams, and then we *shall* farewell.

Thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

[In the 7th month of this year Lydia A. Barclay was liberated by her monthly meeting, to visit the meetings composing the general meeting for Scotland, and also those of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire on her return home. In this religious engagement she was accompanied by Sarah Knott of Ireland, who had been liberated for similar service in Scotland.]

To ——.

8th Month, 1837.

I believe I must acknowledge that my mind was drawn into much sympathy with thee, ever since thy kind call on us soon after our arrival in ——, as well as whilst we were sitting together the other day. This feeling was not decreased, but rather increased, by hearing, as we went to ——, that thou hast sometimes a little word for our good Lord in the assemblies of His people. Oh, my dear friend, it is indeed (as thou well knowest) a deeply exercising time for such in the present day, of treading down and of despising the treasures of the inner court. Many and deep are their sufferings, their faces often gather paleness, and they go as with their hands on their loins in painful travail, and they are often ready to say, "If thou deal thus with us, slay me, I pray thee." The enemy often pierces as with a sword in their very bones, saying, "Where is thy God?" besides the daily renewed sense of their own weakness, and poverty, and utter unworthiness, so that the language of their soul is, "Who is sufficient for these things? Behold, I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell among a people of unclean lips!" Yet oh, my dear

friend, the Lord is sufficient to cleanse and to qualify for His own work, and He can work by weak and feeble instruments, and I do believe He will more and more raise up such amongst us, and give them what some would call a weak, foolish testimony, or way of preaching, that no flesh may glory in His sight, but that His mighty power may be the more conspicuous, and His praise perfected as out of the mouths of the babes or simple ones! I feel greatly for thee in considering the place and the meeting where thy lot is cast, a place of great profession (as I apprehend) and of jealous looking at us as a people; and a meeting involving much suffering and exercise of mind, considering the lukewarmness of some, the shaking hands with the worldly spirit in others, as also the visitation of God's love still extended to the dear youth, in many of whom the tender seed of God's sowing is panting after life. Oh, that thou mayest be enabled to cherish the one, and faithfully to testify for thy God against the other, following thy dear Master's leadings, nothing doubting and no man fearing; and as thou art concerned thus to honour the Lord and seek His heavenly approbation above all, He will honour thee and make thee an instrument in His holy hand, to make war in righteousness (or uprightly) against all His enemies, to strengthen the weak things that remain and seem ready to die, to gather again the dispersed of Israel, and to cherish the tender thing of Him in all. And, dear friend, in the course of this good work, I trust thou wilt find the discipline to go hand in hand with the ministry; both want a faithful exercise; they are branches from the same root, require the same life to quicken and make them fruitful. If the discipline be not faithfully exercised (even in the life and in the wisdom of Christ, the ever blessed and unchangeable truth), disease creeps over the body, and the ministry must also languish or partake of it. Oh, dear friend, fear thou not, neither let thy hands be slack in whatever they find to do for thy good Lord in either way, but be diligent and faithful in the little, and that is the preparation to receive more from His good hand; but every act of disobedience brings dimness of sight and weakness of limbs against another time. Oh, I have lamentably and often found it to be so in my very stumbling and childish experience! And look not out at others, neither at thy loneliness, and the want of fathers and mothers,—"it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes." The present is peculiarly a time when not only the earth, but the heavens also are to be shaken in us. We must not lean on a friend, or put confidence even in a

brother, but let our eye be single unto the Lord alone, and then we shall have plenty of light; and our leaning be simply and wholly upon Him, and then we shall have abundance of strength!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To H. M.

York, 9th of 7th Month, 1837.

. . . We went to Kinmuck, and sat with six families out of eight; had a meeting there next day, which was a memorable and melting one, that I shall not easily forget. The Lord greatly helped His poor weak handmaids, and the glory was ascribed unto Him. . . . Next day began the family visits at Glasgow (consisting of eleven or twelve); and found, to our great comfort, a precious remnant. I had to remember (and to mention too) in one of them, how it was with one of our ancients formerly, who, when he came to a certain place, found them gathered and settled under the inward teaching of Christ their Saviour, and sat down among them in silence. Nevertheless, a song or testimony to His goodness and preciousness was put into my mouth, and we were all melted into tears. The meeting on the fourth day (last week) was a memorable one, so that it seemed hard to break it up, as well as to disturb it. Several attended who were not Friends.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To C. D.

Nottingham, 16th of 9th Month, 1837.

MY DEAR ——,

I trust I may now inform thee, under a grateful and humbling sense of the great goodness and tender compassion shown a poor unworthy one, that I am thus far on my journey homeward, and I assure thee that the thought is quite animating, indeed I am ready sometimes to fear that the last week I have been almost too longing to reach it, counting the days, as it were, yet am continually reminded that every day has its proper duties and trials to be borne and done in that power which is so graciously and daily vouchsafed; or, as a dear friend remarked to me yesterday, when I was alluding to the subject, our home is subjection to the Divine will; I thought there was much in it. Oh, this is indeed the quiet and peaceful habitation, the place

of true prayer, and where my soul longs to dwell for ever; and *there* will there be continual incense and pure offerings ascending with acceptance before the holy One of Israel! . . .

I suppose thou wouldst hear of me from dear Hannah Marsh, to whom I wrote from York. I rested there all last week, but did not seem to get much on in strength, even when I left it this day week for Chesterfield, so that at times I felt much disheartened about myself, the mind often partaking of the bodily weakness. On First day night I parted with my kind guide, Joseph Spence, and on second day morning again launched forth, a poor stranger alone,—but the ride through the bracing air of Derbyshire did me good; third, fourth, fifth, and sixth days in this week I have sat in six meetings, all appointed ones, and several have been attended by many of the neighbours; the members are very few. In two of them, I heard that one woman went generally and sat alone on a week day! I reminded some of them how that Friends sprang up at first by ones and twos, and that one faithful Friend might be the means of gathering many around him. Fourth day was very fatiguing to the poor body, travelling twenty-five miles in an open chaise over a rough road, and having two exercising meetings: also yesterday, thirty-three miles principally in an open chaise, and two meetings, so that last night I was much exhausted on arriving here. Yet I may acknowledge that which has felt very trying and rough to nature, has been graciously smoothed down and sweetened to me, so that sufficient for the day has been the strength extended! . . .

Farewell, dear ——, I cannot add more, having to call on some elderly Friends. So with kind love to all our Friends, I will remain thy sincerely affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Croydon, 28*th of* 10*th Month*, 1837.

. . . The poor servants must not expect better treatment than their Master, to be despised, reproached, accused, and said to be beside themselves! yet I *do* see that there is great danger of such servants as have to cry woe against the evil things amongst us, getting from off the watch and out of the humility and fear in which alone is preservation in a true gift, and so somewhat of the creaturely activity and zeal, creeping in and attempting to do the Lord's work, which

can only be done in and by His own blessed Spirit, which leads into the patient, cool, humble state. I feel greatly exercised on behalf of those dear Friends who, I do believe, are on the side of the ancient and unchangeable truth, and faithfully concerned for the proper exercise of the discipline, that they may be preserved *from* the former danger, and in the latter state. . . . We have such daily proof how very imperceptibly (to themselves and to others) many of those we have highly valued slip off from the true foundation. It is very humbling and dismaying, and should lead to a closer watchfulness and dependence on Him, who is the best Friend, desiring to be preserved low in the pure fear. . . . I have great cause to acknowledge His goodness and mercy, who so condescendingly helped me along from day to day in my late journey [to Scotland], bearing up my poor mind during the many exercises and deep conflicts permitted, and strengthening the weak body to endure the great fatigue required. Some of the meetings were times of great favour both in silence and otherwise, so that it seemed hard to break them up, and our hearts were melted under a sense of the Lord's goodness, and the praise ascended unto Him, to whom doth all glory belong. I was greatly interested in going to see Ury, the seat of my worthy ancestors. I went all over it, and to the burial place on the top of an adjacent hill, on descending which (with a beautiful view before me), my mind was revolving on good old times, and led to desire that I might be enabled to follow the faithful example of those dear worthies, who had trod those paths, that so I might not only bear their name but also partake of their spirit, and be united in a precious fellowship with them and the just of all generations, through the tender mercy of God, in and by his beloved Son, who is the bond of all true fellowship.

27*th of* 11*th Month*, 1837.—Nor can I describe my feelings towards all people around that part (Ury) and Aberdeen. Oh, that they might be gathered up as from the *earth*, and brought down as from the *air*, even from the Lo here's and Lo there's, unto Christ, the peace and rest, the treasure and sure foundation of His people. Do give my dear love to dear Amos and Barbara Wigham. How sweet it was to be with them! I would much rather be with such dear simple Friends than in the fine drawing-rooms of those who are shaking hands with the world's spirit.

I must now look forward to a little time of quiet, at my comfortable

and very desirable home, but how long I may remain in it I know not, feeling that all I have and am must be at the disposal of Him who gives it me, or rather lends it; and oh, to spend and be spent in His service, if it might but be, is my earnest desire.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To J. B.

Croydon, 11*th of* 11*th Month*, 1837.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I send thee herewith, according to promise, a set of my brother John's Tracts, both from Penington and Penn, and I have no doubt thou will do thy best toward circulating them amongst any seriously inclined persons out of our Society, as well as any of our own members. . . . The former class (those out of our pale) are as much an object with my brother in his publications as our own members.

I cannot but believe there are many now (as there were in the days of our early Friends) who are wearied with wandering from one mountain of profession to another, and are now looking as it were towards us; and though the present state of things amongst us is very shaking and stumbling to such sincere inquirers (seeing that so many are now going back, almost insensibly, to the very door of the house of bondage, whence our fathers were brought out by a mighty hand and an outstretched arm! and woe indeed is to those who thus offend these little tender ones!) yet I do believe, if we are favoured to know these shakings and siftings amongst us, to purge our camp of that which has been as an evil disease long upon us, to the hindering of our standing before our enemies, and of our light shining forth as brightness before the nations, that these sincere and tender ones will then flock to us, or to the standard of Christ, the ever blessed and unchangeable Truth, held up by us, as doves to the windows! And my soul longs for such a day, and would desire that we might be melted and tried any how, so that we might yet become what we once were, and what we were designed to be, a people to the Lord's praise, to revive and hold forth the principles of primitive Christianity, the dispensation of the Son in Spirit, which, as I. Penington says, is the last and lasting dispensation. But the mourner over the great degeneracy amongst us will say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" The answer arises, "Not by might, nor by power

(that is man's), but by my Spirit, saith the Lord;" and His Spirit is still with us even to the end of the world—to strengthen the faithful, to support the weak, to animate the fearful, to enable unto all and to preserve amidst all. And how encouraging is that language addressed formerly to those "whose spirit the Lord hath stirred up," in an honest and faithful zeal to build His house!—"According to the word that I covenanted with you when ye came out of Egypt, so my Spirit remaineth among you; fear ye not but be strong and work, for I am with you." And how they were despised by others as poor feeble Jews, and their work a weak work; and let us remember that even women were engaged in building the wall, and how they all worked in fear, with a weapon in one hand; nevertheless, the Lord owned their work and blessed it. Is not this encouraging, my beloved friend, to all, however weak and feeble and solitary they may feel, to do, simply and faithfully, what their hands may at any time find to do for their good Lord, to promote His cause and kingdom in the hearts of any, even in the little might and putting forth that He may be pleased to give, though it may be in foolishness to man's view. And how graciously does He condescend to accept such little acts of love as alms-deeds done unto Himself!

I often think, in looking at our state, that a revival will be by the faithfulness of the one's and two's, hidden ones, and, apparently, weak and foolish ones, who will have to come forward in innocent boldness and humble faithfulness, and take the crowns from those who have been highly favoured, yet have adulterated from the Life, and so have either soared up into airy imaginations (above the meek, lowly Life), or else have gone down, as it were, into the earthly cloggy nature (trampling upon and crushing the Life). And do we not read how the man, who drew a bow in his simplicity, brought down from his seat a mighty king formerly? So I have thought a simple act of faithfulness in our meetings for discipline may often turn the tide of things into a proper channel, discovering what is impure. And faithfulness leads to fruitfulness. Every act of faithfulness leads to greater clearness of sight and strength of hands against the future; and, on the contrary, every hesitation, or refusing to follow as the Lord draws, dims the sight and weakens the hands, and there is a mourning because of the oppression of the enemy who gains strength hereby. Oh, then, that our eye may be single unto the Lord, to His bidding, to His favour, to His name or kingdom, and to His glory, and then we shall be full of light. Let our leaning

be simply on His arm of power, and then we shall have abundance of strength.

I know not how it is I have gone on thus to thee, my beloved friend, except that I feel thee near and dear in that which time or distance cannot separate, and desire affectionately thy encouragement in the good way, although I feel myself to be but a very poor weak and, as it were, trembling companion to thee. And oh, that thou also may breathe for my preservation from the many snares spread on every hand, and in faithfulness, watchfulness, and deep humility. I often still visit you mentally, and remember your great kindness to me when a poor traveller among you, and which, I trust, the Lord, my good Master, will reward you for, for I can't. I may acknowledge to thee, my dear friend, that the women's quarterly meeting was a season of great exercise and trial to me. I was longing for those to come forward who are now very hidden, yet upon them I thought I saw the Holy anointing. Thou knowest the stripling David was little esteemed by his father's house, and he was out in the solitary wilderness with the flock, but he was to be anointed, and he was enabled to smite the great defier of the armies of Israel. Oh, how great harm has man's wisdom done to us as a people, as well as his riches! It is not man's arts and parts, my dear friend, that is the qualification for offices and service in God's Church. Oh, they will mar His work instead of doing it. The excellent discipline established amongst us is a branch from the same root whence springs the ministry. The same Divine life must nourish it, and pervade it, and keep it living, or else it will be only kept up and done in the form. It will therefore be dead. The Lord Jesus Christ is the Head of the Church. He is the Minister of ministers; and I believe our discipline was set up and kept up formerly in His Spirit, and power, and heavenly wisdom, which alone is the authority of all our meetings. And it is they who are bowing to His mighty power in them (however it may be in a small measure, yet, if it be true and going on, it is His work of subjecting their spirits) that are qualified to put their hands to the discipline, not those who are whole in themselves, unbroken and unyielding to the cross, however wise, or learned, or rich they may be. And oh, I long for the strengthening of these little foolish ones, and rejoice to think of them, and breathe for them, in their hidden and solitary allotments. Well, my dear friend, I must not enlarge further. I hope thou wilt not misconstrue my meaning, nor yet think any other of me than as a poor weak sister,

very far from what I ought to be, yet desiring to press forward towards the mark for the heavenly prize of our *high calling in* Christ Jesus. In that fellowship which stands not in words, but in the power of Him, who is the life and beloved of redeemed and redeeming souls, subjected unto and prevailing in the heart, do I salute thee and thy dear husband. In dear love, I remain thy very sincere friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To R. R.

Croydon, 27*th of* 2*nd Month*, 1838.

. . . I believe I may in confidence tell thee that I feel most easy to strike my tent from here and to pitch within your quarterly meeting. . . . I hope I may not be doing wrong, but that He whom I desire faithfully to serve *anywhere*, may abilitate me for every trial and every service, and preserve me from the many snares on every side.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To W. R.

2*nd Month*, 1838.

My dear brother John seems to be able to look forward to brighter days for us, and that the right hand of the Lord will yet do valiantly, and be exalted in due season. Ah, my dear friend, were it not for such little glimpses of hope, what should we do in these days of treading down and sore dismay! One is ready to say, surely never did the enemy prepare his likenesses so exact, never did he set up his beautiful images of false religion so imposingly as now! so that it is a trying day to the weak little ones. But there is One above him and all his images, the Lord Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of His people and head of His Church in all ages, in His inward and spiritual appearance in the soul, however lowly and mean to man's view. He is the stone that is to pull down and break to pieces the enemy's image, whose brightness is excellent and form imposing. Oh! He is a precious corner and foundation stone to those who believe in, and yield to His lowly appearance, but to those who stumble at Him, as He is the *Word*, quick, and powerful, and piercing, being disobedient to Him, He ever was and ever will be a stone of stumbling and rock

of offence, be they ever so wise, and as master builders in Israel! His kingdom shall rule over all, and stand for ever. And though I and others of middle age, may not see these brighter days, when our poor backsliding society, refined from the dross, and separated from those who say they are Jews and are not, but do lie, "shall once again hold up and hold forth the ancient standard of truth and righteousness, even in that Spirit which alone anointed and clothed it with purity, and authority, and strength;" yet oh! that we may breathe and travail for that day in secret, and die in the hope and faith hereof. And oh! that we may never in anywise do anything whereby such a glorious war may be hindered. I have no doubt, my dear ancient friend, thou art enjoying the lives of Pike and Oxley; it would gladden thy heart to have such dear testimony-bearers held up to view as patterns of simplicity and faithfulness. I know thou wouldst unite with dear John's remarks scattered here and there in the preface; they are too close to please the taste of many who are pleading for more and yet more liberty to the flesh, and shaking hands with the wordly spirit.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To E. R.

Brighton, 12*th of* 3*rd Month*, 1838.

MY ENDEARED FRIEND,

Thou art one of those I love to cling to in thought and feeling, as being, I trust I may say, nearly united to in the precious blood of a fellowship far superior to that of an outward relationship or friendship, even as much so as "that which is not seen" is to "that which is seen." And how greatly do I desire that I may not forfeit this precious union and communion by letting go that subjection to, and leaning on, and abiding in Him, who is the life and beloved of redeeming souls, and whereby alone this union and fellowship is attained, preserved, and strengthened, and in whom we have the true enjoyment of our dear Friends, whether present or absent, whether in the suffering body, or whether taken out of the body, to be ever with Him who loved them and washed them! I may truly say, thy letter was helpful and encouraging to me, and it seems strengthening sometimes to remember thee and a few other dear faithful suffering ones; and if it were not so, I think I, for one (being a very faint-hearted one), should faint; for one is often ready

to say, "By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is very small." All seem to seek their own, and not the things that are Jesus Christ's, in truth and uprightness, very many being deceived by the likenesses of things spiritual, through the subtlety of the devil, who goes about seeking to deceive the very elect. Even the fathers and mothers (or those who ought to be so) are taken unwarily and unwittingly by his baits, so like the life are his images; and we are uncertain of our dear and heretofore nearly united Friends even in a few months time. So it is a time (even for the weak ones) not to look to, or lean upon, a *near* friend, or a dear friend; and the precious cause of Christ, the ever blessed and unchangeable truth, must be dearer to us than father or mother, brother or sister, wife or children, else we shall not be worthy of Him, or of His confession of us before His Father and the holy angels. My dear brother John and I feel very solitary often; he cheers me up sometimes, at others, he gets low. He has relieved his mind in putting forth the preface and his other remarks interspersed through J. Pike, in which I have no doubt thou fully unites. Some know not how to bear such close things, but I think they are many words in season to us. Ah, it may be truly said of us as of Israel formerly, "The *leaders* of the people cause them to err." Oh, what examples are they of shaking hands with the worldly spirit, so that their hands are tied from the proper exercise of the discipline, and their mouths are closed from the *true* and powerful preaching of the cross and way of self-denial, without which we cannot be Christ's true disciples!

My dear friend, thy letter was very interesting and satisfactory to me. I wanted to know how thou felt as to ——, and it was just in unison with my feelings. I was glad at thy faithfulness, *dear* friend. I wish we had more such; but oh, there is too much a-playing into one another's hands among ministers and elders now-a-days. Thou understands me I dare say. Oh, the covetousness of a lucre that is filthy in God's sight, and is idolatry! I fear there are many such amongst us now-a-days; and many cannot see a hole in such testimonies (as John Steel says), but oh, the life is more than meat.

I had a sweet letter from dear —— in the 1st month. He seems to look forward to brighter days, and that the little remnant of suffering ones will be preserved and supported as they cleave close to the never-failing arm of Omnipotence, faithful to the end. I think since I wrote thee last I went a long journey to Scotland, and Derby, and Notts, which was a great stress upon my weak frame;

but through favour was helped on to pretty much satisfaction and relief, and a degree of peaceful poverty on my return home. Since then I have been much tossed about in mind, in relation to a removal from Croydon to Reigate, in Surrey (ten miles off, and belonging to this quarterly meeting). Desiring to be rightly directed, having long felt so attracted, and now being favoured to see my way clear enough, I have the last week been over there and engaged a house, looking forward to move about the 7th or 8th month. It feels very exercising in prospect, being a small meeting, one of five little ones, composing the monthly meeting of Dorking, and myself likely to be the only minister. Yet I trust He who has been with me all my life, will not forsake in the needful hour, but be near to direct, to support, to strengthen, and to preserve, under and unto all He requires or permits.

3rd Day.—In looking over the above, I may add this testimony —surely we do serve a very good Master, who orders all things well; and though great buffetings and trying siftings (as thou sayest) have been sorely my portion, both after returning from Dublin and from Scotland, yet no doubt all for good, that the vessel may be thoroughly emptied, and again and again cleansed and plunged beneath the flood, and then set by, with mouth downwards, to dry thoroughly, that there be no scent left which may be offensive to the good User and Filler, or whereby ought that He sees good to put therein, may be tinctured. Oh, that it may ever be so, saith my very soul, that He alone may be glorified! . . .

Farewell, dear friend. I have gone on in the freedom of a sister, and hope not too much so. I feel as if sitting by thee, and it is sweet. The Lord help His poor worm to be faithful to Him wherever I am—whether in open service or in deep suffering. My dear love to all those among you who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Sometimes I long to see your faces once more, but times and seasons are in best hands. I remain thy nearly united and affectionate friend,

LYDIA A. BARCLAY.

P.S.—I fear thou wilt think I use strong expressions, do tell me so if thou dost; but thou knowest I cannot mince matters; all comes plump out. I would rather be evil spoken of, than to be well spoken of and admired, for then there would be a woe attached.

To ———.

4th Month, 1838.

DEAR FRIEND,

Thou hast often come before the view of my mind during the last winter, with much affectionate interest, and I think I may say sympathy also, inasmuch as I know those that have families to bring up often have many trials that the single know nothing of, yet, dear friend, every trial, and every tear secretly shed, is known to the great searcher of hearts, and He knows the sincerity of each one of us, and weighs our conduct in an equal and just balance, and will reward every one according to their faithfulness to what light, and feeling, and knowledge have been received of Him. In the prospect of leaving this place in the course of the summer, I thought it seemed with me, and I should hardly feel clear without endeavouring to encourage thee what I could, to put on strength in the name of the Lord; to do what thou canst, and what He gives and requires thee to do for Him and His cause, in the hearts of thy tender charge, not fearing to restrain where thou canst, remembering that thou hast a part to act for thy good Lord towards them, and He sanctions parental authority, and will not clear those who, from a false love, give indulgence to wrong things.

I must in faithfulness own that I have been sorry to see thy dear eldest girl, on leaving school, so throw off her simple dress, and feared it arose from too much of affectionate yielding on your part, whereas I considered that until children are of age, their parents have a Divine right (as I may say) to regulate them in all things; and surely if we open the door but an inch for the worldly spirit to come in and strengthen that vanity which is so soon apparent in the youthful heart, we may strive what we will, we shall never be able to close it, but it will be found wider and wider to our own sorrow, and to the great injury of our beloved offspring; and how are we thereby increasing their suffering in after life, if ever they come then under the power of religion. I do greatly feel for thee in it, believing it is much to thy trial, and I know there are too many bad examples in this respect around us, amongst all classes and stations, that are greatly stumbling to the sincere mind; but oh! dear friend, let us not look out at others, nor listen to their reasonings; if we do, we shall certainly only gather weakness of hands and dimness of sight; but let us eye the good Master first of all and more than

all, and mind His secret whisperings in our hearts;—His Spirit ever was and ever will be contrary to the worldly spirit, and He seeks to redeem His people from it; and His strengthening Spirit is near us and all-sufficient, if we do not despise its small appearances, to enable us to do our duty towards Him, and then we shall be clear, and peace will be our portion.

I hope thou wilt not feel hurt at this very affectionate freedom, but receive it as a mark of my true love and sympathy, and desire for thy strengthening and encouragement in the good work of the Lord, even that thou mayest raise up tender plants for Him and to His glory, and receive the reward of thy labour, even the joyful sentence of "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

With kind love, I remain thy very sincere friend,

L. A. Barclay.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I think it may be well to send my love to thy daughter, and tell her from me, please, I was sorry to see her dress so altered on leaving school; tell her I hope she is not resisting her dear parents' wishes in that respect, for I would have her to remember that awful text of scripture, "the eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it!" but to honour our parents is the first commandment with promise, and though if we cannot as yet see the reason for anything commanded, yet it is our duty to obey our parents, and the sacrifice of our wills and inclinations in this respect is very acceptable in the Divine sight, and I fully believe will draw down a blessing from heaven!

To E. R.

London, 1st of 6th Month, 1838.

My dear Friend,

I do not like to lose this opportunity of sending thee a few lines. I know thou hast deeply felt for and with us in our great loss. To me thou wilt believe it is, and will be increasingly, a heavy stroke, seeing that we have from childhood been so very nearly united in those sweet and precious bonds that are closer than outward relationship; we have thought and felt like one person. I have shared in his letters to and fro, and in his exercises, and in his labours,

inasmuch as he kindly made use of me, and thought my poor help and judgment worth having. But now he is gone to his good heavenly home—*gathered to the heavenly garner* (oh, it was sealed on my mind as we solemnly sat in silence at his departure, and I felt obliged to utter it to the rest of my dear brothers and sisters then present), and how could I wish him back! released from "this shackled state" (as he called it on his death-bed), and is gone to join the just of all generations, whose bright example he had been faithfully concerned to hold up to our view. Oh, that this trial may accomplish that purification in me, which is mercifully designed thereby, that I also may be happily prepared to follow him when my little day is finished for my God. What a precious and sweet time it was to be with him as I was the last forty hours! I shall never forget it. He sunk so very rapidly that I was only just in time. The day before he died he uttered many sweet sentences, some of which we put down; but it was difficult to collect them, articulation being so thick. Alluding to that text, "This is the true light," &c., he said, "It does not say that we shall all at once know all things, but as they can bear. O 'tis because they want to know all at once, not as children learn, that the light is taken away. Praise where it is due, and thanksgiving, and melody. They say there is no revelation; but what is made known to us as our duty, as the Lord's will, *is* revelation. This is my belief, I am *sure* of it. They slight revelation; but it shall prevail, and the Spirit of the Lord shall reign over all." He often exhorted to obedience to the smallest discoveries of the light of Christ; also reminded us of the sure hiding-place and refuge—"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, that cannot be removed, but abideth for ever, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Towards evening his voice was lifted up in a melodious sound, like a constant song of praise, for hours, in which we heard—"O Lord, dear Lord, come," "I bless the Lord," "I am the Lord's for ever," "Love Him with all your heart," "Cleave to Him, O cleave to Him," together with "Hallelujah," often repeated. He had no pain, he said, on being asked by Mary, only an hour before he departed. She asked again "Was he happy?" "Yes, *very*." It seemed like a translation—no pain of body, no pang of any parting, though two of his children were often with him. All was sweet peace; and he seemed like one falling into a sweet sleep when he breathed his last. We were favoured with a precious season at his interment, especially the solemn cover-

ing in silence; but there were several precious testimonies to that Divine grace by which he was what he was. Also, in the family, in the evening, the sweet feeling over us, I cannot forget, it seemed as if his spirit was with us, and we could rejoice with him, and praise the Lord for His goodness.

Thou wilt excuse my dwelling on this (to me interesting) subject, but I know thou wilt be interested also. . . .

I remain thy nearly united friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

6th Month, 1838.

In looking at thy solitary situation—away from outward help in spiritual things, and exposed to many temptations—I have felt much sympathy with thee, and the language that has saluted my inward ear in allusion to thee is—"Oh! hast thou not felt at times *that* visiting thy soul which is unspeakably precious, even tendering thy heart and humbling thy soul, and contriting thy spirit before God, giving thee to see that nothing here below is so transcendently excellent and worthy the pursuit of an immortal soul as the sweet peace and life-giving favour of thy heavenly Father, and that there is something always wanting, when weighed in the true balance, in all that men call pleasure here, because without this heavenly enjoyment!" Oh, if this be the case, let me intreat thee not to quench these feelings, nor, as it were, to shut thy heart against them; but mayest thou go again and again where thou hast been thus preciously favoured to feel this love and visitation of God to thy soul, it may be, perhaps, in a ten-minutes' solemn quiet, stolen from sleep or from the necessary avocations of the day. Shrink not from yielding to such feelings, but rather seek after them as for thy daily bread: let thy soul wait thus on the Lord, as one, yea, more than one that watcheth for the morning, and hope thou in the daily ministrations of His living word that is nigh in the heart and in the mouth, however pinching and proving the operation thereof may be, or close the separation required —for, oh, the Lord will make a clean separation in that heart He in love is seeking to redeem unto himself, even a separation between that which serves Him, and that which serves Him not, however it may appear, but really serves and pleases the worldly spirit. For that end, he hath in mercy given us this heavenly talent, this word

of grace, this measure of Christ's blessed Spirit, that it may be a witness for Him in our hearts, discerning our very thoughts and intents, and as we yield up in humble obedience thereto, may purge out all that is evil, and leaven us into that which is good, delivering us from the power of sin, the kingdom of darkness, and translating us into the kingdom of the dear Son of God, the kingdom of light, life, and peace, where the true fellowship is known, and the true cleansing away of all sins by His precious blood.

So it seems with me to press thee, not to look out at others, or listen to their reasonings, but cleave thou simply, and solely, and wholly, to this inward word that thou at times hears, as it were, behind thee, saying, "This is the way, walk in it"—to this blessed Spirit of Christ that is pleading, and knocking, and calling, at the door of thy heart. Oh! let none dissuade thee from rising up quickly, as Mary did, when called, and going after him; for He is waiting to be thy life, thy resurrection, thy beloved, and that He may make thee of His dear ones, His redeemed ones, for ever! To this Divine word would I commend thee, and direct thee, my dear young friend, as a never-failing teacher, wherever thou art, and which will be a bridle to thy tongue, a stop to thy evil thoughts, a guard over thy demeanour, a sure guide and rule of conduct on all occasions, a stay to thy mind under all afflictions and trials, a mighty strengthener unto all duties, and a powerful preserver from all dangers, as thou art engaged to be faithful and obedient thereunto.

To R. R.

Croydon, 15*th of* 6*th Month*, 1838.

My dear Friend,

I am anxious to avail of the first opportunity I have, and yet I hardly know how to begin to thee, dear R.; how to describe to thee the greatness of my loss, nor the keenness of my trial, in the removal, shall I say the *translation* of my dearest and nearest earthly tie—my beloved brother John; and yet such is the union and unity I feel with his spirit, that I seem holden from weeping and dare not repine; nay, one seems many times to rejoice with him, and the wings of the soul, as it were, to flap together with joy and with longing also to flee away and be at rest in the Lord's good time, if I might but be prepared as he was for his departure! Oh, surely this is another tender dispensation designed for my preparation, and some-

times the idea of not being very long after him is very sweet. But all is in good hands—the judge of the whole earth, who hath done and who will do very well. And oh, that His good will may be done in my preparation, by an increased dedication and resignation to and humble trust in Him during the rest of my day for Him here. . . . Oh! how sweet has been our intercourse, how close our union of spirit from early childhood even! What a favour it was that I have been so weaned from him by my illness this winter!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

7th Month, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I do not like to leave Croydon without at least sending you a few lines, by way of saying affectionately farewell. It has been difficult to meet you after meeting. My dear friends, I trust that, though I am going further off, yet my interest and affectionate solicitude for your best welfare will not be at all lessened, nor yet your remembrance of me for good. We are poor frail creatures, and should be glad of any the least hand of help held out to us; even those who feel themselves but poor, little, and weak, may often do some little thing to help their fellows in the sincerity of their hearts and through best help.

I may acknowledge I was much struck with hearing how it was with ——'s dear brother, and that he was with you. Surely, dear friends, this is another proof of what you have once, twice, yea, thrice and more heard, that power doth indeed belong unto God. Oh, He has indeed again and again visited you most tenderly, both inwardly, speaking in your souls in gentle but intelligible and persuasive whispers, and also outwardly, in Providences that He has permitted. He can take away the health of body or mind of ourselves or of those dear to us, and He can take us away from them, for all power is in His hand: He can bless and He can blast!

My solicitude on your account has been great, sometimes day and night during the last several years, from a belief and feeling that you have lost ground in the spiritual life or journey, from a looking out at others and leaning to the reasonings of your own or of their minds, instead of implicitly trusting in that little secret revelation of the Lord's will and power, with which I do believe you have been

preciously favoured, and which, if you had more simply and entirely yielded unto, I believe would have directed your feet more *out* of the worldly spirit, and more into the way of true peace, and of glorifying our heavenly Father before men. But oh, how true it is, it may be said of our dear Saviour's inward spiritual appearance in our hearts, as it was of His outward coming, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed; for He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: He hath no form or comeliness, and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire him: He is despised and rejected of men, and we hid as it were our faces from Him." The shinings of His light, and the whisperings and reproofs of His Spirit, seem to us so small and despicable, that we reject them as beneath our attention; and moreover, they discover to us and relate to such trying things to our nature, that we are glad to hide as it were our faces from them. And thus having despised and quenched them, they become fainter and fainter, our sight becomes less clear to perceive His secret pointings, our ears less quick to hear His gentle voice, and the strength of our limbs is greatly lessened to run the way of His commandments. And then we are apt to say—we feel easy with this or the other, or we don't feel required to do this or that; whereas, it is the false ease which the enemy gives the unfaithful, and it is because we look out at what others say or do that we can't see what *is* required of us.

Now it seems to lie with me, in love to your immortal souls, to entreat you not to look nor lean any more outward, for that will not stand you in stead in the evil day; but to turn your minds inward, to mind the shinings of the light of Christ in your hearts, to suffer Him to show you what is there, and what you should do to inherit eternal life, and then be not faithless but believing; and let nothing hinder you (no fear, favour, nor affection blind you) from following Him, your Divine and good Master, whithersoever and however He may lead you, for assuredly He leadeth in the way to true peace and life everlasting.

Farewell. I hope you will receive this in the dear love in which it is written. It is deeply humbling to me to write thus, feeling so far behind what I should be and might have been, had I been more faithful; but the Lord has indeed shown mercy, and I ought, in love to Him, to seek to be clear of the blood of all.

L. A. Barclay.

To R. R.

Reigate, 3rd of 8th Month, 1838.

. . . We have had several pleasant walks and sits out in this beautiful country, and especially in the park, which is almost like my own, being just across the road, and so very sweet and retired, and varied by hill and dale, wood and water. . . . Well, dear R., I thought thou wouldst be pleased to hear that at present I feel comfortable, and I have no cause to regret having taken this step; but, on the contrary, have great cause to admire that goodness which has hitherto helped and made a way where I could once see none at all, and condescended to my great weakness. And surely all this should lead to greater and greater love, more and more pure subjection, resignation, entire dedication. And oh, that it may be rendered by me, a poor weak, unworthy one, at all times and in all places where my lot may be cast. . . . This little meeting is indeed a great change after Croydon. . . . I think we had only four men and five women on fourth day, and the same on First day evening; but they have been seasons of favour to thy poor friend, and I desire to receive it humbly as a token for good, that I have not followed a vain shadow, and so intended as a stimulus to closer attention to little pointings for the future. . . .

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

9th Month, 1838.

My dear Friend,

The feeling of sisterly love that I believe we have one for another, encourages and stimulates me to take up the pen to thee in the cross, and thus to run the risk of consequences. This is one way, I apprehend, in which we should lay down our lives (all that our natures have a life in) for our dear brethren and sisters, in the faithfulness of true love; and I have a little faith that thou wilt not, my beloved friend, put a wrong construction on anything that follows. I have felt a great, I trust a godly jealousy, lest you were getting out into the spirit of the world, whether it be in the furniture of rooms, or table equipage, or the dress of your dear children, and it has grieved me, feeling as I do a near love for you, and a desire that you might be consistent upholders of our ancient and precious testimony for Christ, the blessed and unchangeable truth, whose Spirit ever was and ever will be contrary to the worldly spirit, and leads His faithful

followers to deny self and all worldly desires. I am sensible somewhat may be said to extenuate such feeling as to going into a larger house, and more spacious rooms, requiring new furniture, &c. But oh, my dear ——, things creep over us by very small degrees, hardly perceptible perhaps at first, and it may be under very plausible reasons which the enemy finds out to persuade us with, as of things wearing better or being more economical in the end, or perhaps more useful, if made a little more like the fashion, or not quite so strait and plain; and that we must not be quite so particular, else it will be as bad as putting on ornaments, &c. And if we listen to any of his excuses, and smother, and put by the least feeling of uneasiness relative to these things, because they seem so small, I believe we shall fall from one degree of clearness of vision, and of strength for acting, to another, until, at last, we shall become so weak as to get into the use of such things as, a few years ago, we should have reprobated in others, and shall so lose our clear-sightedness as not to see any harm in this or the other, nor what is required of us as a testimony, and so become gradually mingled with the world in its spirit.

Oh! my dear friend, my mind has been much and often deeply exercised on this subject for many months past (especially in attending our select meetings), for it does appear to me lamentably true, that "the leaders of my people cause them to err" even in these that are considered minor matters. Our ministers and elders who ought to be patterns to the flock in all things are sadly examples on the contrary of shaking hands with the worldly spirit! I cannot see how such can be rightly able to testify *to* the cross (which is the power of God), nor yet *against* the spirit of the world, when their own conduct knocks down what they preach! Oh, then, that we may be willing to be searched by the light of Christ in all things; let us arise in His might, and shake ourselves from the cumbering dust of the earth, that we may be able to shine forth to His praise, even in His heavenly radiance, and that nothing may hinder our being faithful workmen and workwomen for Him. Thus shall we truly contribute to the advancement and spreading of His blessed kingdom of light, life, and truth!

Trusting thou wilt excuse anything that looks like improper freedom in this (for one who does indeed feel herself to be but a poor weak child in the spiritual life), and set it down to true sisterly love, I remain, &c.,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

9th Month, 1838.

DEAR ——,

I thought as I sat by thee in preparative meeting yesterday, I felt somewhat of the flowings of Gospel love towards thee, earnestly desiring that, through an unreserved surrender of thy heart to the melting, qualifying power of Christ, the ever blessed Truth, thou mightst be enabled, rightly and increasingly, to come forward to the help of His good cause. Oh, it is the pliableness and submission of our ways and wills to the good will and way that He wants, that He may mould us after His heavenly image in true righteousness and holiness, and that He may bring us more and more into His most sweet and happy way of the true peace and union with Himself; and in order to this good and gracious end, He exercises us in a variety of ways, turning His powerful and tendering hand upon us, sometimes in a very pinching and proving way, to bring us down, and to make us tender to the touches of His love, and submissive to the discoveries of His Divine will—which is always in opposition to our own inclinations (which are corrupt by nature), as well as to the spirit of the world. Now, my dear young friend, I would affectionately encourage thee wholly to yield up to Him even in the smallest things; be faithful in the little degree of light and strength that He gives thee, and this is the way to have more: an increase of light to discover, and strength to follow, the leadings of Him thy good shepherd; and I do believe He will give thee to see thou must take up the cross more fully in regard to little things in thy dress than thou hast done. He will give thee to feel a little secret uneasiness with this and the other article, which, though apparently small, may proceed really from the root of pride and vanity in ourselves, and please it or strengthen it by example in others. Oh, my dear, listen not to the reasonings of thy own mind, or of others for it, but mayest thou listen to the gentle word of Christ's Spirit, and yield to this little secret uneasiness which He gives thee to feel against the thing; for this thou wilt be accountable; therefore, to this be thou obedient, and more shall be given—more acquaintance with His precious voice, and with His heavenly peace, such as thou hast no idea of now; for oh, *how* great is the Lord's goodness to them that fear and acknowledge Him before men! Fear not with man's fear, nor mind their reasonings. Nothing is small to us that Christ's Spirit (however

gently) draws us out of, which always did and does testify against the worldly vain spirit. If we really felt things small, we should not mind parting with them for His sake. I acknowledge there is much formality amongst us—much want of life, even with a plain outside; but oh, let not us, from fear of this error, be deterred from yielding up to our Saviour's crucifying power, but shake hands with what is not of Him, lest He should deny us as His dear disciples at the last day.

But though I write thus, dear ——, I am not unmindful that thou hast been helped to make some little stand in these things already; but I want thee to follow on to greater degrees of faithfulness and fruitfulness, that thou mayest be a way-mark to others of thy family, and a blessing to them. Oh, it is the willing and obedient that are blessed with the fatness and good things of spiritual Canaan, the land of true rest, life, and peace; and it is they who hear Christ's words in their soul, and do them, to whom He delights to manifest Himself more and more; yea, He says of such an one, "My Father will love him, and we will come and make our abode with him." That this may be our blessed experience, my dear young friend, to the glory of God, the peace and comfort of our souls, and to the spreading of Christ's heavenly kingdom in all others around us, is the earnest desire and breathing of thy sincere and affectionate friend, who often feels (and oh that I may still more and more) very poor, and weak, and unworthy to hand even what may be compared to a cup of cold water, to a dear fellow-traveller, whereby the good thing in him may be strengthened or revived; but oh, if it should ever be the case, may the Lord alone have the praise, and let all flesh be abased before Him, in grateful love and pure service for ever.

L. A. Barclay.

To J. and S. D.

10*th Month*, 1838.

My dear Friends,

Though a very poor, weak, younger sister, I thought I felt my mind brought into tender sympathy with you, under the prospect of the service you are entering upon, and yielding to it, I thought it seemed with me to do my little best towards strengthening your hands by expressing as much; for I know in my own experience that the feeling of even a little child has sometimes been permitted to

be helpful to me. Oh, my dear friends, I do believe you are called and fitted for this good work, and how earnestly does all that is living within me desire that you may flinch not from *ought* that is required at your hands, nor shrink from that deep *inward* exercise wherein alone you will be given clearly to see it. "Sanctify the Lord of Hosts himself, and let Him be your fear, and let Him be your dread," and then, indeed, will He "be for a sanctuary" to you amidst all reasonings or disquieting thoughts, either in yourselves or others! Oh, it is His work you are going upon—what need to guard against doing it deceitfully, on the one hand, and from *not* coming up to His help against the mighty, on the other! Oh, may you be like a people of old who "jeoparded their lives unto the death, even in the high places of the field!"

May we, whilst endeavouring with warmth to cherish that which is good and tender in any, ever guard against strengthening them in what we see and feel to be wrong, and what the testimony of truth is against, otherwise we shall not be faithful testimony-bearers for God, not truly promoting the spread of His blessed kingdom in the hearts of our dear fellow-mortals! Let us look not at what one may think, or another may say, however highly we may esteem them, but oh, let us mind the testimony of Christ's Spirit in the secret of our own hearts, the unflattering and faithful witness, and whatever He discovers and bids us to do, do it in the little strength which He *unfailingly* gives us *with the discovery*, and this is the way to have the weakness and poverty with which our vessels seem to be filled to the very brim, turned into overflowing comfort, strength, and support.

Farewell, my dear friends! May the Lord ever fit us and keep us fit for His good and blessed work, by His emptying, humbling, filling, and quickening power, that so we may be strengthened and enabled to bear a faithful testimony for Him, whilst our little day for Him is lengthened out to us, to the gathering of souls unto Him; and may His blessed name be glorified, magnified, and adored over all, and all flesh be laid low and abased before Him for ever!

L. A. Barclay.

To S. B.

Reigate, 30*th of* 10*th Month*, 1838.

My dear Friend,

. . . Thy sympathising allusion to my late bereavement was very grateful. I may appear unto men not to mourn my great

loss, but I assure thee there is hardly a day that I do not feel it deeply. We thought and felt like one person. I shared in his feelings, his letters, and his works, from the time of our comparative childhood! but as thou sayest, there is One who has proved Himself to be a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Ah! it was in Him that we were united, and this union is not destroyed by death; and oh, may I ever be preserved in Him, who is the life and beloved of redeemed and redeeming souls!—even by walking in obedience to the light of His Spirit, and then I do trust that a place of rest will be prepared for me (through adorable love and mercy) as was, I believe for my dear brother! I am endeavouring to be diligent in copying his sweet papers, whether I live to see it completed, or not; it may be for the help of after generations, and to the glory of Him by whose grace (through faithfulness thereto) my dear brother was what he was. I feel it like holding up his righteous testimony, and I fully believe there is much in his remarks to encourage any poor wanderers who may have gone far astray; for surely he was as a brand plucked from the burning, and as one snatched from the brink of a horrible pit.

I noticed thy quotation of a remark of his in the fly, relative to myself. I am fully aware of my weakness in that respect, that I do not sufficiently hide from outward ken the mourning within; I believe it results from much openness of disposition—that what is felt within *will* come out; but I believe that my brother, as well as others, thought I have more gloomy views than I really have, and I know that he and I *were one* in lamentation when together; although, before others, he could conceal all and unbend in sweet cheerfulness. This I apprehend was increasingly the case with him, as he approached the confines of eternity, that although the causes for lamentation were even increased in our poor society, yet he was enabled at times to see beyond these trials, being as it were lifted up above the earth, and centered in a blessed unity with Him who sees the end from the beginning; and who is and ever will be the all-sufficient supporter of His poor afflicted people! Ah! dear S., I often fear and feel that I am thought a poor, gloomy, narrow-minded, eccentric body; this I own is often the cause of discouragement to me, yet I do increasingly desire to be content to be thought amiss of, and ever to be despised; for all who desire to live faithfully, must be content to suffer this kind of persecution—but it is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and woe is to those who are spoken well of. I feel that a narrow path is that in which I must walk, to testify against the nicety and

luxury, and superfluity that has so sadly overrun our society—and is there any other but a narrow path to the kingdom we ought *first of all* to seek after? for there are but two paths, and we know where the broad one of selfish gratification certainly leads to! But, alas, is there not a cause for lamentation and mourning, when we see so many who make a high profession attempting to reconcile a broader path therewith, by shaking hands with the worldly spirit both in themselves and others, under many and plausible pretexts? Thus are they ceasing to be clear testimony-bearers for God, and are weakening the hands of those who desire to be faithful; and thus are they so imperceptibly mingling us with others, that by and by there will be no difference. But I do trust a living remnant will be preserved, though it be but a very few, faithful to Him who hath called them out of the worldly spirit, its fashions and customs, maxims and manners, friendships and worships; and these, though they be but as solitary beacons up and down the country, will be as patterns of primitive times, way-marks to others, and as a dew from the Lord. May their number be increased, and may they be strengthened in His name, and preserved low in His fear to the end of their day for Him here below.

Thou alludes to the appointment for visiting families; oh! I have felt greatly exercised about it. I fear that weakness and unfaithfulness will rather be *strengthened* than otherwise amongst us, in different parts of the kingdom, from appointing those who are not clean-handed themselves, to go and visit and admonish Friends on these important subjects! How is it possible such can do so rightly! and how very few are really clean-handed amongst us! and those that are, oh, that they may, without fear, favour, or affection, do their Lord's work, not fearing to lose the favour of man, by speaking the truth. Oh! we must love our Master more than father or mother even, or our own life, and not covet man's favour or good esteem! It is an evil covetousness, and will eat out the life.

Farewell, with love, I remain thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

12*th Month*, 1838.

Oh! my dear friend, I unite with that which is good in all, even the simplicity, the sincerity, the uprightness, the faithfulness in all, and I believe it is accepted of our heavenly Father, for it is His

own begetting; but what I lament over, and what I cannot unite with is the unfaithfulness in any, and I believe it is this that dims the eyes and weakens the hands of many who are seeking after and desiring after good, both within and without our pale; and this is from yielding to the enemy's reasonings, who thus is keeping them, as dear J says, in the *twilight*, or *from* coming to the *pure* dispensation of the *Gospel*, which is the dispensation of the Son in Spirit, the power of God. I believe the enemy is very cunning, and would not draw them away from anything that appears to be very good, and taking and plausible, and even scriptural—this would be to defeat his own purpose; but he seeks to draw them away from the inwardness, the inward exercise of mind, where the attention is wholly given up to the smallest discoveries and leadings of the light or Spirit of Christ, which he knows very well will effectually dispel him and his darkness out of the heart; and if he can thus succeed by his subtle reasonings to draw us from or cause us to despise the least glimmerings of the light, he knows we are not likely to have more light, but rather gradually to lose the little we have, and even to doubt about all that we have known and felt heretofore. I believe it was, indeed, a dark suggestion of his, "Are there *any* that be saved?" and to increase and confirm it, he gave thee to suppose that all the true Friends thought the same, which is a lie.

Thou alludes to Isaac Penington's sweet experience of coming to partake of that which he had long wanted. Dost thou *not* notice *how* it was he came to partake of it? See page 28 of the Introduction to the Selections. And thou wilt find *this* is the way to obtain the true faith mentioned in page 13 of the Selections, which thou also alludes to. *Do* read that piece, beginning at page 212, the whole of it, with thine eye looking up to Him who can alone give thy heart to feel these things; but especially mark the paragraph beginning thus (p. 215): "Therefore watch against thy understanding and all its workings thereof, as ever thou desirest life," &c. The whole of this piece is peculiarly sweet, and appears to me applicable to thy state. So is also the piece entitled, "Some directions to a panting soul;" also page 395. Indeed, my mind was strikingly impressed with it on reading thine, as an answer far better than any I could say. And, my dear ——, do not suppose that because I send thee these extracts from I. P. that I think I have already attained his stature—oh, no! I wish it were so; yet I may not disallow, humbly trust the Lord has, in adorable mercy, given me a *little*

of it; and oh! He has given me exceedingly to long after, and a desire to travail for a further and further partaking of it—yea, a full fruition of it; because I believe I. P. to have been a dear and faithful follower of Christ, and is entered into the joy of his Lord.

Farewell, my beloved, I feel nothing more to say, except—Do not reason nor be hasty, but keep low, keep inward, keep patient, and breathe to the Lord to help thee. In tender love and affection, I remain thy sincere friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To H. M.

Reigate, 1838.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

According to promise, I send thee a few lines. I did not at all like taking such a *scanty leave* of thy dear husband; do tell him so, with my dear love. I did not once think we should not probably meet again before he goes, till I was in the coach; but he knows full well that a true feeling of sisterly love and sympathy with him, under the prospect before him, is not confined to words. I trust he will be strengthened from day to day for the work and suffering of each day, however poor and stripped he may now feel. It is no doubt our good Master's way to prepare us for His service, to bring us, as it were, to an extremity of need, that He may prove our faith and simple obedience, and teach us pure dependence on His almighty arm alone for continual support and strength. My heart will go with him amongst those little meetings and thereaway, longing for the spreading of and the yielding to the Gospel, the power of God, which is preached *in* every creature, and is glad tidings, indeed, to them that believe and obey it in its smallest manifestations or puttings forth. I feel for him, especially in the public meetings; I suppose it will be the first he has appointed, and must be truly exercising in prospect. Well, may he trust in the name of the Lord and stay himself upon his God. The Lord is sufficient for His own work; and it matters not many words, so they are but *His* words, fetched up from the deep springs of life. I often think the people of other persuasions can taste whence words proceed; and they do want to be drawn from the many words without to the *Living* Word *within*. I shall often think of him, and hope he will sometimes, when favoured with heavenly good, remem-

ber me, a poor weakling of the flock (if, indeed, one of it at all) almost at her wits end and ready to sink.

It has been a pleasure to me to have dear H. here; she has been very sweet. We read a little of Fenelon together in French. She has a good idea of translating, and a pretty good pronunciation. I told her I should like, if she came to spend two or three weeks with me, for us to regularly take up some studies together. I talked to her a little about the employment of her time now that she has left school, and what a great advantage she would find it (not only now but hereafter in life) to lay out her time with some little plan or method, so as to keep up what she has gained at school, and to go on improving too, and yet not to encroach improperly on the time she has for domestic or needlework. Where the whole day is before a young person without any regular employment—that is, only doing such things as may happen to come to us, and these chiefly *handy*, not *mental* occupations—the mind becomes vacant and too relaxed, which, I think, is felt in after life when settled. I hope thou wouldst not think me too advising; but I advised her, if she could (after a little assistance in domestic matters perhaps), to try and get an hour or so, between breakfast and dinner, to read a little and exercise herself in French, also in arithmetic, also some instructive, improving reading, such as natural history or biography, and then she would still have the afternoon for needlework, and listening to or reading, perhaps, a Friend's journal, conversation with dear father and mother, and meditation. Perhaps thou thinks I am expecting too much; but I remember my own feelings when her age, and I had no one to advise me, but I have felt the advantage of learning a *good method*. . . .

It seems very pleasant to be here again. Friends seemed very kindly to greet me; but I felt such a very poor creature. I want to increase in an inward exercise of mind, in and out of meetings, that I might witness the Lord's power rising above all, regulating all, and persevering amidst all.

L. A. Barclay.

To J. D.

1*st Month*, 1839.

I feel uneasy to omit acknowledging in this way that I have felt much sympathy with thee since the monthly meeting, and the

language that seemed much with me in reference to thee was, "Be strong and of a good courage." Let not thy heart be dismayed in looking at the awful station to which thou art called, and the responsibility of it, neither let it be afraid in feeling thy weakness and incapacity in thine own self to act for thy God as a father in the Church; for the Lord thy God He it is that doth go before thee and lead thee, whilst thou art engaged to seek unto Him, and to lean *only* on Him. "He will not fail thee nor forsake thee," as thou cleavest close unto Him, "only be thou strong and *very courageous*," that thou *mayest* observe to do according to all the law which "thou hast received; turn not from it, to the right hand or to the left, that thou *mayest prosper* whithersoever thou goest—have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage—be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Oh! how encouraging, my dear friend, to the drooping mind is this language, addressed to Joshua formerly; and I think it is further said, "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and *then* thou shalt have good success." Oh, it is so, my dear friend, is it not? I know thou feels it so, that it is not the appointment or acknowledgment of men that is all that is necessary, or that can qualify us for what the Lord calls us to in His Church; but oh! it is that inward waiting and deep exercise of soul before the Lord day by day, that meditating in His law written in the heart, which I do believe thou art no stranger to, but endeavours after. It is this that will enable us to be strong in His might and wisdom, and not our own, and to be *very courageous*, and this surely is very necessary in these days of shrinking and fear, in order that we *may* observe to do all that He gives us to see is according to His pure inward law. Oh, then, let us thus seek after His strength, yea, let us wait for His weakening us in ourselves, and wait for His strengthening us in Himself, and then we shall be strong indeed—our hands shall *not be weak*, but we "shall go from strength to strength," appearing continually before God, who will strengthen us to work faithfully *for Him*, not looking at this dear brother or the other dear sister, but going simply forward in fearless faithfulness, and thus our hearts will be still praising Him, ever overflowing with His love, and praise, and honour, and our work shall be rewarded, our "labour shall not be in vain in the Lord."

Thus much I thought I would write thee in tender sympathy, though sensible of my own very childish state, remembering my own feelings on being recommended to the select meeting, and desiring also to be thy companion in this inward exercise—for nothing else will do for us in this day, I do believe, wherein many must be, if they are in any way living, the sore trials and baptisms of those who attend these meetings; for surely is it not from *thence* that the evil spreads all over our camp, when priests and prophets are out of the Life?—for it may be said now as formerly, "Like priest like people," and "The leaders of my people cause them to err." But the Lord is sufficient for His little ones, though they be but as ones and twos, scattered here and there, a feeble few, but desiring to be faithful to Him alone. He is their only hope, and help, and staff, and strength; He will not fail nor forsake them, as they keep their integrity to Him, and serve Him with a perfect heart, but will show Himself strong on their behalf, and preserve them unto the end, to praise and bless His name for ever and ever! So be it, saith my poor soul.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To S. B.

12*th of* 2*nd Month*, 1839.

MY ENDEARED FRIEND,

What a mercy thy life was spared from that accident! Surely what canst thou *not* render to Him who has dealt so tenderly with thee; and He is able to make thy way before thee, to lay low mountains of difficulty, to scatter the mists of doubt, to calm the waves of conflict, yea, He can enable thee to run through a troop of dismaying fears, and to leap over a wall of opposition; and as thou more and more yields up thyself to be led and guided as His devoted and blind servant, He will make darkness light before thee. These things will He do and much more, and not forsake thee in the needful time. Oh, that we may be companions together, dear S., in serving Him with a perfect heart and willing mind, yet more and more than we ever have done; for He reigns over all, and can bless us in all and through all! I received thy acceptable letter on my return home from attending the —— quarterly meeting, where I took a minute for holding a meeting at ——; and, through adorable goodness and mercy, I was enabled to discharge this little debt of *long standing*, to my relief, as well as to cast off a little burden in the Women's quarterly meeting, though a great trial to nature.

I was much pleased to hear of thy little turn out, and have no doubt it was for good every way. Thy account of the little company at —— interested me much; but I have no prospect of going that way, and feel much straitened *now* from travelling for mere change. If I am but favoured with strength of body, as well as ability of mind, to do what little may fall to my lot in the way of testimony for my good Master, this is all I long for, and to be enabled to lay down the body in peace at last. I had from —— an interesting account of —— quarterly meeting. What a nice conclusion they came to about the visiting families; for surely this is what we all want more of—an individual, deep, inward exercise of soul, that we may see our duty, and be enabled to do it; and unless these visits are performed by those of *clean hands*, I fear weakness will be greatly *confirmed* upon us, instead of helped *out* of. And I fear this has already been the case. For where are the clean-handed ones to be found amongst us? Alas! alas! both ministers and elders are examples of shaking hands with the worldly spirit! Some may be plain in their own dress, but look at their children, their houses, their tables, their equipages, and way of living; there is more of *self-gratification* than *self-denial* in all these things. Oh, it knocks down all they preach, or else hampers them and ties their hands. Well, dear ——, we must not look out at others, let them do as they may; let us cleave close to the dear Master, and look at the pattern which He has shown us is consistent with His Spirit, which ever was and ever will be *opposed* to the worldly spirit. Oh, we want an increased attention to little things amongst us; it was in this way our dear ancients grew and throve, by minding the day of small things, giving up to little feelings of doubt, or hesitation, or reproof, or inclination, in regard to every thing; instead of which we smother and quench all, and then say—we don't see, or we feel easy with this or the other. If we shut our eyes we can't see. Oh, how do I long after more of this inward attention to little pointings, this pliableness and subjectedness of spirit! Let us crave it for one another, dear S., for this is the way to growth and fruitfulness.

My health, through Divine favour, has been better this winter than I at all expected, though I do not feel very strong. I feel this situation a comfortable home; and though sometimes rather solitary, yet I often think it is well to sit alone and keep silence in this cloudy and dark day. My great fear is, lest I should sit down too much at rest in this *corner*, and not work while it is day, in that little humble way

that I ought in this part of the heritage. . . . The Lord is all-sufficient for His poor tried remnant, and no doubt will do them good in and through all, and preserve them amidst all, as they cleave closely to Him in fear, faithfulness, and humility; and He can make a way for their deliverance where they can see none, in His own due time, which is the best, as patiently waited for.

Farewell, very dearly,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To M. A. AND C. B.

Keswick, 10*th of* 4*th Month*, 1839.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS AND SISTERS,

As I lay awake one morning last week pondering your—and your dear partner's—allotment in this part of the heritage, both of suffering and of service, my mind seemed introduced into great and precious nearness with you, and clothed with tender sympathy for you, and I seemed to be one with you, though in my smaller measure of service and of suffering; and then it seemed very encouragingly brought to my remembrance, how it was with poor Nehemiah formerly, who was solitarily situated and in captivity, yet whose heart the Lord stirred up, after he had mourned and wept and fasted certain days, to seek after the restoring of the walls of Jerusalem, and the good hand of his God was upon him and opened his way before him. How did he yield to this good hand which was upon him! and oh, it was both good and mighty upon him! How did it work for him and support him above all fears and dangers! and he went and viewed the walls which were broken down, and the gates which were consumed with fire, even in the night season and alone, and with great difficulty did the beast that was under him pass along, and he had not as yet told anything either to the Jews, or to the priests, or to the nobles—not even to the rest *that did the work*. And after that mournful view then it was laid upon him to say to them, "Ye see the distress we are in, how Jerusalem lieth waste and the gates thereof are burned with fire. Come, and let us build up the walls of Jerusalem, that we be no more a reproach." And no doubt they felt the good hand that was upon him, and they said, "Let us rise up and build." So they strengthened their hands for this good work; and when they were laughed to scorn, and despised, and accused of rebellion, he answered and said to them, "The God of Heaven *He* will

prosper us, therefore we His servants will arise and build; but ye have no portion, nor right, nor memorial in Jerusalem," testifying *to whom* was his allegiance supremely, and that he acted from the Divine putting forth or word of command, which word should prosper in the thing whereto it was sent; but they were strangers to it, and therefore could neither properly judge nor safely oppose. How encouraging is all this to the humble waiters, the patient, mournful sufferers, yet faithful workers in the Lord's power, though but a feeble few! And it is striking to see how that the daughters also joined with their brethren in repairing the walls—encouraging to us poor weaker vessels, and the first in transgression! How wonderfully were they helped to build the walls even in troublous times, and in the midst of much indignation and mockery from their enemies, who said that their wall might be broken down even by a fox, and wondered how these feeble ones could think to fortify themselves, and revive the stones out of the heaps of burnt rubbish! And when they heard that the breaches began to be stopped they were very wroth, and conspired to come and hinder the work; nevertheless, the prayer of these feeble ones was unto their God, and He enabled them to set a watch against the enemy, and to be both valiant with their warlike weapons in the one hand, and diligent and strong to build with the other hand, both early and late; and the language of encouragement in and through Nehemiah to his fellows was, "Be not afraid of them; *remember the Lord*, which is great and terrible." And when the enemy found he could not succeed in hindering the work openly, he tried seducing means, endeavouring to ingratiate himself with Nehemiah, withal surmising a revolt; but he refused to join hands with the enemy, or to flee to save his life from their designs, but his answer was, "I am doing a great work, why should it cease whilst I leave it and come down to you?" and "there are no such things done as thou sayest, but thou feignedst them out of thine own heart"—and he was enabled to withstand and detect the false prophecies of the prophets and prophetesses that were hired by the enemy to make him afraid, and thus to sin, that they might have matter for an evil report and to reproach him.

I thought there was encouragement for some of us who feel ourselves to be few and solitary and very feeble, in remembering this instructive portion of scripture, that we may be animated to fearless faithfulness, endeavouring to work for our good Lord, as He puts it into our hearts, and gives us ability; and we know not how we may

be instrumental by our example, in stirring up others to a noble zeal for the truth—for *one* may in the Lord's might become as a thousand, and a very feeble one as a strong nation. He is able to sustain His poor and afflicted people amidst all their sore exercises and deep baptisms. *He knows how* it is with them, beholds their secret tears, and hears their secret sighs, yea, their groaning is not hid from *him*; "He will keep them as the apple of the eye." In all their afflictions he is afflicted, and the angel of His presence is with them, does support them, and in due time will save them. He will bring them with songs of deliverance unto Zion—yea, "the Lord shall reign over them in Zion, and they shall worship Him in the holy mount in Jerusalem." What shall then be answered the messengers of the nations? That "the Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor among His people shall trust in it."

My heart will go with you two dear sisters where you are going; may the Lord prosper His work in your hands, preserve you deep in spirit, cleaving close to and leaning wholly on Him, who will be sufficient for you I know, and give you to praise His name.

I feel it a great comfort to have been helped on thus far; but I expect I must give up anything more at this time, my chest being greatly affected now; my voice is quite gone, and I think I must hasten home, so I hope the resignation of the will is accepted instead of any farther outward labour hereaway.

Farewell, my dear friends. Your kindness to poor me, I trust, will be amply rewarded by a "better hand." If favoured to meet again it will be sweet; if not, may the will of the Lord be done and suffered in us, which is our sanctification. With dear love, I remain your nearly united and affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Norwich, 11*th of* 4*th Month*, 1839.

My dear C.,

The letter thou kindly forwarded and crossed affected me much. It contained an account of dear E. R.'s removal from this state of trial and probation to a heavenly home; but, though affecting to nature, my spirit seemed to rejoice with her's, believing she is gone to her Master's rest and joy. And how do I crave to be so permitted, if so be I may be prepared, when He sees meet! They

account of thyself and some home matters was comforting; but somehow I do not think at all about you, having left all and committed all with my own soul to the care of Him whom I desire to serve with my whole soul, and with my whole heart; and verily I can testify He is a good Master, and a rich rewarder, even of the very poorest and meanest looking services.

I will now proceed in my narrative of my poor little travels. I went to Yarmouth as proposed, and attended their very small and poor meeting next morning, to which also came A. and K. S. from P——, who, after dinner, and an opportunity which followed, took me back with them in a post-chaise, which I was glad of, as it was a bitter cold east wind from the sea. The smell of the sea was truly refreshing to me, and I sucked it in *all night long* at dear old S. B.'s (the blind minister I have told thee about), where I lodged and felt so happy, that I did not know how to leave again. After tea there, we went to meeting next door to her house, and it was a sweet meeting to me in the silent part, which was (as usual with me) very long. There were two young women, not Friends, who, I suppose, seeing a light, thought it was a public meeting: they behaved very lightly; and after I had said a few words and sat down, out they went, and then I was able to express more in a different way. And then dear S. B. spoke at some length, and took up what I had said encouragingly; there were several others, not members, besides the (only) five members. S. and M. B. and I sat up till half-past ten in interesting and instructive conversation, and the feeling of sweet unity was very precious. Next morning I was obliged to leave her at nine o'clock and go back to Norwich. When I got there, there was no room in the evening coach, so had to lodge at J. P.'s, and he kindly sent me next morning in his headed chaise to T. B.'s, Wymondham. I felt comforted to be with them; they are a sweet family, and so well brought up. I attended W—— meeting yesterday week, going about four miles to it in an open gig and back; a bitter cold wind and a little snow falling; a sweet meeting it was. After dinner, I went in the same way about eight miles to meet the Lynn coach, much enjoying T. B.'s company, which was very strengthening to me. I reached Lynn at nine o'clock. The monthly meeting was a time of much favour. Dear C. B. laid before Friends the attending Dublin yearly meeting, also joining her sister in Wales. We had J. D., a nice elder of Tivetshall with us, who was a great help to us all. The minute was drawn up and signed; and it was, I

thought, a sweet time. In the second meeting, I had much to do to my trial, and found it very hard work, by reason of what was painfully uppermost there; however, I was helped to be faithful and close; to my confirmation, found out afterwards that things were as I felt, and the head of the nail was knocked at through His goodness who helped me. It was a day of much relief to me, which was cause for humble gratitude. I had also a private time with a young man, an utter stranger, who called in after dinner. On sixth day, I went with dear C. B. in a fly about twelve miles off, to sit with some old Friends. On seventh day, dined and called on the few Friends at Lynn. On First day, was at their meetings, in both of which there were six or eight strangers more than usual. There are some *sweet* Friends there. On second day this week, I started at seven a.m., accompanied by C. B., to Wells, and had a most cold ride, skirting round the sea coast, with north-east winds blowing from it. We got a second breakfast between eleven and twelve on reaching Wells, and then sat with the family there. —— was there and spoke; he seems a precious young man. We then had a sitting with another part of the family, one of whom is confined to her bed. I was silent therein, but dear C. ministered sweetly to them, and I hope it was a comforting time to her. After a hasty dinner, I was taken on in a post-chaise to Holt, to that interesting female's, who has joined Friends by convincement, her father being a clergyman. In the evening we had our little meeting in her family, her husband joining her (as they always do every First day); and such a precious time it was, as I cannot describe. I was greatly afraid of breaking the sweet silence, yet dare do no other. Next day went to North Walsham meeting (memorable in old times to me), had a relieving time there; also a little time with my kind host and guide, and his wife, and then he drove me in an open chaise here to tea, to my comfort and peace.

Inflammation (from a cold caught on second day) came on so rapidly that I had no voice whatever all yesterday, and got very low, and thought I must give up the monthly meeting at Norwich to-day, and two others on First day; but this morning I was favoured to feel less oppression, and thought I must, at least, try and *sit* the meeting. So I did, and lo! my good and wonder-working Master was pleased not only to put a little word into my heart to utter, but He made me to give forth a *clear sound* to my humble astonishment; and in the second meeting, also, a few words, testifying to His goodness, for the

encouragement of dear M. A. B., whose certificate was there read and signed. I am intending, if so permitted, to be at one of the meetings on First day, viz., at Tivetshall, and I hope my brother, A. R. B., will go with me in a fly; the other, at Warling, I think I cannot accomplish in my weakly state, and feel easy about it. I hope to get home on second day.

Farewell, very affectionately. Remember I am in good hands, who has indeed dealt very tenderly with me. Thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

TO J. RICHARDS.

Near Norwich, 13*th of* 4*th Month*, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thy affecting letter was forwarded to me in this county last week, or I should have written earlier. It was truly a great shock to my affectionate feelings. I had been intending from week to week to write (to thy dear sister), so *that* proved that I had had mental intercourse with her; and although in the midst of company when thy kind letter came to hand, yet I seemed for a short space bowed down in inward silence—yea, and lifted up into union with her in the Beloved, and, as it were, into a joining with her spirit in the angelic chorus of "Blessing and honour, and glory and power, unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever!" And when thus favoured how do the wings of the soul, as it were, flap for joy, and for longing to flee away also, to be for ever at rest in Him, who is our life, and peace, and hope of glory, yet mingled with humble resignation to wait all the days of our appointed time of proving and of suffering—for He is faithful who hath called and promised, who also will strengthen us and will perfect that good work He hath begun, and who is of power to establish us, "and preserve us unto His heavenly kingdom." Oh, that it may be so with us, my endeared friend, says all that is alive within me! Oh, our dear sister is gone to join the just of all generations! She is not far behind my dear brother John, whose loss is revived on hearing of the removal of others, his dear fellow-labourers and fellow-sufferers. Surely we cannot wish their return, but rather adore the hand that has dealt so bountifully with *them*, and so tenderly with us; and as we bow under, and yield to His good hand that seems so mightily, yea

provingly laid upon us, I do trust He will be near to support a[redacted]nd bear up, to strengthen and to comfort us, who are still travelling on in this vale of tears, even as He was with them all their lives lo[redacted]g; He will be our guide also, even unto death, and give us to glorify [redacted]His great and ever-excellent name.

It must have been very trying to you her almost sudden remo[redacted]*al;* yet no doubt all was for the best. You were thus both spared m*uch* feeling, and I think thou couldst hardly want more evidence than *I know* thou hadst, so thou wouldst rest in a blessed hope, which w*ould* be like an anchor, when natural feelings would rise up. And, my dear friend, it is marvellous how thou hast hitherto been supported to attend to thy beloved sister, considering thy own delicate health; and how tender does that hand feel that has taken her away the first! I have no doubt that as thou hast been helped so thou wilt be still, as thy eye is kept singly looking to the source of all true counsel and direction, and thy soul wholly leaning on that arm of strength which is almighty; so wilt thou be enabled to fill up *her* place in your little circle, according to thy measure, and increasingly to follow her precious example, as she endeavoured to follow Christ, witnessing His light to rule and shine forth in all thy conduct and conversation to the glory of our heavenly Father. . . .

I have been in this county nearly three weeks visiting the meetings of it, and have been, through condescending goodness, helped to accomplish nearly all that has come before me as a duty, though my poor service (if it be any) is in a very little and mean looking way in comparison of others who are very eloquent or fluent; but if one may but bear a clear testimony in ever so humbling a way, and not stumble any, or do harm to the precious cause, it is all I desire, and will be a great favour if so allowed and strengthened. I have only one meeting to go to to-morrow, and then hope *to flee away* home on second day in great weakness, having this last week an attack on the windpipe, which lowers me much, and it has been a great exercise of faith to stand up, not knowing that I could bring forth any sound, having lost my voice some days, but my good Master helped me, and I do desire to love and serve Him yet better and better, and to praise His name for ever and ever.

I think I did write once since being at Reigate. I have continued to find it a comfortable and peaceful home and quiet retreat, and the danger is of loving it too much. My health has much improved, this last winter being milder, and my house very sheltered, and the climate

softer: this is truly a great favour, and calls for grateful returns of unreserved dedication.

Farewell, my dear friend, with dear love, also, to J. B., who must feel the great loss deeply; a mother in Israel gone truly. I remain thy tenderly sympathising and affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

TO J. B.'S SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

5th Month, 1839.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

My thoughts have often seemed to travel along with your dear mother, especially in the last day or two that I have fancied her at D., and I think I may say as often as this has been the case, so often have they also seemed to travel to her home, glowing towards you with what I trust is a degree of Gospel love, desiring that you, who I have no doubt feel it sometimes very trying to have parted with her, yet may be daily seeking after ability to do those things that you know would please her, daily seeking to be followers of Him *as dear children*, who hath thus sent her forth in His service; this will be your way of helping forward His great and good work she is gone about, and then, when He brings her back again to you with the golden sheaves of His heavenly peace, will you also be permitted to share with her in your several degrees, and a song of praise will arise and fill the whole house, as the heart of one man, to Him who doth bless the going forth and the coming in of His little dependent faithful ones.

And, oh! my dear young friends, may you come and yield up your hearts to serve the same good Lord, who is rich to all that call upon Him! I believe you are in degree endeavouring to do so, having felt His precious visitations to your souls; but oh, let nothing as you grow older hinder your following on to know still more and more of His precious ways and excellent dealings with you, even by implicit obedience to one little glimmering of His heavenly light after another, unfolding to you one little thing after another that is contrary to His purity, and is of the darkness, and showing you the clear path of self-denial in peace and safety; and as you are thus willing as dear obedient children to follow the Lord, sacrificing your own wills in one little thing after another, so you will come to know more and more of His precious goodness and His mighty power. His

goings forth in your souls will be prepared as the morning, with increasing light and strength, and the returning incomes of His love to your souls will be as the former and latter rain in their season, bringing freshness and fruitfulness with them. Oh, then, my dear young friends, how does the language again revive towards you as when with you, "Hearken, oh daughter, and incline thine ear; forget also thy own people and thy father's house, so shall the king greatly desire thy beauty; for He is thy Lord, and worship thou Him!" This may be applied to sons and daughters, for the Church is called the Lamb's bride. Oh! hearken diligently to the voice of your dear Saviour speaking inwardly in your souls; incline your ear to His sweet yet piercing words there, forsake all that He requires you to part with—yea, even forget it, though it be dear to you as your very home; for He should be your only Lord, and your whole heart and worship should be given to Him. Start not away from His holy yoke; rather draw it close about your necks. Love His chains, the restraints of His blessed Spirit; be not ashamed of them, let them shine conspicuously as your brightest ornaments in all that you do or say. Let His law be your delight, His testimonies your heritage, the judgments of His Spirit more desirable than much fine gold—yea, sweeter than honey to your mouth. Thus shall His wisdom and His grace be as a crown of glory, and as an ornament of gold upon your heads; and He will accept the beauty that He puts upon you, and the meek, quiet, and subjected spirit that is of and from Himself, and is of great price in His sight, and ye shall be His for ever and ever. Oh! then, hearken unto Him and incline your ear more and more—hear and your souls shall live, and He will make an everlasting covenant with you that shall not be broken, even the sure mercies of David, and He will betroth you unto Himself for ever.

Farewell, my dear young friends, in that love which many miles of distance cannot quench. Show this to L. B. and her brother, with my dear love, for my affectionate solicitude extends to them as well as to you, that nothing may nip the opening bud, but rather desiring that it may be more and more expanded to the genial rays of the Sun of Righteousness, that more abundant ability may be thereby received to blossom in the beauty thereof, and to bring forth fruit to the praise of the great and good Husbandman, who does indeed bestow much tender labour both inwardly and outwardly.

L. A. Barclay.

To J. R.

London, 30*th of* 5*th Month*, 1839.

My dear Friend,

I have very often thought of thee and of thy great loss since I last wrote thee, as also of her who is gone home, and it has been very sweet to remember her and the last *sweet* reading we had together in her chamber at Marazion. Oh! I shall not forget the many sweet times we were favoured with together there in my last visit to you, and the near unity I enjoyed with her. How comforting it is to reflect that this precious unity and fellowship is not dissolved by death! Oh, let us travel on after a growth and increase in it, since we have been favoured to taste a little of it, and of the exceeding graciousness of the Lord. Oh, come, and let us more and more "walk in the light of the Lord." I am very often reminded of her (and thee also), and speak of her sweet example, as wherever I go I take with me that nice neat work-bag she made for me. I trust, my dear friend, that "as thy days so will be the strength" mercifully handed thee, even at the very moment thou most needs it. It will be a pleasure to try and make up her loss towards thy dear nieces, and thy hand will gradually get into the good work, though now it seems formidable, and it will divert thee from dwelling unprofitably on thy bereavement and solitude; lead thee to look continually upwards, and the more we do so the better, though it be even by pinching times of trial; for man's extremity is God's rich and blessed opportunity for the display of His wonderful goodness and His mighty power, and how exact and precious is His help then! Thus we grow, and our experience is enlarged even in these troublous times—our love, and our humble gratitude, and our confiding trust are increased—and the continual language of our heart and conduct will necessarily be, "Let the Lord be magnified."

Since I last wrote, I have been very ill; but, through mercy, was raised up again, and helped along to visit the families in my own monthly meeting, directly I got home from Norfolk, to my unspeakable relief and comfort, having had it at heart the last nine months. Praised be the Lord for ever, who makes a way for His poor creatures where they can see none, and enables them to set up their Ebenezer to His praise! . . . This yearly meeting has been a favoured time, though not without much trial and deep suffering. Most insidious the enemy's baits are to deceive even the elect; but there is

a little Babe of immortal birth to which all is clear and open. The select meetings were very comforting I thought.

Farewell, dear J. Let us look upward, and hope even to the end, holding fast the beginning of our confidence, and then surely we shall not be forsaken or forgotten of our Lord. I remain thy truly affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To R. B.

My dear Nephew,

I am rejoiced to hear that thou hast been strengthened more fully to show what I believe thy heart has long felt, that thy whole desire and highest aim is to be a faithful servant of the Lord, a devoted follower of Him who was crucified for us, and whose power will ever crucify us to the world and the things or spirit of it. I say strengthened, for oh! how unable are we to do the least good thing of ourselves; how does our weakness, and the reasonings which the enemy suggests, continually rise up to oppose this good work, this tender desire to be the Lord's only, the Lord's wholly; but gracious is He and merciful, pitying our weakness, and holding out His hand of help at the needful moment, assuring us that it is He that we feel touching and drawing, and making us willing; therefore we need not be afraid, only believe in His power and He will hold us, as by the right hand; follow Him in simplicity, and He will give us according to the desire which His goodness and love have raised in our heart, enabling us to make covenant with Him, even by sacrifice; for these are His precious ones, whom He is redeeming more and more to Himself that He may bless them. And I believe He has graciously accepted thy burnt sacrifice, and the peace-giving smile of His countenance (even if it be only at moments lifted up on thee) will put a most precious joy, yea, a song of praise, into thy heart, and animate thee more and more to lean on Him, and cleave to Him with full purpose of heart. Oh, then, cleave to His power, which alone began any good work in thee, and which alone can carry it on and preserve it. "Wait on the Lord and keep His way," wait daily for His humbling, His melting, His strengthening, and His anointing afresh; and keep to what thou knowest and feelest to be of Him, all His commands and restraints and tender leadings, "so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Thus keeping His way and walking in His light, thou shalt be fed with food convenient from day to day,

thou shalt be enabled to overcome all things; be given to partake of that blessed fellowship and union wherein Christ is known to rule over all in our hearts, and we to reign with Him, and to possess all things in God, of whom, and through whom, and to whom are all things, to whom be glory for ever. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

7th Month, 1839.

MY DEAR SISTER,

. . . In looking at thy open kind letter again, I would encourage thee to be faithful to little pointings at all times, even a few foolish looking words, for this is the way to gather strength—when thou feels the Lord's putting forth, and the woe to attend the withholding; for the more obedient we are, the better we shall be able to understand His tender voice, and the more we *shall hear* it—whereas "hesitation darkens inspiration." I feel such a very poor weakling of the flock (if of it), that I fear my experience will hardly be any *help* to thee—but I may own that so great also is *my* fear of uttering a word more than what is clearly given, or of mixing up or patching to anything of my own contriving, that I believe I have but in very few instances ever expressed more than what seemed clearly pointed out before standing up; but, on the contrary, I believe I have often, from fear, and not keeping sufficiently close or inward to the gift, failed in obtaining entire relief of that which was the burden committed for expression. I have believed in reference to myself, that as greater inwardness is attained and strength permitted, greater enlargement may be witnessed, even whilst speaking—but I desire to be content with the very little that is given, and so to keep to the power (through holy help) as that I may be preserved from both the loss (to others and to myself) of withholding more than is meet, as well as the snare, the great snare, of mixing in anything of the creature's, or spreading out into many words; and alas! how greatly has this snare spread amongst us, and the evils necessarily accompanying, so that I am often of the belief that many now-a-days will be raised up as living, powerful ministers, who shall be few in words, but deep in power, and very often engaged in *silent preaching!*

L. A. BARCLAY.

To L. C.

Reigate, 25*th of* 9*th Month*, 1839.

My dear Friend,

I hope thy dear mother has not suffered from the change of residence, or from the longer walk to meetings, and up hill too! I am hoping before very long (but this hope is mingled with fear and awe!) to see her, as perhaps thou hast heard that I feel constrained to sit in your families, and was this day week liberated for this awful service. I hope to get a little crumb of bread and drop of refreshment in being with thy dear and valued mother. I look to visit the families in Guildford and Godalming next week. Thou canst not think how very helpful and strengthening was the company of W. and M. Binns at our monthly meeting. Oh! it was an exercising day, but, through mercy, I was helped through.

My health is favoured to be middling, as well as I can expect this very cold and wet season, and considering exercise of mind. I shall be pleased to hear of your Western journey in thy answer, which I hope to receive very soon; and so hoping thou wilt excuse so hasty a scrawl, I remain, with kind love to T. and thy dear mother and J., thy sincerely affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Reigate, 10*th Month*, 1839.

My dear young Friend,

Since returning home, I have felt my mind drawn to send thee a few lines in the sincerity and love of a faithful friend. Having much love for thy dear mother, I can hardly withhold from her son what may be for his welfare. I felt much concerned for thee in considering that thou wouldst probably be much thrown with the young man at ——'s. I thought that, as his parents had left Friends principles, he would be likely to be similarly inclined, and I feared lest thou shouldst be at all warped aside from what thou hast been brought up in the belief in, and which, I believe, thou hast felt for thyself in seasons of humbling and tendering favour, even the inward revelation of the Spirit of Christ, in and by which He is now to be heard, known, believed in, and obeyed; for the outward, and shadowy, and preparatory dispensations of Moses, the prophets, and

John the forerunner and baptiser with water, were to pass away, and Christ the beloved Son was to remain, with this injunction, "Hear ye Him." And how is He to be heard, now that He is no more personally with us, having finished the work given Him to do, and laid down His precious life a ransom and an acceptable sacrifice unto God for us? by His blessed Spirit, by which He is ever with us, even to the end of the world, as He said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," and "He dwelleth with you and shall be in you;" "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you," that is, in Spirit, by which He knocketh at the door of our hearts, calling to us to open to Him that He may come in and bless us; and when He calls to us, His voice, though gentle, pierces deep, and His word is with power to enable us to obey, yea, even to run after Him with sweetness and ease, parting with and leaving all behind that would draw us away from Him or a close attention to Him, the beloved of redeeming souls! Oh! He is thy best friend. Thou canst never love *Him* too much, or lean upon Him too much, or seek His company too much. He will not flatter thee in any thing that is evil, but will speak the truth to thee; and the more thou art obedient to His voice and loves His company and counsel, yea, and reproofs too, the better thou shalt understand His speech, and the more precious will He be to thy soul. Oh! He will not disappoint thy expectations of Him, but will give thee wonderful counsel, excellent lessons, strength to do all He requires, and grace to help in every time of need. Therefore, love, and don't shrink from the shinings of His light, the reproofs of His Spirit, for, verily, that which convinces of and reproves for the evil, if obeyed, will become our Comforter; but, if despised and neglected, our condemnation and judge, as He declared, "He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day." (John xii. 48.)

I would advise thee, my dear young friend, to avoid much association with any whose society thou finds to lessen thy attention and cleaving to the gentle monitions of the Spirit of Christ; for they will not in the end prove good friends to thee, however agreeable they may seem. What will the favour and friendship of any be if thou losest the peace and favour of God? Rather mayest thou seek for recreation in instructive reading, or a meditative walk in the fields, where all around thee, if thy mind is rightly fixed, will fill thee with innocent enjoyment and sweet praise; for there is no pleasure or

cheerfulness to be compared with that which proceeds from a peaceful sense of God's favour. There is nothing gloomy in religion; it brings true sweetness and content with it, supporting under all trials and crowning all other blessings!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

10*th Month*, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Ah! there is a part in us that greatly needs to be brought down into the stillness of confiding resignation, into the silence of patient subjection, to that power which alone began every true work in the heart, and which alone also can carry it on and preserve it. Oh! how anxious is this nature in us to know what others think! What a continual reverting to self on all occasions and in many little ways, but with apparently very good reasons—for it is thus the enemy conceals his snares to draw us out of the sweet and *faithful* simplicity of the little child, the child that is quieted and weaned of his mother! But the path of life and safety is for the child of God's begetting, as I. P. says, "the true knowledge of the way with the walking," &c.—[see Selections, page 111, down to "the everlasting inheritance in that."] If we examine ourselves by the light of Christ, we shall find that self is at the bottom of much in us that looks plausible, in many instances at the bottom of our discouragements, our fears, our desires, and our actions. A few steps fetched in the life and power of God, in the faith and patience that is of Him, are much safer and sweeter than a hasty progress in the anxious forward spirit. Oh! then let us keep back to the life, keep close to the power which crucifies self, which will bring down that which is high and exalt that which is lowly and childlike, which will dry up that which is green and spreading, and cause that which appears to be dry and almost dead to flourish abundantly, giving us to rejoice in the wonderful works and the tender dealings of the Lord to us and in us, whose judgments are unsearchable and His ways past finding out—for of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, to whom be glory rendered for ever and ever by the whole house of the spiritual Israel!

And now farewell, my dear friend. I hope thou wilt receive this in the dear love in which it is written, and, I may add, in tender sympathy also, especially with that which is good and tender and

living in thee, the strength and deepening and preservation whereof I greatly desire. And oh! I trust I do not write as one that has already attained, but as one that has, both in myself and in others of my dear friends, seen and felt the enemy's snares and attempts to crush the life, and therefore I hope not amiss in testifying thereof, and of that power which as laid hold of enables to overcome, and gives to inherit all things.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To H. M.

Reigate, 20*th of* 11*th Month*, 1839.

. . . And now, my beloved friend and sister, in looking back at our goings forth together, my soul seems at times melted under a sense of the goodness and mercy that followed me—mercy towards many weaknesses and goodness condescending still to favour; it is an unspeakable relief to have been so helped through. We have been favoured to learn some good lessons together, which I desire ever to remember and profit by. I have sometimes thought there is danger, after being so engaged for several weeks, of getting too much enlarged in words, of getting, as it were, into *shallower* and more *spreading water;* therefore, as I endeavoured to remember M. Binns' good advice in going along, so I desire now to sink down again as into the deeps, that so I may be favoured with true ability as required to bring up thence the *one stone* of memorial. And now, my dear friend, oh, that we may be preserved living and learning, yea, learning continually lessons of life, lessons of peace, and lessons of praise to the great and good Master.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

11*th Month*, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have felt much exercised on thy behalf for some time past, and as it has revived since the monthly meeting, I can do no less than express the earnest desire I feel that the matrimonial step thou art about to take may tend not only to thy present but eternal welfare. But, my dear friend, if thou come to witness this to be the case, it must be by its promoting the best life, a growth in the favour of God,

wherein is the life of the soul. To this end be careful, both before and after its consummation, to bow thy soul daily before the Lord, that thou mayest know Him to bring all thy nature into pure subjection and humble resignation before Him; wait upon Him and feel after His melting and quickening power, that he may *give* thee to desire that He would make and mould thee as He would have thee to be in all things, even His faithful servant and testimony-bearer. Oh! watch against the selfish wisdom and will, as ever thou desirest life; for it will be still deceiving and cheating thee of what the Lord would have thee to enjoy, and waits to graciously bestow upon thee. And it is the Lord who alone can bring it all down to nothing, and He "will be inquired of to do it," and to fill with His heavenly goodness; therefore, wait thou continually on Him, and yield thou to what thou feels of His good power in thy heart—shrink not, but open thy heart to what He reveals in thee, and when thou feels and hears, obey with thy whole heart. Thus wilt thou witness the house of Saul to grow weaker and weaker, and the house of David stronger and stronger—the power of an endless life to increase, and the light thereof to shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, bringing fruitfulness and glory unto God, and peace and blessedness to thyself and all around thee. Then, indeed, wilt thou be a true helpmeet to dear ——, a strengthener and upholder of his hands in all things the testimony of the Lord's blessed Spirit requires, and not in any wise a hindrance or weakener; then wilt thou be enabled faithfully and uprightly to labour with thy own dear family, as well as become "a succourer of many" others, a faithful "servant of the Church," with good will doing service as "to the Lord and not unto men." (See Col. and Ephes.)

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Reigate, 11*th Month*, 1839.

My dear Friend,

In looking over those on whose behalf I have lately felt exercised, I trust, in Gospel love, thou seemed to come before me, as having felt whilst amongst you, a desire to have some of thy company separately; but the way did not appear to open for it, so I thought I would take up my pen, and, as matter arose, salute thee in this way. Ah! my dear M., I believe thou hast felt the Lord's good hand of power to be laid tenderly upon thee from time to time; thou hast

heard the secret, though piercing, quickening call—"The Master is come, and calleth for thee." Yes, He calleth for thee to come up nobly in a faithful testimony-bearing for His name, that thou mayest gather others under His banner of love and power, and wax more and more valiant for Him the blessed Truth. Now, oh, what can thou do less, seeing His exceeding tenderness and goodness, than rise up quickly and go forth after Him, away from all natural feelings that would detain or impede thee, that thou mayest be His only, His wholly—*exactly* what He would have thee to be—His dear faithful servant, wholly given up to be led about, guided, and governed, and regulated by Him, thy good Lord, the best beloved of all redeemed and redeeming souls. Oh, yes, who or what can be so dear to thee as He is? Therefore, love nothing so much as Him and His precious law revealed in thy heart, by which He will daily regulate thee, and teach thee wondrous things, causing thee to understand more and more of His heavenly doctrines, as thou art engaged to be found meditating therein, and walking according thereto, in all the simplicity and humble dependence of a weaned child. Oh, how will this precious law, or word nigh in the heart, work mightily in us, as we shrink not, but yield up ourselves wholly to be formed and operated upon by it, even to the breaking all the hardness of our natures, to the bringing down all the highness of our natures, to the melting the stubbornness thereof, straitening the crookedness, enlightening the darkness thereof, and to the exalting of that which is lowly and hidden under all! Oh, then, my dear friend, may thou and I increasingly bow (even with a holy magnanimity and resolution of heart) under the working of the Lord's mighty, yet secret power; let Him humble and melt us as He will, and make us vessels of honour in His house, of what kind soever that may be; servants of His Church, that He may be glorified in us, by us, and through us. Some have more to contend with in themselves than others of weakness, or fear, or doubt, or untowardness; but the Lord's power is sufficient for us all, to bring all down into the blessed and peaceful harmony of subjection to His will, if we do but yield up unto Him. Oh, let us love nothing that is of self or the creature (whatever we have a life in, under whatever plausible pretext) in comparison of Him. Let all be given up to His good power, and then He will make a way where we can see none; make hard things easy, and things exceeding bitter to nature, to be most sweet; yea, make all things subservient to the purpose of His grace, and fulfil the work of faith

with power, to His own praise. Ah! let not the enemy, in any wise, cast thee into discouragement, or doubt, or fear; but sink down, and lie down, as it were, under the hand of thy tender God; wait for Him again and again to touch thee, draw thee, quicken faith in thee, and help thee with a little help from time to time; and then thou shalt find, to thy unspeakable comfort, that greater is He that is in thee than he that is in the world, or that works in the selfish nature; and a song of praise shall live in thy heart to Him who is thy tender helper and thy shield against all the attempts of the enemy; thy resurrection and thy life; yea, thy heart shall be filled with His praise and with His honour all the day long. So, my dear ——, mayest thou be faithful, and then I know thou wilt be fruitful, to the praise of God and to the help of many others, and thou wilt be blessed and be a blessing. Surely this, I trust, temporary indisposition is designed to be a renewal of covenant as at Bethel.

L. A. Barclay.

To ——.

12*th Month*, 1839.

My dear Friend,

I have felt affectionately and earnestly solicitous on thy account since I heard of thy friends acknowledging thee (as a minister), and I fear to withhold the expression of my feeling, though it is with much fear I attempt it, yet, if we fear a snare for our brother, and neglect to be sincere and faithful to him, his blood will be required at our hands. Oh, my dear friend, we want a *weighty*, and not a light ministry; living substance, and not mere sound; and this may be the case in few, as well as in many words; therefore, O let us keep *back* to the life—keep *out* of willing, and running, and haste, and wait patiently that the Spirit may arise *purely* and *stilly* in the heart, which gives perfect evidence and full testimony of itself: a few steps taken in the life and power of God are much safer and sweeter, than a hasty progress, in the hasty forward spirit. Oh, what danger is there of being settled down in a *light-weighted* ministry, continually up and doing something; whereas, by abiding in the stillness and patience, it may be often shown, that what has presented, even with brightness, is not to be handed to others, but to be dwelt under at home! And how may the enemy even then bring in a false uneasiness, as if we had done wrong in withholding, that

he might lead us into forwardness. But in waiting in the patient stillness, and watching to the light of life, all his wiles will be discovered, and the pure judgment of truth come at, to our humbling instruction and unspeakable comfort, *whatever* that judgment may be.

And now, my dear friend, I hope thou wilt receive these few lines in the dear love in which they are penned, and which I have ever felt flow towards thee and thy dear wife. I may truly say, I desire the wounding of none—the discouraging of nothing that is living and tender; but rather that it may be rightly nourished and strengthened, so as to grow healthfully, and not into a weak or diseased state.

I believe I write under a humbling sense of my own great weakness and danger of falling every moment. And how do I desire that I may be thus faithfully dealt with and watched over by my dear friends; and more than all, that the Lord, whose faithful minister I desire to be, would be pleased yet more and more to show me my own weakness and frailty, to humble and correct me continually as He sees best, and keep me ever low in His pure fear, and in watchfulness and faithfulness before Him, all my remaining little day for Him here, that flesh may be abased and silent before Him for ever,—that His blessed testimony may be exalted and upheld in its own purity and virtue, and His holy name may be praised, magnified, and glorified over all for ever and ever!

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

12*th Month*, 1839.

My dear Friend and Cousin,

There is an old saying "better late then never." Since being with you I have felt much on thy behalf, and though it is now some time since we parted, yet I believe I had best be sincere in the faithfulness of *true* love. I must own I felt your hospitality and great kindness when under your roof much and gratefully; but there was a sadness covered my mind in looking round at the house, and the dear children also, which I did not feel able then to cast off the burden of. There seemed to me no appearance of self-denial or the simplicity of the truth, but rather of self-gratification and the worldly spirit. It felt trying to me in remembrance of thy dear parents and the station they occupied. And it felt trying to me also in the full belief, my dear younger

sister, that, although we know birth-right cannot give possession of the truth, yet that thou hast not been without the tender touches of the Lord's power, persuading thee away from such things and giving thee to admire consistency and faithfulness in any thou hast seen so helped; so I felt sorry that thou should in any wise be yielding to the inclinations of nature or the fears of nature, instead of (by yielding to the drawings of grace) coming up in the footsteps of the faithful, answering the pure testimony of Christ's blessed Spirit, both in thy own heart and in all around thee, and thus be gathering to Him, and not scattering from Him! I believe that (whatever they may say to the contrary) much lies with the mother and mistress of the house in these respects. It *must* do so. Oh! then take care how thou in any wise weakens the good work, the tender work, of the Lord in the hearts of thy dear partner and eventually of thy dear children, by leading them into the worldly spirit and the gratification of the vain mind, instead of using a gathering, strengthening influence to draw and help them out of weakness in best life! even that life which stands in the favour of God, and not friendship and conformity with the world!

I know, alas! that there are but few true examples among us, even in those who are in station, I *grieve* to say; but oh! I believe we must not be looking out at others (even the princes of the people), but must mind the dear Master's call "follow thou me;" and I do believe some of us who have been mercifully blessed with abundance must be willing to make sacrifices even of what we should like very much, that we may set an example of the simplicity which the Spirit of Christ, the ever blessed and unchangeable truth, will ever lead into—not I mean, that we should all be exactly of the same pattern (as I heard dear S. G. once say), but we *should all* be in the simplicity of truth, by subjection to the Spirit thereof. Oh! this is the unity and the beautiful harmony that is greatly wanted amongst us, even in subjection to Christ's Spirit in all things; for this is the great Gospel ordinance to which we must all submit, in this Gospel-day of the breaking forth of God's power in the hearts of His children and people. Oh then, my dear sister, to the inward law and the inward testimony of God's blessed Spirit, revealed in our hearts, let thou and I increasingly give heed, which will tell us all things that ever we should do, which will make a nice distinction between that which serveth God, and that which really serves Him not, but gratifies the vain mind and the worldly spirit in ourselves *and others*, and therefore

serves the enemy of our souls instead of God. Oh! it will show us the nice and finicking ways, and things that are crept in among us, the superfluities and the downright ornaments and trimmings, and it will bring the Lord's pure judgment (upon them all), and it will strengthen us to cut off all these things, and to cast them away, as not of God nor pleasing Him, (for as W. P. says) with light and sight comes strength to follow as the light leads. And then, I believe, as we are engaged to cut off all our superfluities and ornaments, like the Israelities of old, through the operation of that leaven or Spirit, that works mightily both within and without, then the Lord would show some of us what further He would do with us in His Church and family, for the honour of His great name, and for the gathering of others under His holy banner of love and power! Oh! then, my beloved cousin, let us look to it lest we be robbing the Church of faithful servants, robbing God of His glory, and robbing ourselves of His blessed peace!

Farewell, from thy very sincere friend and cousin,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

12*th Month*, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My mind seemed brought into an exercise and earnest desire yesterday, in our little retirement after breakfast, that I might be faithful in that little portion of service allotted me whilst hereaway, whether it be to "warn the unruly, to comfort the feeble-minded, or to support the weak"—and under this feeling of resignedness, thou, my dear friend, wast brought before me in near love and unity, and a desire seemed raised in me that thou mightst be encouraged to increasing faithfulness in doing what thy hands may find to do for our good Lord, for the advancement of His precious cause and kingdom in thy own heart and in the hearts of others. Oh, my dear friend, it is time for thee and me, and some others, to come forward nobly and simply and show ourselves on the Lord's side, that He may make us valiant for the truth, and enable us to come up to His "help against the mighty." We can say that His goodness and mercy have followed us all our lives, and what shall we *not* render unto Him of devotedness to His cause and praise to His name! Oh, let us not in any wise look outward at what others may think, say, or do—"be not afraid

of their faces," and "fear not with their fear," but let us "sanctify the Lord of hosts Himself, and let Him be our fear and our dread," and then "He will be for a sanctuary," for us "a hiding-place and a shield." It is for us above all things else to mind the Master's secret whisperings and smallest pointings, and then He will undertake for us, make a way for us, guide us aright and strengthen us to take right steps in His fear and in obedience to Him. And how encouraging is the declaration, that even a mere cup of cold water handed in His name or power, by which the little good thing in any way may be revived or strengthened, shall not lose its reward. And no matter our weakness and foolishness, if we do but cleave the closer to Him in whom is everlasting strength and wisdom; it is all the better that we have nothing of our own to lean on, that no flesh may glory in His sight, that all may be of Him, and for Him, and to Him for ever. . . .

I have believed that there are men and women in our monthly meeting, who should by this time of day be strong for the Lord and valiant for His precious cause in their different callings and degrees, if they were more nobly and simply faithful to what they have felt and do feel in the secret of their hearts. And oh! what hinders it from being thus with them, even honouring the Lord with all their substance, temporally and spiritually, *and honoured of Him*, growing in His divine and life-giving favour, and in fruitfulness and usefulness in His family. Surely *He* has not been wanting on His part, time after time, to influence, to touch and draw, and to lay His tender hand upon them in one way or another; and oh! may such take heed of robbing Him of His glory, the Church of faithful servants, and themselves of heavenly peace. There is a false fear, and diffidence hinders some, but this must be crucified in us as much as any other natural obstruction—and oh, if we keep close to the blessed Spirit which touches and draws, and wait in the stillness thereon, it will arise and make manifest all feelings, the root of all, and give a perfect evidence and clear testimony of itself, so that we need not doubt; and if we yield thereunto in the faith, willingness, and resignation which is of its own begetting, so it will work, or strengthen to, the obedience, and seal peace to the obedient.

Then let us, my dear friends—for I would affectionately include thy dear wife too, for you are one in my feeling—let us increasingly yield ourselves up to the tender touches of God's hand of power, which we do often feel to be *good* upon us, melting our hearts and

contriting our spirits, and raising the fervent desire to be His only, His wholly, then shall we more and more know the heavenly increase of light, life, strength, obedience, peace, and praise to Him who has indeed done great things for us. Holy and reverend is His name!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Reigate, 21*st of* 1*st Month*, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have these last few days been often turning towards you and thy dear husband in particular, and long to know how you fare, and he feels. Sometimes I have fancied him very low as the prospect of the time of "showing unto Israel" what is upon him draws nigh, yet I trust he finds, as he has often done, the good hand to be tender upon him, reviving faith when at a low ebb, and causing to cleave unto that which has been known and felt of the Divine power, whereby strength will be received to bring forth at the right time that which has been begotten, to the praise of Him who is mighty, and who still condescends to do great things for His poor, weak, unworthy little ones, ordaining strength and praise even out of their mouths! I shall be much interested in hearing of your monthly meeting on fifth day.

And, my dear sister, I have much unity with thy attending on thy dear ——, and I earnestly crave, as far as enabled, that thou mayest be preserved in your stepping along in the simplicity, watchfulness, and retiredness of the truth, that by a close keeping, and a simple looking and feeling, thou mayest be instrumental to open the door as it were—and that, when it is closing in the Divine fear and power, thou mayest be assistant (by thy spirit) in keeping it so, lest anything should creep in and scatter, or steal away that which has been in mercy left with the visited. Thus will the Lord's pure fear be predominant, the Lord's power do all, have dominion over all, and the praise of all. I hope I have not done amiss in penning thus what seemed to arise, I trust under a humble sense of my own childishness, and in the feeling of near and dear love to all who love and serve the precious cause as you do; and oh, my beloved friend, let us, as put into our hearts, breathe for one another's help, strength, and preservation, for indeed we have great need of all the feeling and sympathy and prayers one of another—but thy poor friend more than

all. Perhaps I am particularly alive to this subject (the snares and the weakness attending the honour of the cause, and the awfulness of the vocation) just now; and how do I desire that it may more and more continually be brought before me, lest I should err from the right and pure way!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Reigate, 2nd Month, 1840.

DEAR M.,

I thought I felt a salutation of love to thee, thy brothers, and H., and considering the uncertainty of time, it seemed safest to put pen to paper. It felt very solemn and instructive to me last First day to sit in dear ——'s room, and the feeling continued for several days, and as I was meditating on the solemn sight, and was enabled to enter into tender sympathy with you, her dear brothers and sisters, who are more constantly witnesses of it, and more closely tried by it, how earnestly did I desire that you also might be seriously affected and tenderly touched by it, as no doubt is most mercifully designed by our heavenly Father, who never afflicts willingly, nor delights to grieve us, but in compassionate love He touches us in a tender spot, to arouse us to look to Him who doeth it, to feel after Him who thus calls to us, that so we may seek after and find His heavenly favour and peace, which is better than life or all things here below—yea, which is the crowning blessing of all outward blessings, and the life of the soul both here and hereafter! And whenever I have thought of you and felt for you, which has been, I would affectionately assure you, very often, how have I desired that you, each of you, might be increasingly careful never to yield to do anything which at a future day, when a sick bed and a rolling pillow may be your portion, might in the least degree bring uneasiness over your mind! I expect it has been a time of deep searching of heart with dear ——, and a great blessing and favour it has been to have such a long time of preparation; but, my dear friends, it will not do for us to reckon on having such a favour. We know not how we may be situated, and I have no doubt she feels, as many have, that the pains and weakness, and gradual wasting of the poor body, are greatly clogging to the spirit, hindering it from soaring upward to its centre. How important, how deeply important, then, is it that we should, whilst health and vigour are permitted us, seek

earnestly and diligently to have our spirits wound up for heaven, attuned to the unceasing anthem there of "Thy will be done!"—for unless we are thus prepared and clothed with heavenly dispositions, heaven would be no happy place to us, the harmony thereof would be discordant and disgusting to us, neither could we join in the angelic anthem! And oh, my beloved young friends, if you ask how may we come to this happy experience, or who is sufficient to bring it about in us, the answer in my heart is, "None but Christ, none but Christ, who hath all power!" He hath the key of David, whereby he can wind up our spirits and attune them to the pure worship and holy praise of heaven; and this key is His blessed Spirit, whereby He touches our inmost soul and turns His tender hand upon us, for the very purpose of this most glorious and blessed end. Oh! then let us yield ourselves in submission to His Holy Spirit—let us give ourselves to the touches of His power, to the turnings and drawings of His good hand, at all times and in every respect, and then He will not fail to do great and mighty things for us and in us, to the perfecting His good and gracious work in us, that He may present us and confess us to His Father and our Father, as His own dear redeemed ones. And such shall be accepted in Him the beloved, and their unceasing song shall be, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing; and blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever!"

Earnestly desiring that we may let nothing hinder us from pressing after this most blessed experience, from so running as that we may be mercifully favoured to obtain this most rich prize, I remain my dear friends, your sincere and affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To W. E.

Reigate, 2nd Month, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thy visit was pleasant and animating last week, as it always is to meet with any whose eyes have been mercifully anointed to see the beauty and blessing that there is in the truth, even in the spiritual kingdom and government of the Lord Jesus Christ; and who have in measure been brought and are more and more bringing

into the participation thereof, through a willingness graciously wrought in them, to sell all that is near and dear to them that they may purchase it, or experience this law and power to rule in dominion over all in them, casting down everything that is high and airy in them, laying low the strongholds of self, and bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ! And these are as lively epistles written in one another's hearts, tending to one another's comfort and strengthening, and speaking forth the praises of Him whose grace from day to day upholds and preserves them—though now (as formerly was the experience of the faithful) for the Lord's season, if need be, they may be in heaviness through manifold afflictions and temptations for the trial of their faith—chiefly from the sight and sense given them of what the Lord requires of those who profess His blessed truth. And how far—how very far—behind the professors thereof are in coming up faithfully, according to the pure testimony of His Spirit! And when I have looked at some of us who thus go mourning on our way, having, as it were, sackcloth on our loins, out of sight (except, perhaps, disclosed to a few who understand our speech), I have felt an exercise on my mind, and a fear, lest, in our beholding these shortcomings, we should, almost at unawares, let anything of the creature creep out, and so either judge or point the finger, as it were, at those things out of the true humbling and fear, or else sink into dismay and unprofitable lamentation, out of the holy faith in, and simple yielding to, the Lord's never-failing arm of power. Oh, how many ways has our subtle enemy to hinder the Lord's good work, which He would bring forth in us and move us in! And self may be stirred up in, or may lie at the bottom of even that which looks very plausible and on the right side; but in that which lies low in the fear, is the preservation. Oh, then, that we may increasingly seek to dwell in the deep inward exercise where the true judgment is given; where all that is of the creature is silenced, and where that which is tender and lowly—which truly sees, and feels, and breathes to, and leans on its Father, is nourished and gathers strength, and is enabled to suffer patiently, to confide simply, and to act faithfully, to the perfecting of His praise.

As I felt these words spring up in my heart (possibly principally for my own instruction and warning), I thought I would share them with thee in the true love, desiring thy strengthening in a healthy, safe growth, whereby much fruitfulness may redound to the praise of

the great and good Husbandman, who does indeed bestow abundance of tender labour on us, and who is everlastingly worthy of the glory due unto His great and excellent name.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

2nd Month, 1840.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

I believe I must acknowledge that my mind yesterday was introduced into much exercise and affectionate solicitude on thy account, under a renewed belief which has long attended me, that whatever thou mayest have been learning in the way of business since thy residence in this neighbourhood, thou hast been losing ground spiritually; losing instead of gaining in that which is the very best getting of all other gettings, the one thing supremely needful, and which only will stand thee in stead in the day of trial, the time of affliction and sickness, and the hour of death; even in the earnest search after that wisdom which "is profitable to direct," and after that pure fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom, and will be found to be "a fountain of life, preserving from the snares of death." Oh, my dear young friend, dost thou not feel in thyself a loss towards thyself—a loss towards God?—a little less tenderness towards Him, a little less desire after the knowledge of His ways, and the feeling of the tender touches of His power in thy soul; but rather an inclination to disbelieve them, and turn from them, lest they should lead to what is mortifying and disagreeable to nature (as it is true and likely they should)? And this has arisen from slighting of the gentle voice of Christ's Spirit in the secret of the heart, and a turning from the shinings and instructive reproofs of His light in the conscience, which I believe thou hast felt and heard even in very little matters, for I fully know we can never go down hill, as it were, or lose ground spiritually, without being favoured with timely warning and sufficient strength to rally again if we will but lay hold of it. And so having suffered a loss of strength inwardly, through unfaithfulness to these little feelings and secret reproofs, then it appears outwardly also; the mind becoming more and more leavened with the worldly spirit, and into a desire after new and fashionable cuts, and articles of dress, and modes of dressing the hair, and then the manners and language must be moulded

accordingly also; and so the simplicity of the truth is gradually thrown off, and we lose our testimony-bearing, and cannot be distinguished from others who do not profess so highly as we do.

And now, oh, my dear young friend, how earnestly do I long that thou mayest be aroused to consider where thou art, what thou art doing, and whither the path will lead which I fear thou hast made some steps in! Ponder the path of thy feet in the pure fear of the Lord. Search and try thy ways by His holy light. O beg of Him to search and try thee thoroughly, and not to spare thee, but lead thee in the way to everlasting life and peace. Oh, if thou do but turn unto Him with all thy heart, and cry unto Him—"My Father, thou *shalt* be the guide of my youth," yielding thyself to be guided and restrained by Him, He will again and again visit thee with His love, strengthen thee by His grace, and preserve thee by His power, even amidst all the varied temptations that assail the path of the young. Oh, remember He hath been the guide and feeder of thy dear father all his life long (as I well remember hearing him testify); his Redeemer and help in all evil; and if thou seek Him with full purpose of heart, and serve Him uprightly with a willing mind, I believe He will deal as tenderly and bountifully with thee, and bless thee with His heavenly blessing, which makes truly rich. (Genesis xlviii. 15, 16.) Heed not what others may say or think, neither look at what they do. Shun such society as draws thee away in mind from thy best friend—thy dear Saviour, whose voice and call is to thee in secret, "Come with me, come with me, and I will bless thee." O go forth quickly after Him (as Mary did), bearing and not being ashamed of His cross, and verily thou shalt have treasure in heaven.

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

2nd Month, 1840.

My dear Friend,

This morning when I awoke my mind seemed introduced into exercise on thy behalf, in consequence, as I apprehend, of hearing yesterday that thou wast brushing-up at home, in preparation for a new dear partner; and a desire arose in me that thou might be careful how thou in any wise yielded to do *aught* which, in seasons of tenderness and stillness, thou wouldst feel the testimony

of truth to witness secretly against. Oh, how have I longed that thou might increasingly become a strong man for God, valiant for the truth in the station and allotment in which thou stands; and that this prospected union (though I do not know thy dear friend) might be instrumental to this good work, and not in any wise weaken or tie thy hands; and in order that it may be so, oh, keep inward, and watchful, and close to what thou feels of and from God in the secret of thy soul. Here lies thy sure guidance in the way wherein thou shouldst go, to bring glory to Him; here lies thy abundant strength to walk humbly therein, in a clear and bright testimony for Him, and in a faithful working for Him, both in taking heed to thyself and to the flock whom thou art given to oversee; and here lies thy preservation, both *from* that which would defile or draw aside, and *in* the true feeling and tenderness, life and fruitfulness, where His peace and blessing will rest upon thee and thine, and praise resound to Him continually in thy heart and house. So wisheth and prayeth thy very sincere friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

P.S.—I saw no way of expressing this little word of tender caution to-day when we met, yet felt afraid of withholding it in the faithfulness of true love; and hope I shall not, in the least degree, be wounding, rather encouraging, that which is good, though unworthily.

To A. F.

Reigate, 1*st of* 4*th Month*, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I enclose thee a copy of a little tract I have felt it my duty to have printed, whilst time is permitted me here, to revive the memory of primitive faithfulness, and as a little testimony to that gracious Power who enables unto faithfulness and crowns with overflowing peace. She [Lydia Lancaster] was a relation of ours, and after whom I was named, and when I showed it to dear Thomas Shillito twelve years ago, he much encouraged and urged me to print it then, and, indeed, he procured for me the epistle to young Friends. I hoped and believed that my dear brother John would have put it into a volume of his Series on Women Labourers, but he is now gone to his rest, so I thought I had better no longer bury it in oblivion, and have had a small edition, just to present to and circulate among

my friends in this way. Please lend it among your Friends as thou feels best. I hope I am not intrusive, believing it will be encouraging to some of our dear Friends, who are advancing down the hill of life, as well as instructive to the younger.

Our dear friend, J. F. Marsh, has been lately engaged, accompanied by his H., in sitting in the families of a number of his neighbours at Croydon, both rich and gay and the more straitened and serious minded. Is not this an excellent concern? I can truly say my heart went with him. They have been kindly received by all, and some sweet visits they had. Is not this encouraging? Late in the autumn dear H. M. and I were united together in a similar visit throughout the families of their monthly meeting, in which we were mercifully helped to get a morsel of bread, in endeavouring to do what we believed to be our good Master's will. But oh! it is a trying time for the poor weak labourers; it is no wonder that their bodily frames should be weighed down under the sense of the state of things in our highly favoured, but sadly backsliding Society.

And you have not been without your trials, and truly grievous it is that the enemy should so far prevail as to draw aside those who have been faithful standard-bearers, so as even to render them obnoxious to that very discipline which once they uprightly endeavoured to uphold. Oh! he is the same crooked serpent that ever he was, and where he cannot tempt to improper fear and shrinking, he will to the haste and activity and brittleness of the creature, which can never do the Lord's work, but mars it. But oh, my dear friend, I cannot but believe that those among you who occupy the place of fathers and mothers in your church have cause to look well to *themselves*, whether anything lies at their door in respect to these trying things, whether there has been a faithful cleaving to the pure testimony of truth, and a noble eschewing of all covetousness, of various kinds, whereby a true feeling of the mind of Truth is attained, a true discernment of the precious from the vile given, and an ability received to act accordingly *for* the truth and not *against* it. I trust I shall not be misunderstood in thus expressing my feeling on what has greatly exercised my mind often, in this quiet spot.

I have greatly enjoyed, with fresh instruction, Joseph Pike's life, this winter. How strikingly adapted to present times are his two epistles! . . .

I remain, with love, thy sincere friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

4th Month, 1840.

My dear Friends,

I believe I must acknowledge to you that I came away burdened from you yesterday, having much wished for a little quiet after dinner; but the conversation was *so* kept up until I was obliged to leave, and now I do not feel easy without taking up my pen, desiring that in reading what may follow, you will endeavour to gather your minds inward to the faithful witness for God that so you may receive the good that is designed. The language that ran through me at dinner-time, and also at meeting—but it was not to be uttered there—was this passage of scripture, "The Lord's voice crieth to the city, and the man of wisdom will see thy name; hear ye the rod and who hath appointed it." My dear friends, I have tenderly sympathised with you in the recent loss you have sustained, although I was not with you on the day of publicly showing it, believing that "it is a grief" and a keen stroke, especially to dear ——, whose affectionate companion dear —— had been principally the last two years. Oh, may you hear the language of this afflictive rod or stroke, and Him who hath appointed it in love unspeakable and tender mercy to your never-dying souls—for surely all the Lord's strokes and pinching dealings towards us, as well as His more conspicuous blessings, have a voice of love and a speech of instruction in them, and He intends good to us in them—for He doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men. It is of His tender compassion that we are not consumed, that His hand was not laid upon *us*, but He gives *us* a little longer time to prove our love to Him whilst He lays His hand upon a dear companion, to touch us to the heart, and to give us another tender yet powerful call that pierces us as to the quick! Oh, then, that you may be so wise as to see His name, His power, the putting forth of His hand of love, that so you may prove that you hear His rod, His stroke, by obeying His call to seek His favour above all, to give Him your whole heart! David said, "I entreated thy favour with my whole heart; I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies; I made haste, and delayed not to keep thy commandments"—so may the Lord's peace-giving, life-giving favour be your most earnest and heartfelt search, more than any worldly treasure or favour of man; may you now make haste and search into all your ways, yea, beg of the Lord to search you

thoroughly by His pure light, to try your heart by His faithful witness, the word nigh in the heart and mouth, and to lead your feet and incline your heart unto the testimonies of His blessed Spirit that calls and testifies to you there in the secret of your heart; and then when you hear, oh delay not, shrink not, fear not to keep all His holy commands, and to attend to all His restraints, for durable riches and a crown of glory will He then give you!

And, my dear sisters, I believe I must tell you faithfully how surprised and grieved I was to see you apparently so soon forget your loss and the awful sight which you witnessed so recently! I fear lest you should in any wise be endeavouring to drive off reflection and to divert from serious feeling. Oh, my dear sisters, and brothers too, rather than this should be the case, how do I long that you may yield to that power that visits you, that brings seriousness over your minds, yea, that would check the vacant laugh or the light conversation that has a tendency to draw you away from a sense of the Divine presence. Oh, cherish the tendering impressions of your heavenly Father's love, that so you may reap the benefit indeed which He intends in this afflictive stroke, otherwise you may render it necessary for Him to stretch out His hand still!

With true love, I remain, &c.,

L. A. Barclay.

To R. R.

Reigate, 25th of 4th Month, 1840.

. . . Well, *I do* trust that I love dearly the true-hearted, faithful brethren, if this be a mark of having some degree of life; and whether these have opportunity of outward intercourse or no, they are as lively epistles written in one another's hearts; tending to one another's comfort and strengthening, and speaking forth the praises of Him whose grace hath made them what they are, and daily upholds and preserves them, though now (as formerly was the experience of the faithful), for the Lord's season, if need be, they may be in heaviness through manifold afflictions and temptations for the trial of their faith, chiefly from the sight and sense given them of what the Lord requires of those who profess His blessed truth. And how far—how *very* far—behind the professors thereof are in coming up faithfully according to the pure testimony of His Spirit! And when I have looked at some of us who thus go mourning on

our way, having often sackcloth as on our loins, out of sight (except, perhaps, disclosed to a few *who can understand* our speech), I have felt an exercise on my mind, and a desire that, in the midst of mourning, we may "remember the days of old," meditate on all the Lord's wonderful and gracious works, even on the mightiness of His power, and therefore stretch forth our hands unto Him, thirsting for Him as a thirsty land, waiting for His counsel, for His humbling, for His strengthening unto all patience and faithfulness to the very end. Oh, may we increasingly lean on Him without anxiety, for it is His work, and He will take care of His own dear Church, and He will keep her true children as the apple of the eye. Oh! the preciousness, the peaceful quietude, yea, the powerfulness of that state of unity with the Divine will, when the true worship, the true amen rules over all the trials and tribulations, so that nothing is a surprisal, nothing too hard, yet the language of heavenly love is breathed, "Gather them if it please thee, O most Mighty." May I be brought more and more into this state by *any* means, is the earnest desire of my soul. I rejoice with thee in believing that the blessed truth shall prevail over all error, light over darkness, life over death, as there is a keeping close to Him who hath all power, yea, who is of power to thoroughly purify the daughter of Zion, even to purge away all her *reprobate silver*, as well as her tin and her dross. And in seasons of such solemn yet joyful contemplation, how do praises fill, yea, resound from the temple of the heart unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto His dear Lamb that washeth and taketh away the sin of the faithful!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

5th Month, 1840.

MY DEAR ——,

I believe I had best acknowledge that a feeling of earnest and affectionate solicitude has attended my mind, on your behalf, for several months past, which I have not known how to throw off, and now last evening, as we sat up stairs after tea, it seemed afresh to revive with strength, so that it seemed to me best to endeavour to relieve my mind in this way. I have looked upon these two affecting circumstances which have occurred within a week's time in our little meeting, as solemn warnings for you (as well as others), whilst endeavouring to be diligent in business, and to "provide things honest

in the sight of all men," to be also "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," and thus to prepare to meet your God, whether His summons be sent suddenly or not. It is not from a desire to be forward in giving advice, or to be intermeddling in other men's matters, but from the view of the awful station in which I stand (most unworthily, I know) as a steward, and the need to be faithful therein, in order that I may be clear of the blood of all, that I venture to acknowledge that I have long, especially since your increase of business lately, felt earnestly solicitous (as if it were my own self) that you might be so *deeply* sensible of the *responsibility* of your present circumstances, as that you might be scrupulously anxious that all your expenses and way of living, the bringing up of your children, and your whole ideas may be brought and kept in the closest manner, that there might be an abstaining from even every appearance of evil, that is from the desire of an appearance which you cannot call consistent with a borrowed capital. I would not wound, my dear friends, I assure you my heart would be tried to do so, for I have deeply and very *tenderly* sympathised with you under your many trials—but I have a *very* high sense of the importance and responsibility of borrowing, and I do believe the danger is very great of the mind, by use, losing this high sense and this tenderness of feeling on this subject, unless the avenues thereto are closely guarded; and thus persons are apt to get almost imperceptibly into the use of many things which might be spared, and out of that *scrupulous* economy which would be desirable; and thus difficulties may grow and impure methods be resorted to, which may bring reproach on the blessed cause of truth which we profess, and discomfort and pain to others around, as in poor ——'s case.

But, my dear friends, if you mind and consult the Spirit of truth, the faithful witness for God in the secret of every one of our hearts, then you will not fail to be continually kept in this high sense and tender feeling I have described; you will be led into scrupulous economy and self-denial in all things, in order that you may be just and honest towards all, both "in the *sight of the Lord* and in the sight of men;" and whilst engaged to be diligent and "not slothful in business," you will be preserved "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord" with your whole heart and with your whole soul, doing all things as to Him and not to men, to gain their favour and to make a fair show in the flesh, but eyeing the Lord at all times with *grateful*, *faithful* hearts; for *truly how* has He brought you up as from a pit of distress! and has He not promised that if you would mind His warning

call, and yield to His hand of power that has touched you again and again, that then He would bless you again. But oh, my dear friends, let Him bring you down in yourselves and break you to pieces, and then you will be made up again tender, and faithful, and grateful, and just, and humble; and, walking in His fear and in His counsel and might, your example will shine as a light, you will gather others to His blessed truth instead of scattering in *any* wise, and you will, through His mercy and love in Christ Jesus, be prepared to obey His awful summons whenever served, to give an account of your stewardship, to your own unspeakable and everlasting peace, and the glory of God most high!

I hope you will read this in the fear of the Lord, and then I know you will feel the love which constrains me to write it, and I trust you will receive it in that love, and then we shall be melted together in humble gratitude before Him who causes us to love one another, and to give and receive a word of faithful and affectionate warning.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To H. M.

Leamington, 3rd of 6th Month, 1840.

. . . I know —— feels what the Dr says of me, but thou knowest, dear H., this is nothing new to me, and all my desire is to be mercifully preparing for the summons to a much better home and heavenly country, where I have often longed to be, and latterly at some favoured seasons have been permitted, in adorable goodness and condescension, to feel an unspeakably precious union and fellowship with the just of many generations, even, as it were, an union with their song.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Reigate, 22nd of 6th Month, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I do not like to wait longer than a convenient opportunity without at least beginning a letter to thee, to show thee that it is not *out of sight, out of mind* with me; nay, I have often mentally visited thee in thy comparatively solitary situation, and cannot but trust and believe that though trials and depressing seasons may greatly

abound, yet that heavenly consolation and help is also mercifully extended, yea, abounds sufficiently for thee, although thou mayest at seasons think hardly so, or be hardly sensible thereof as thou couldst wish. This reminds me of a sweet verse in J. Fisher's Diary:—

"Not to my *wish*, but to my *want*,
Do thou thy gifts supply;
Unasked, what good thou knowest, grant,
What ill, though asked, deny."

Oh! the sweet leaning of the child-like nature upon its Father, which brings down the blessing of preservation—the blessing of all things working together for good! And this reminds me of a sweet instructive expression in a letter which I saw lately of dear ——'s to a Friend, where, after alluding to the decease of my dear brother John, and speaking of Him who is able to raise up others to supply the places of those He removes from the militant Church to the Church triumphant in heaven, he goes on somewhat in this way—"and whether He sees good to suffer His Church below to be driven again into the wilderness for a time, or whether He will not *altogether*, becomes not so much matter of importance to His servants, and to His handmaidens, as to be found doing *no more nor less* than He requires at their hands." How excellent is this, how does it show the faithful, patient, humble leaning of the true servant and handmaid, on Him who hath all power, whose work it is and who will ever take care of His own dear Church.

In ——'s letter, he acknowledges a fear to withhold what has been the fruit of deep bought and valuable experience; at the same time *expatiates* on the need of bearing with and yielding to one another, where there is a difference of sentiment even in the highest matters. Such is human weakness both spiritually and rationally, that we cannot see eye to eye, &c. I told him in answer that I united with his remarks to *a certain extent;* that we have need to get down deep away from creaturely reasoning, and expediency and fear, as well as from creaturely zeal and activity, and there to endeavour to feel what is consistent with the mind of truth, what tends to advance the blessed truth, and what would be likely to hinder or lessen the testimony thereof, and that if this be the case with certain individuals who are endeavouring to arrive at a true judgment, I believe, though they may be of various growths and temperaments, and not see exactly eye to eye in everything, yet that they will see *similarly*, for they will all see as with the eye of truth, and if there should be one of them

that sees totally oppositely, there will be a willingness to bear and yield, in so far as this; a waiting and seeking still further to be clear as to the sense or mind of truth—if *that* sense be according to the view of the one, then let all yield to that, but if it be according to the view of the many, then let their view stand. . . . This sentiment of ——, seemed to me to savour of modern ideas that are so prevalent amongst us, which under a plea of forbearance and charity, lead to shrinking and winking at wrong things, and would do away with simple faithfulness, and an honest, yet humble pleading for truth, and I thought too it *trenched* upon the *sufficiency* of Divine guidance under the plausible cover of a modest fear. . . .

With dear love, I remain thy friend sincerely,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

21*st of* 7*th Month*, 1840.

Thine to me was comforting. We understand one another's speech, and can enter into sisterly feeling one with another; and this is strengthening. We enjoyed the beautiful ride to —— much; we could get no beds anywhere there, the town being full of soldiers, and hardly any room to get our tea in. However, we went to the select meeting. It was a fearful time to thy poor weak friend, but I was mercifully enabled to cast off my burden by reminding Friends of ——'s communication at the select yearly meeting, and signifying how I had felt exercised under a belief that it was applicable to some, and that in consequence harm had arisen to some of our beloved youth, who had got thereby to desire and admire fine eloquent speeches, that were mere sound without substance; and even I feared to the going to hear such orators in their chapels—that we must look and see what we were about, for that if we opened the door but an inch, our young folks would push it wide open, and then we should find a difficulty to bring it to again, &c.

The meeting next morning was exercising, by reason of the waters being muddled by a mixture, but our dear friends, —— and ——, were instrumental to the clearance again. . . .

Went on First day to —— meeting, according to the pointing in my mind. I felt it a sweet and strengthening time to me in much silence. After a long time, dear —— supplicated sweetly (and strikingly to my mind) that what we might have communicated

might be humbly received, and sink deep, &c. Afterwards —— had a few words, but my time was not fully come. I trust I was preserved in patient, humble waiting till after the epistle was read—and whilst it was reading, the fire waxed hotter and hotter, and it seemed shown me that I must stand up pretty soon after it (lest they might break up the meeting), and remain a little time in silence till my tongue was loosed; and my good Master gave me faith and made me obedient, and enabled me to relieve my mind fully to the young people on going to other places of worship, and on the proper state of mind in worship, in which they should attend our own meetings, &c.

Oh, the great and gracious condescension to such a poor worm of the earth. May I never refuse to obey so good a Master in the least thing again! I should not have entered so into particulars, which may even savour of boasting, but I thought it would encourage thee too, dear, to lean upon His good and mighty arm, who can make way for His poor little ones where they can see none, and out of weakness make them strong in His might. Glory to His name for ever, who only is worthy to be faithfully served, humbly worshipped, entirely trusted in, and livingly praised!

L. A. Barclay.

To ——.

7th Month, 1840.

My dear young Friend,

The sight of thy circulars has revived a feeling of concern on thy account, which attended my mind last second day, in hearing that thou intended adding jewellery to thy stock; and I can hardly do otherwise than, in the sincerity of true love and affectionate solicitude for thy best welfare, express my earnest desire that thou mayest now, on thy first setting out in business, *ponder* the path of thy feet, even seeking after Divine counsel to direct thy movements and bound thy inclinations; thus shall all thy ways be ordered aright in the Divine fear, and thy goings be established in the Divine peace and blessing. I know thou hast been engaged in a business where the Friend had jewellery, and the mind often by habit loses its susceptibility of the pure testimony of truth, and becomes accustomed gradually to what the Spirit of truth would really testify against; and then it is very natural, on beginning a business, to fear that unless we accommodate our stock to others' views, we shall be in danger of losing some profit—and thus by giving way in little things,

dimness of sight and weakness of hands creeps almost imperceptibly over us, so that we may be ready to answer that we do not see any objection to this or that, or do not feel this or that required of us. But, my dear brother, this is a temptation of the enemy to rob us of that purity of sight and feeling, and strength of action and example, which would contribute to our own great peace, the help of others around, and the glory of God; and this enemy will bring many plausible reasons to effect his purpose, but he was a liar from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, don't thou hearken to him nor be his servant, but follow the testimony of the Spirit of Christ in the secret of thy heart; and if thou art but simple and resigned enough, He will give thee to see where thou shouldst draw the line between what is useful and what is merely ornamental for the decking out these poor bodies to please the vain mind. It is best to begin well, for it is harder work afterwards to alter—and I feel it a serious thing for a member of our highly professing Society to open a fresh business in our town, and it behoves such to look well to the example or testimony they are setting before their neighbours, for we are very narrowly looked at by others, who know what we ought to be (even lights in the world), and believe that a consistent faithful walk is the way to get respect and credit amongst all around us, and will be a means of gathering others to Christ the truth, instead of scattering from Him and serving the enemy, which a contrary conduct will do. And so, my dear friend, as a faithful elder sister, I would beg of thee not to be hasty in anything, but to covet and seek after the inward pointings of truth, and not shrink from them in this matter, and then let nothing hinder thee from going simply and *nobly* forward, fearing nothing, and heeding not what others say or how they do, and then I believe thou wilt reap the hundred-fold for any little sacrifice thou mayest make, even in this life, and be blessed of Him who can (thou well knowest) bless the little, where there is a humble trust in a faithful walk before Him, and who can also blast the much, where there is a yielding to our own understanding, fear, or inclinations. Oh, mayest thou indeed, by a faithful humble walk, come up to the help of the Lord's cause in our little town and meeting; so wilt thou be a strength, and comfort, and joy, to the exercised minds amongst us, instead of any grief, and, dear ——, verily thou shalt be fed, be abundantly blessed here, and have an enduring treasure hereafter in heaven.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To J. G. S.

3rd of 9th Month, 1840.

My dear young Friend,

Thy aunt kindly let me see a part of a letter of thine, describing thy appearing before an *earthly* judge, which interested me much, and, I may say, melted my heart under a sense of the Lord's goodness to one of His dear visited children, in taking away the fear of man, and enabling to stand firm to the pure testimony of the unchangeable truth. Oh! may we increasingly, in the feeling of His love and tender goodness, yield up our hearts wholly unto Him, that He may lead us about, and instruct us, and subject us under whatever He may be pleased to require at our hands or to restrain us from. Oh! how precious are these dealings and workings of His; His "works" of grace as well as of creation (Ps. cxi.) truly "are great," past finding out or comprehending by the natural, unregenerate man; but wonderful and precious, and as such "sought out," continually observed, and yielded unto by the humble, meek ones, who, indeed, "have pleasure therein." To these He will show the power thereof, and overcome all their enemies—these experience that He is "gracious and full of compassion," that He is near to support, to "give meat unto them that fear Him," and that He will ever be "mindful of His covenant," that "His commandments are sure" and safe, and "stand fast for ever," yea, that the work of His grace is honourable and glorious, bringing redemption unto His people that yield unto Him, making them truly honourable and crowning them with glory. Oh! then, let us cast ourselves as into the hand of His power or grace, that He may break us to pieces continually in ourselves, and bring us to nothing as to our own willings, runnings, or devices—that He may mould us as He will, and raise up His own pure life into dominion over all, and thereby prepare our hearts as an habitation for His holiness.

God setteth the solitary in families, and He biddeth such to remember Abraham, the father of the faithful—"for I called Him *alone*, and blessed and increased him;" so, my dear brother, if thou art careful to walk in the footsteps of faithful Abraham, thou mayest be instrumental to gather families unto the Lord, even in that apparently desolate and benighted spot—for faithfulness leads to fruitfulness. Oh! it doth spread a sweet savour and a substantial life all around, whereby many may be helped and the Lord glorified, even

though it be in the midst of fiery trials. (Is. xxiv. 15.) Therefore faint not, neither let in discouragement, because thou hast no outward helper; for the Lord thus proves thee in tender love, that thou mayest look to none or lean on none but Him alone, who is all-sufficient to make the weak strong, and a little one as a strong nation, and a feeble one as David valiant for the truth, even to run through a troop of fears and to leap over a wall of difficulties, and to stand firm upon the Rock of Ages, and to know the goings established in the unchangeable truth, and the new song of praise put into the mouth, unto Him the strength and Redeemer. The present is not a time to look out to any for help or example; for all are not Jews that say they are or appear to be—all are not so united by subjection to Christ the blessed truth (even knowing Him in their inward parts) as to have the mind of truth, and so to be preserved from doing anything against the truth. (2 Cor. xiii. 8.) These not being faithful to the true light which shineth in the secret of the heart, however plausible they may appear, are but in the twilight, and cannot stand up for nor uphold the pure dispensation of the Gospel, which is that of the Son in Spirit, therefore they are not trusty waymarks. Oh, then, the need for us to dwell deep, to be frequent and fervent in an inward exercise, and waiting before the Lord in the silence of all flesh! It is here that the faithful of all ages have had their strength renewed and vision cleared; it is here that a true knowledge of ourselves is given—and we can never too well know our own weakness, and nothingness, and natural vileness, and the more we know of ourselves the better we shall be able to feel and discern others; and here it is, in this lowly, humble, patient state, that the Lord delights to reveal of the mysteries of His kingdom, to ordain strength and to perfect His praise, even out of the mouths of His babes and sucklings. Therefore may we, my dear friend, increasingly gather into this quiet habitation and place of true prayer, keeping out of all our own willings, and runnings, and haste, and then the blessed Spirit of Christ will arise and give a clear testimony and a certain evidence of its own self, and as we join in with the lowly appearance thereof, in the obedience of the true faith, it will give not only strength but seal peace to the obedient.

Farewell. With sincere desires for thy, as for my own, preservation in faithfulness, watchfulness, and deep humility, I remain, &c.,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To H. M.

Margate, 19*th of* 9*th Month*, 1840.

My dear H.,

Having an hour's leisure at C. W.'s where I lodge, I thought I would begin, if not able to finish a letter to thee. I hope, my dear friends, you have thought of me hereaway, and breathed for my help and preservation, for no one I think has greater need of the prayers of the faithful, and no one could have come out more poor, and empty, and blind, and stripped, on such an errand! Thou wouldst hear we stopped a few hours at Croydon, and were refreshed by thy husband's kindness and company. We proceeded to London in the afternoon, and called on J. and M. Peirson for an hour before tea, which we took at J. Burtt's, and lodged there. It was affecting to see poor —— come in, and it brought humbling instruction to my mind. . . . J. B. saw me into the Folkestone coach. I had a painful ride to Ashford, as relates to the poor body, but, through favour, was helped in mind, which having been stripped and brought low, was now clothed, as it were, with exercise towards the dear Kentish Friends, as I drew near them outwardly.

Dear H., it was the "cottage of peace and content" I went to, and felt it a comfortable resting place; dear Letitia Hagger, like a dear sister, so kind and tender. The two meetings at Ashford were times of exercise and relief to me; I could truly say I had been or "was brought low, and the Lord helped me." The time between meetings I passed quietly with L. H., and went to tea at E. J.'s; had a little time with her, and also with her little boy and with the young man in the shop next morning, as well as opportunities with dear L. H. and her little maid, so my time was closely filled up there. On second day I went on with other Friends to Folkstone. The select meeting was truly an exercising time to me, as well as the meeting next morning, but, through merciful help, I was enabled to relieve my mind, though in a humbling way to the creature—the latter was much more relieving than the select meeting. I do hope I did no harm, although it was hard work to utter close things, especially to elders—but it is the Master's favour we must seek for, in just handing what we believe He gives us—no more and no less. I think I generally come shortly off rather than go beyond, but it is more safe. It was a large quarterly meeting and many visitors. Elizabeth Beck (who was acceptable in the second meeting) and her son Thomas

Beck (who was engaged in testimony and supplication) were there; the line of the ministry was very much in accordance with my exercise, which was an encouragement to me, and cause of humble gratitude to Him who gives power to those who feel they have no might of their own. On fourth day morning I had sittings with several Friends, and after dinner went on to Canterbury; next morning was at their meeting, where there were several attenders, and had sittings with —— and ——; and after dinner came on here with S. D. as my kind guide. Meeting here yesterday was very exercising, several strangers, . . . but endeavoured to do as well as I knew how. I am to go to Dover this afternoon, and I suppose to Maidstone on third or fifth day next, and I rather expect to attend that meeting on First day week, in the morning, and Rochester in the afternoon, which would I suppose finish what I have before me. It seems desirable to attend both those meetings on First day, otherwise I should not prefer doing so. And now, dear, I have given thee a very particular account, if not a selfish one, but I knew thou wouldst like to hear all. I have had a long and interesting letter from dear A. Cruickshank, giving account of many acceptable public meetings held by —— and —— in Scotland, which rejoices my very heart. I do trust there will be a gathering to the true Shiloh thereaway, though we may not live to see it, and a great people come forth to praise the Lord!

Farewell, my beloved friend. I have been quite favoured as to health ever since being actually on service; what a kind good Master! may I hold nothing back! Continue to breathe for my preservation, and believe me thy very affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To A. and E. R.

10*th Month*, 1840.

The remembrance of you is very fresh to me. I do indeed feel much for you in what must be a solitary situation, now that your dear earthly parent is removed from you, who was such a stay and sweet savour in the meeting. But oh, my dear friends, let us hold on our way, however solitary, and not cast away our confidence, which hath great recompense of reward—the power of the Lord is over all, is able to overcome all weaknesses and disease, fears and foes. Oh! how many, and lively, and strong are the foes of our own houses or hearts; they are like the goods of the strong man

armed, of various kinds in strength and beauty apparently; but the Lord's power is able to turn them all out, and to cleanse and sanctify the heart, to anoint it, to fill it with beautiful offerings and a cloud of incense! So don't let us faint, nor yet fear, but increasingly yield up unto His power, who is able to do this both in ourselves and others, individually as well as in our little gatherings or churches. I think He has said, after promising every mercy, that He will be sought unto, as to His people formerly; that He would yet for all this be inquired of by them to do it—so let us be very frequent and deep in an inward exercise of mind before Him, craving that He would be with us in the way that we go, baptise, strengthen, and anoint us from day to day, that we may be confirmed in our faith, and strengthened in faithfulness to bear a living testimony for Him in our little day and generation. Thus shall we know our lamps to be brightly burning, and our loins to be girded afresh, even from day to day, with the truth, and then shall we be ready at what hour our good Lord may come. And blessed shall that servant be whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find doing as He bids him. Oh, we shall have nothing to spare, so we have need to lose no time, even in the approaching evening of life, as it were, to bring in all the tithes, even the small tithes, into the treasury. Oh, we must not, how can we, withhold anything from so good a Master, who is so willing to pass over and condescend to our great weakness, is so very tender towards us, and ready to hold out a hand of gracious help at all times of need—yea, He still saith, I, even I, am He that comforteth you, who art thou that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and forgettest the Lord thy maker, who divided the sea (oh, has He not done it often?), whose waves roared, that made the depths a way for the ransomed to pass over. And He is mighty on the behalf of those who fear Him, and yield to His redeeming arm of power, and He will bring them even with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy upon their heads, and they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Then let us lift up our heads in hope, and humble trust in His divine guidance; let us lift up our hearts in simplicity of resignation, and holy subjection to His blessed will, and then will He not preserve us, establish the work of our hands upon us, even in His peace and blessing, that it shall not be in vain in the Lord, but tend to His glory. I feel much for you; I believe He will not fail or forsake you, who is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

L. A. Barclay.

To J. F. M.

Reigate, 6th of 10th Month, 1840

As our monthly meeting draws on, it brings *renewed exercise* with it. I hope to be shown what to do and what to leave undone, to be strengthened with faith though my outward man be weak. You will feel for me. There is nothing too hard for the good Master, and surely I can hold nothing back from Him who has hitherto helped and dealt very tenderly with me. I desire to trust all to Him, body and spirit, and to be wholly given up, for it is very uncertain if I see another year.

L. A. BARCLAY.

TO THE SAME.

Reigate, 22nd of 10th Month, 1840.

Thy kind letter was very welcome—the brotherly encouragement it contained was truly acceptable and cheering, for thou knowest at such times we have many low seasons and deep plunges. We were favoured greatly at our monthly meeting by a precious covering of heavenly good; and at the conference I returned my minute for Kent, and asked for another to visit, in Gospel love, our dear young friends of Brighton meeting, and such other service within that monthly meeting as I might feel required. There were several sweet expressions of sympathy and unity (as I was told after), and I was liberated for the work. Nature shrinks from turning out again at this season and in such weakly health—my cough still hangs on me;—yet, blessed be the Lord, I have a little grain of faith, that as my day is so will be His strength all-sufficient, if I do but yield to His good and tender hand. Crave for me that I may be so helped and preserved from doing any harm. I remember this is your monthly meeting at C——; hope you have had a good meeting.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To H. M.

Reigate, 30th of 11th Month, 1840.

I have indeed great cause to look back with humble gratitude to Him who graciously condescended to be near me in my many low seasons and times of extremity, and sent me help from His sanctuary, and strengthened me out of Zion, in His unspeakable goodness

and tender pity. Ah, it is indeed of His tender compassion and mercy that we yet live and have hope towards Him, and that we are any moment and every moment kept not only from slipping but from downright evil. And I desire now, in returning to my peaceful home, to be ever kept in this lowly and dependent state, and that I may from day to day seek after His humbling, His renewing, His quickening power upon my spirit, that so all may be kept fresh and savoury, and that there may be a growth known from one degree of grace to another—a being continually renewed in the heavenly knowledge (which is life) as well as preserved in it.

I had near forty sittings at Brighton, beginning with young men at shops; then went to the monthly meeting at Chichester, and staid First day there, sitting with all their (few) members; afterwards to Lewes, and had a few sittings there—the *Brighton* children at the school,—attended their meeting, and then to Brighton meeting last fifth day to finish.

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Reigate, 5th of 11th Month, 1840.

My dear Friend,

. . . I think it is good for fellow-feelers and fellow-sufferers to commune as it were by the way often together; and though such communications may often be of a sad or mournful cast, if they be but in the Divine fear, and in remembrance of His mighty power, which is over all weaknesses, and all trials, and all the powers of darkness, I believe there will be a little gathering of strength by the way, a little lifting up of the heart in renewal of humble trust and confiding hope, of fervent love and fruitful dedication, yea, and of heartfelt, grateful praise unto Him whose tender mercies and tender care are over all His works, but especially over His sincere, upright-hearted ones, however poor and needy, despised and tried!

Ah, my dear friend, in thinking of thy letter, and of thy communications in affectionate freedom to me, I am struck with the feeling that the Lord knoweth best what is good for us, and all His dealings and permissions towards us, however pinching and proving to nature, are intended for our good, in tender love, and not to grieve us. Oh, then, may we increasingly yield up ourselves into His tender good hand, suffer Him to lead us about and instruct us in all things, and never grow weary or repine, then will that nature in us be gradually

starved and worn out which He would have to die in us, and His own pure life will be raised up in dominion over all, in which we shall be enabled to hope all things and endure all things even to the end. It is often very instructive to me to watch His different dealings with different individuals and instruments; and I have great pleasure as well as instruction in thus seeking out and marking His great works of grace. He knows best how and when the fruit-bearing branches require pruning, and He varies the turnings of His tender hand to each of their temperaments, according to what they require for a vigorous and healthy and fruitful growth. Oh, then, that we may not start aside, nor yet sink under these various operations, but endeavour, as it were, to drink in all the good designed, that we may increasingly bring forth sound, well-seasoned, and well-flavoured fruit, to the praise and glory of the great and good Husbandman.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Reigate, 6th of 12th Month, 1840.

. . . Ah! my dear friend, I have seen, as I have thought, a great snare to our ministers and to our dear young people in the free, familiar, and even light manner and conversation which has of late years sprang up amongst us, with the view of being attractive and pleasant to our young people, "and as such are not fully given up." Instead of ministers and elders being a reproof to what is of an evil tendency (that is, what *springs from* the vain mind or the worldly spirit, and pleases it in others) by their weightiness of spirit and inwardness, they are too generally shaking hands, as it were, with these things, or with the dear youth in their unfaithfulness or shortcoming up to what truth would ever lead into, instead of helping them up to a higher state. For I do believe there is a faithful witness in the hearts even of dear children, which causes them to admire a faithful consistent walk, and that they will feel the evil kept down, and the good strengthened, in being with such weighty characters, although nature may kick against the restraint. Nevertheless, do not mistake me; I believe this weightiness will never bring gloominess, but will give an innocent cheerfulness. If thou looks at pages 71, 72, and 73 of M. Peisley's life, thou wilt see how she felt, and this is what I have earnestly coveted after these twenty-one years, but, alas! how far behind am I. I assure thee, I much more often

feel that my freeness and openness is cause for mourning, than the opposite condition of silence and reserve; nay, how *many* times have I longed for the silence and reserve that characterised me when *I first saw* thee in 1821, lest I might draw any, like Absalom, from their true King! Let me be vile and weak that He may be exalted and loved above all! Crave for me that I may be increasingly made and kept faithful, watchful, and humble in the Divine sight, abiding in the true Vine, receiving daily fresh sap or life from Him, that so there may be a continual freshness and fruit found to the praise of the great Husbandman, as well as a true oneness (in the true unity) with all the living branches in Him.

Farewell. With much love, I remain thy friend sincerely,

L. A. Barclay.

To L. C.

Reigate, 29*th of* 12*th Month*, 1840.

My dear Friend,

I do not like thy kind letter of the 10th should go long unanswered. I am pleased by thine to find thy health is favoured to hold up, and that thou art in the salutary practice of a regular walk daily as a means to retain so great a blessing. No doubt the constitution is braced by the frost, although we do hear of divers dear elderly and delicate ones being removed by death, as is generally the case in the extreme seasons of heat or cold, but no doubt it is all ordered in wisdom and love, the righteous (or upright) are taken away from the evil to come, and we that are allowed to remain a little longer, are afresh warned and exhorted thereby to be diligent and watchful, and to arise and trim our lamps afresh—even that we may again and again yield to the Lord's trimming, and emptying, and cleansing hand of power, and seek to be renewed and filled with His heavenly oil, that the light that He bestows upon us may shine clearly and brightly to all around us, to His glory and the gathering of others under the precious influence thereof.

Thou kindly asks me about my visit at Brighton. Through condescending goodness I was helped to relieve my mind of the burden I had felt in going from house to house, and in some cases visiting our dear younger Friends individually in their families. I need not to thee say it was truly a weighty and exercising service and deeply humbling to the creature, often being led in a close way and foolish looking; no doubt,

feeling after every word. If the good in any has been a little helped up, I am sure the glory belongs only to Him from whom the ability came, and if I might but be preserved from bringing the least reproach on the precious cause, what a favour it will be! for oh, how great is the encompassing weakness; it is a wondrous mercy that we are kept any moment, and every moment, from slipping and from evil! Grace! grace! we may and must say continually. I felt much exercised on the subject of the essay meetings and also the fancy work that has crept in so much amongst us, and had to press upon them to search and try all their ways by the unerring light of Christ, all that they put their hands unto or employ their time in; for that the enemy of their souls' true peace might lead them, with apparently very good and plausible motives, into things whereby the wisdom, and activity, the vanity and pride of the creature would be greatly fostered, yea, excited, which ought to be crucified and brought to nothing! Alas! dear Lydia, how is the man's part nourished and strengthened by the sort of education and bringing up of children that is now in vogue amongst Friends; we are sadly apostatised! I was at Chichester sitting in their families, also in a few at Lewes. My health was wonderfully preserved, and, through favour, I came home stronger than I went. . . . May the Lord help and keep His poor worm living, and unto the very end! . . .

Thy sincere and affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To A. R.

12*th Month*, 1840.

Whilst at B—— I felt constrained to press upon the dear young people to search and try *all their ways* by the unerring light of Christ, all that they put their hands unto or employed their time in, lest they should in any degree be led, with an apparently good and plausible motive, into such things as might excite the creaturely activity or wisdom, or please the vain mind, or promote the worldly spirit either in themselves or others; all of which ought to be mortified or subdued and brought to nothing. I spoke on the subject of the essay meetings. I was sorry to find these essays are encouraged in our schools, whether public or private. Alas! how is self (or the man's part, as I. P. says) fostered by these things; but few see it to be so, nor the consequences. Ah, the Spirit of Christ must regulate all our affections, and desires, and good feelings, as well as curb the

bad. I fear with some dear friends there is too much of an entwining about one another, and living like parasitical plants upon the life of others, instead of having a good root and bottom themselves, and something of a living upon the love and sympathy and tender feeling of others; but anything that draws us away from an inward dwelling and feeling, yea, and an inward dying, is dangerous, however *much* it may look as if it would strengthen and nourish the right thing—it may only foster a sickly growth that does not promote *full*-flavoured and rightly-seasoned fruit, nor yet such firmness in the Root as may bear the stormy, proving wind.

I felt thy kind expressions very grateful; surely I above all others need the prayers of the faithful. If I might but have been preserved from bringing the least reproach on the cause of truth, what a favour it would be! but many and deep are often my plungings in returning home on these occasions. I know that constant sunshine is not good, and baptisms even unto death are necessary to cleanse and to prepare for what further may be required. Oh! saith my soul, that patience may have her thorough work, that nothing may be lacking that may tend to the glory of the Creator, or to the utter abasement and entire purification of the creature.

L. A. Barclay.

To A. R.

1*st Month*, 1841.

. . . The account of the dear soldier really seemed to do me good in the midst of a low season. It was indeed cheering to hear of good springing up in the heart of the dear youth, and a willingness to take up the cross, and despise the shame that attends a confession of the truth. I could not but think how it would have gladdened the heart of my dear brother, who rejoiced in the spreading of truth, through suffering, even through tribulation and, as it were, the blood of the martyrs or witnesses. I have thought that similar would have been your dear father's feelings (whose memory is blessed). But these dear departed spirits do join with us below when permitted thus to praise the Lord in our hearts, only after a more heavenly and purified sort, even in the angelic chorus. Our thoughts and desires are often directed towards the dear youth, craving that he may be preserved firm and stedfast in the faith and patience of the saints, and then I have no doubt that whatever he has suffered, and however trying

to nature, that it will tend to the glory of the Lord and the spreading of His excellent truth. There is danger of taking such, as it were, out of the Lord's good hand that would lead them gently on, and be their all-sufficient support and comfort. Much notice has drawn them out of that deep exercise and lowly abiding, which would have worked to their greater deepening and more true and safe growth. I feel tenderly for such, and know that the word of encouragement and counsel may often be very helpful to them and necessary at times. How surely, and wisely, and excellently will truth guide us, even to an hair's breadth, as to our steppings towards them, or the puttings forth of our hands to the support of the testimonies thereof, if our eye is but single enough, and our heart simple enough, in looking for and minding the sweet gentle pointings thereof in the secret of our hearts, even leading to the denial and humiliation of self in all its twinings. I am fearful lest anything of nature creep up in me. Oh, how necessary then to watch both sides, lest it should prompt or lest it should hinder and dismay! I am often ready to conclude I can no more put my hand to such awful work, yet I know the Lord's power is sufficient to preserve as well as to strengthen. May we increasingly yield to it, and then all will be well to the end.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To R. B.

4th Month, 1841

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In looking back to thy late visit to us, my mind seems to be arrested at our conversation on the death scenes of some of our younger Friends, whose lives had to us appeared more to be marked for following their own inclinations than for subjection to the crucifying power of truth. I have sometimes thought that, on these occasions, expressions indicative of sweetness or comfort are much spoken of and come abroad, while the previous deep sense and humbling view of many former shortcomings or backslidings, and the passing through the judgments of the Lord therefore, whereby redeeming is known, and the purifying of the blood of Christ is rightly felt, is often kept hid in the bosom of the dear invalid, or not made known by the relations, lest it should have a gloomy or discouraging effect. On the other hand, we know how easy it is for some to be buoyed up and buoying themselves up in a false hope and

ease, and this may be carried on to a very late period! At the same time, we also know the tender goodness of the Lord, who can at a very late hour so touch, and melt, and subject the soul, can so shine in the heart and enlighten to see His glory, as to change by His Spirit even as in a moment. But I believe it is best for us not to dive into these things that are too high for us; we have full enough around us to warn us to "use diligence to make our calling and election sure," by a faithful co-operation with that Divine grace which appears to and visits us for our salvation, and *abundantly* will work in us to will and to do according to the Lord's good pleasure, if we yield thereunto. There is also plenty of encouragement for the humbled and returning penitent not to despair or doubt the Lord's unutterable goodness and almighty power, whose mercy is as His majesty infinite! Oh, then, may we be both warned against in any wise drawing back, lest we should come short of His promised rest, and be encouraged to press forward in the way of known duty, in the belief that we shall not fail to reap if we faint not.

And, dear R., while I have the pen in hand, I would express the sincere desires that I feel for thy best welfare and growth in the truth. Do not be looking too much out at others, lest thou shouldst be either stumbled or led by them improperly. "Every tub must stand on its own bottom," is a true saying. It will not do for us to be leaning on the opinions of others any more than on their help and encouragement. This is not a good foundation; it is but a sort of parasitical life that looks fair and elegant, while the growth and strength of the substantial tree of God's right hand planting is thereby hindered, and eventually the life thereof decays. Let thy attention then be more and more turned inward to mind the piercing, quickening word of life that is nigh in the heart and mouth. Wait for and feel after the gentle secret influences thereof upon thy spirit day by day to humble, cleanse, quicken, and strengthen thee; thus shalt thou know thy spiritual senses by reason of use to wax stronger and stronger—the ear of thy soul to become more and more quick in understanding the dear Master's voice—thy spiritual vision more and more clear to perceive the guidings of His heavenly eye (Ps. xxxii. 8)—thou wilt the more readily be able to smell what savours of God or not—yea, wilt be increasingly permitted to taste the sweetness of His great goodness, and acutely to feel the gentlest touches of His power within to constrain or to restrain. Thus nourished by fresh virtue continually from Him, thy life and beloved, thou wilt be led on gradually and

safely from one degree of growth and fruitfulness to another; and waiting thus on the Lord in the way of His inward judgments, even until judgment dwell in the wilderness and righteousness remain in the fruitful field, thou shalt truly know "the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever," and that God's true-hearted, faithful people do "dwell in a peaceable habitation and in sure dwellings and in quiet resting places," although many are their afflictions, and they have to pass through much tribulation, and the shoutings of their soul are "all of His grace, all of His unutterable grace in Christ Jesus. Glory to Him for ever!"

L. A. BARCLAY.

To A. R.

6th Month, 1841.

I hear —— is gone to Millbank. I hope he will have much time for waiting on Him who has revealed Himself to him in the secret of his heart, and gives him strength to testify against their wicked doings. Ah, here lies his strength, even in waiting for and yielding unto the Lord's power inwardly revealed, and then a prison may be a growing place, a deepening place, and as a palace for the enjoyment of the Lord's presence, the King of kings! May this work for the tendering of many hearts.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To J. B.

Reigate, 6th of 8th Month, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thy kind letter during the yearly meeting I felt truly acceptable, nay, may I not say strengthening too, however poor thou mayest feel thyself, and unworthy to hand even a cup of cold water to a fellow-pilgrim. Ah, my dear friend, we know not sometimes how helpful an acknowledgment of love and unity, or even a mere tender squeeze by the hand showing as much may be; therefore, it is well indeed to yield to little pointings, for the true fellowship is very strengthening, and, alas! there is but too little of it now-a-days, so that the poor exercised ones go bowed down as it were all the day, besides having to bear many wounds to their best life from without,

and many deaths to pass through within, in order for their purification and the slaying (and the keeping slain) of the wrong nature!

Oh! it is comforting, and it seems to give one a little lift on one's way, to receive a salutation from a neighbour as we pass along, that is going towards the same city of abiding habitation and of peace! But how very many imitations are there of all the good things in Zion, even by the enemy of our soul's peace, so that it is hard to trust any, and the fear is great of being mistaken ourselves! But in the pure fear is the true preservation, and in the silence of all that is of the flesh is the true voice heard clearly, and the true feeling is given of what is right and what is wrong, so that I often remember with instruction what one of our ancient worthies said, that when there was more of the true silence and retirement amongst us as a people, there was more of the true knowledge of ourselves, of others, and of God, the true discerning of all things; and it is for want of this inwardness that we have so many young people intruding into things that are too high for them, speaking as if they were grown men in the truth all at once, not knowing themselves or the power of God sufficiently—as well as so many older Friends that have not attained the strength that was designed them, nor that degree of union with the truth, whereby they should be able both to discern others, and to "know what Israel ought to do." Ah, I can well say with thee, "The fathers, the mothers, where are they?" But, dear friend, let us not sink too low in discouragement at the state of things amongst us, a poor backsliding and rebellious people, nor cast away our confidence in that Divine arm that will ever be sufficient for His true-hearted, clean-handed Israel, however small and scattered a remnant they be! I believe these, as they keep close to His Divine gift in the secret of their hearts, will be hid as in the hollow of His holy hand during the shakings and siftings that must come upon us, and will daily seek after and receive His heavenly strengthening to walk faithfully, watchfully, and humbly before Him in their different lots to the end of their day. And oh, saith my soul, that thou and I may be of this happy number. Wherefore, let us take unto us "the whole armour of God, that we may be able to withstand in the evil day;" let us "take heed unto ourselves, watch and pray always that we may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man." And, my dear friend, in order that we may become "strong in the Lord" and for the Lord, even "in the power of His might," I long that we may be more and more faithful in the little that we

do already know and feel of and from Him, and then I believe He will gradually increase our knowledge of Him, our feeling for Him, and our ability to work for and with Him, to our own great peace and the help of the body; for as one member grows all the members partake of and feel that growth and increase of strength.

We had a more quiet and agreeable yearly meeting than usual, and there seems a tender visitation to the youth, and more of a yielding thereto than has been perceptible for some years, which is truly comforting to some of us poor mourners. Still there is much evil underneath that has to be worked out both *to* sight and *out* of sight. Man's wisdom and activity have crept up too much in our meetings, and would be up and doing. While the Divine power is oppressed, there is no *room* for it to humble and move us, and our discipline becomes in consequence much in the form without the power, and fails to do what it was designed to do, to keep the camp clean. But let us have, or seek after, faith and patience, and we shall see that that which is only superficial will be swept away by the torrent, whilst that which is solid and deep beneath the surface, founded on the Rock, will stand the commotion, the tempest! Oh, then, let us labour to get deep in our spirits, feeling all our springs, our strength, and our standing to be in Him, the Rock of Ages, the foundation that remains sure, having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are His." . . .

My health has, through mercy, been greatly strengthened during the last winter and spring—a great favour, and surely deserves returns of unreserved dedication and humble gratitude to the author of all our blessings. But, alas! I fear the health of the better part is dwindling instead of increasing, through letting in the enemy's discouragings, and a want of feeling after the daily sap of life, whereby strength would be received to overcome all obstacles and all weaknesses, and to bring forth the fruit designed and looked for. . . .

Thy sincerely affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To L. H.

Reigate, 29th of 9th Month, 1841.

My dear Friend,

Thou needst not feel ashamed of thyself, I am sure, for I have not thought thee at all negligent. I had heard of thy being in London, and supposed thou hadst come up about the little book.* I

* Memoir of Mary Hagger.

am so pleased to find by thy letter that thou hast been strengthened to go simply forward in it without attending unduly to ——'s reasonings. I say *strengthened*, for I know it is not in man either to direct his own steps aright, or to give himself courage or faith to take those steps. . . . I hope and believe thou wilt have no cause to repent. Thou dost not say whether —— sent to you at Ashford the letter addressed by me to you all three. I feared you would think me very bold, perhaps *impertinent*; but indeed I felt *much* about it, and thought it my duty to do my "very best" (as dear old Thomas Shillitoe used to say) in forwarding so good a work. I long to see it, and should like to take twenty-five copies for myself, and twenty-five for two Friends who are in a little way of shopkeeping. I trust it will give general satisfaction, and I shall endeavour to promote its spreading in my correspondence with my distant Friends. It was truly pleasant to hear a little of your Friends from thy pen. Dear M. Baker! how solitary is her path, as well as that of many others, and thine included, dear L. It is a peculiarly trying time to the exercised on this account, that they are so solitary. But I believe it is in wisdom thus ordered, that they may be driven the more closely and constantly to Him, who is never failing and changeth not! Ah, what a precious consideration is this, that He does not change (as man does so very frequently and tryingly to us!) nor yet does He see as man sees who judges by outward appearance, but looks at the heart! To whom then can we go for such true, and constant, and omnipotent help, as to so unshaken and good a Friend, the Almighty and all-gracious One, who knows what is best for us, as well as all that is in us; will tell us the truth, and most tenderly counsel us; yea, and His tender words of counsel are with power also to follow it, and His sweet peace flows on our yielding to it! How do I long for us who are so solitary, and who do, I humbly trust, feel exercised for the precious cause sake, that we may be more and more diligent, and earnest in waiting on the Lord for His counsel, and strength, and heavenly direction day by day, and more and more firm in keeping to it, and occupying with it, in His holy fear, and the true humility before Him who touches, and draws, and calls us! Never let us mind if we have many seasons of dreary drought and times of proving and suffering; may we be enabled to keep the word of His patience through all trials, and reproaches, and persecutions, for He is faithful who hath promised, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "Fear thou not, for I am with thee!" Let us endeavour to do all

our little best *for the truth*, and watch and pray that we may be preserved from doing any thing *against* the truth; thus, by keeping to the truth, the truth will keep us to the end that crowns all.

I am pleased to hear of ——. I earnestly desire that he may, through humbling repentance and condemnation of his error, find acceptance at last. My love to ——. Oh, that she might seek to elicit this, to fan the little spark of true humbling feeling into a flame, for Zion shall be redeemed through the spirit of judgment and of burning! . . . Dear J. F. M. is gone to York quarterly meeting. His prospect is to visit that county, Lancashire, Derby, and Notts quarterly meetings, with liberty for families, &c. Poor dear M. A. S.! I fear she is sinking in decline. On her account we can but rejoice in her prospect, but for that little church we must mourn, for the exercised labourers are few. She wrote very sweetly. Dear S. Grubb, I suppose you know, is liberated for visiting the quarterly meetings (only) all over the kingdom, and has made a beginning with those of Reading, Gloucester, and Bristol. What an excellent concern! I fear it will be her last, like the winding up of her testimony. . . .

I remain thy affectionate and sincere friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ——.

Reigate, 6th of 10th Month, 1841.

. . . My dear love to ——, and I hope she tries to be very good and helpful to mother, by endeavouring to overcome self and selfish inclinations on all occasions. In proportion as the selfish spirit is driven out of us, so God's good Spirit will come in and dwell with us, and shed *such* sweetness and meekness and peace all around us, it will be like taking us up to heaven or bringing heaven down to us. How happy shall we be then, and so will all who love us and are near to us!

L. A. Barclay.

To H. M.

Reigate, 1st of 11th Month, 1841.

My dear Friend,

Thy kind sisterly epistle I do not like to neglect. It does cheer one up to hear from those who are like-minded in the present hot day of trial and of sore treading down, and, alas! dear H., how few there are who *are* like-minded in most important respects. I am

more and more dismayed to fancy one's self so solitary; one gets continually *baulked*, or rather knocked down, by finding out differences of feeling in those whom one has hitherto imagined were on the ancient side, and which I believe to be no sectarian view or *mere opinions*, but the only sure foundation, viz., a building on the inward revelation of Jesus Christ. Ah! this does not in the least lessen our value for, and enjoyment of the benefit of His outward manifestation and sacrifice—no, it enhances it, and, if I may so say, sanctifies it unto us, appropriates it to us, for if He wash us not by the washing of regeneration, and renew us by His Holy Spirit, we shall have no part in Him, nor in that salvation He laid down His precious life to purchase for us. Oh, this ancient and precious foundation of the life and Spirit of Christ, it *shall* stand all the tempests of the windy doctrines of men, and shall outlast them all, for the Spirit of Christ must and shall prevail over all, and His dominion be for ever and ever!

L. A. Barclay.

To J. F. M.*

Croydon, 23*rd of* 11*th Month*, 1841.

. . . Such opportunities we really should avail of, when thrown in our way, of mingling a little with those whom we feel to be fellow-feelers and fellow-sufferers, of endeavouring to take sweet counsel together as in the presence of the Lord, who would indeed keep our conversation innocent, weighty, and serious. Oh, this is what I long for, that though our communications may be of the mournful cast, yet that they may be seasoned by the Divine fear, which would keep us in the remembrance of His mighty power, whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself, and to work mightily in and for us.

It has been very pleasant, my dear friend, and cause of renewed thankfulness on my part, to hear from time to time such nice accounts of thee from thy dear wife. Thou hast hitherto been strengthened and helped in every needful time, and preserved in health throughout so long and exercising an engagement, and I have no doubt it will be so to the end. Oh! what a good and tender Master is He to all who look and cleave to Him alone, so bountiful in His condescension to us poor, weak, unworthy creatures, and so very tender if at any time we slip, and it is of His wonderful grace that we

* When visiting H. M. in his absence.

yet live and have hope towards Him. Oh, that we may never turn away from His gentle drawings, or grieve Him either by withholding or overacting.

I am pleased thou hadst —— with thee. He is a young man I feel much interested about, and desire his deepening and growth in the root of Divine life. Ah! this is what is wanted among us, and it is attained more in the shade, I often think, than in the sunshine of favour and encouragement from without. If this hidden life were more promoted amongst our dear youth, and earnestly travailed for, there would be less of the superficial work that is so very prevalent and plausible with us, and then there would be more full seasoned, full flavoured, and sound fruit to be found. Ah, this true life would give the true sight of the things of the kingdom, and the true feeling of the mind, and for the cause of truth a true zeal for the promotion thereof, even in the meekness of the true wisdom, and in the humility of the true and pure fear. My very soul craves it as the best of all treasures.

L. A. Barclay.

To L. C.

Reigate, 27*th of* 11*th Month*, 1841.

My dear Friend,

Did I tell thee I had heard of the decease of dear —— of L——, of rapid consumption? What a sweet Friend she was! Ah, I remember receiving a precious letter from her eighteen months ago, when I was under deep trial and reproach from a quarter I could hardly have expected on account of my peculiar walk. She said that for nearly a year she had been longing to acknowledge (but feared it would be a liberty) her near sympathy and unity with me in the narrow walk I had believed it required to walk in; and that although she might be esteemed a plain, consistent Friend by most, yet that she believed a much narrower walk must be hers if she yielded to inward conviction. Oh, it seemed to help me up a bit, and were it not for such little providential lifts, I, for one, should, I fear, soon sink and faint, being one of the weakest of the weak. Yet I do bless the Lord that He permits me to be thus frequently proved and plunged and sifted, that the foundation may be thoroughly shaken, and that that which cannot be shaken and that which *can* stand the fire may remain to His praise; for oh, how easy it is for self to be creeping up even when and where we least expect it, yea, to gather life to itself from

that which looks most likely to slay it! It is the Lord's power that can alone cut off its many heads as they rise up; and oh, saith my soul, let us patiently and submissively yield to His good hand of power, however it operate, that it may be so by little and little, and that we may witness His own pure life thereby to rise more and more into dominion over all, and that will make and keep us lively and low, sound and savoury, faithful and fruitful, and then His own works will praise Him indeed!

I felt much at parting with dear ——. It was a pleasant visit to me, and an opportunity of seeing most of my old friends; but towards the end we were rather hurried. Oh, how do I long that we were more deep and inward in our spirits in these times of social intercourse, breathing after heavenly help, and not shrinking from it, and that we were less in the *chattiness* and outwardness! I believe we should thereby gain abundantly more and lose abundantly less. It is, I need hardly tell *thee*, so comfortable to get home again, and perhaps it does one good to leave it for a time, and go and see and feel for others' trials and sufferings, and then it makes us the less poignantly feel our own. Oh, what a *dense* atmosphere *spiritually* do some live in around! But truly the Lord is sufficient, if *alone* looked to and cleaved to, and the faithful may be as a little salt in the midst thereof. . . .

Farewell in haste and with dear love. I should quite like, if permitted, to come and see you. In the meantime, I remain, as ever, thy very sincere and affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To R. R.

Reigate, 30*th of* 11*th Month*, 1841.

. . . It was much in my heart to have gone to the interment of dear E. Pryor. I only heard *accidentally* of her death at breakfast-time that morning, and was much affected, though I had long expected it, and felt constrained at meeting to allude to the blessedness of being gathered into the heavenly garner, and how we might experience it. I had great love and respect for her. This is a season when we are continually reminded of the uncertainty of time, and the great need for a continual consideration of, and preparation for our latter end. . . .

The day that is coming will prove every man's work of what sort

it is; and oh that mine may be proved even by fire, and made what it ought to be, for all is not gold that glitters. Oh, how few there are comparatively who bear an entirely clear testimony, not only in ministry, but also in practice! I have felt deeply humbled and instructed in the consideration thereof lately, in the seeing and hearing and feeling of what is wounding to the best life. . . . Let us lay it to heart, dear R., and crave to be thoroughly searched, humbled, purified, and quickened afresh from time to time by the blessed power of truth, that ever remains to be all-sufficient to overcome *all* weaknesses and snares, and to strengthen to a faithful testimony-bearing to the end.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To A. R.

11*th Month*, 1841.

There is sometimes more of a deepening in the root in the shade, as it were, unobserved, and these are indeed times when such a progress is especially wanted, and less branchification. Ah! the more one sees, hears, and feels about things, the more one is clothed in mourning; there seems so few comparatively who come up entirely in a clear testimony, both in ministry and practice. I have of late been deeply humbled and instructed in the consideration hereof. How does one long to be thoroughly searched and purified, humbled and quickened by the power of truth, which ever continues to be *all-sufficient* to overcome all weaknesses and snares, and to strengthen unto a faithful, humble testimony-bearing, even unto the end! I must be content to be a solitary one. The day that is hastening will try every man's work of what sort it is. Oh! that mine may be tried though even by fire, and made what it ought to be, that I may be preserved in the ancient testimony to the blessed and unchangeable truth.

L. A. BARCLAY.

TO THE SAME.

21*st of* 12*th Month*, 1841.

. . . I have been thinking of your quarterly meeting drawing on, and I might say breathing, I trust, in our little retirement, that the Lord's power and presence might be with you, in which alone is wisdom, strength, and comfort; that it might so humble and bow you down before Him, as that you might witness a

little ability to arise in His name or might, and experience the comfort of His love and the fellowship of His Spirit, being made conformable to His death. And now that you have had a living member added to the select meeting, I do trust Friends will be quickened and anointed to see and to feel where the true anointing is, and where the true baptism has been and is submitted to, and will be enabled to be firm in the true discovery and judgment thereof in the consideration of an addition to the elders. It would be truly sad if the true qualification were passed by, and a weak nomination made, to bring weakness over you for time to come. Ah! this has been one great cause of our degeneracy as a people, man's judgment has been looked to on appointments, instead of the life and power of truth, and so the wrong thing has had sway and crushed the tender life, even though a most plausible appearance has shown itself. Oh, the great need of the baptising, crucifying power of truth, and the *thorough* work which this will do in us. Nothing short of this will do anything for us, either as members or officers in the church. My soul craves this earnestly for myself and those I love, yea, a constant renewal thereof, a constant baptising into Christ's death, that so we may know Him to be our resurrection and life, and may witness that newness of life in and by which we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear. Thus I seemed led on to meditate on the Lord's wonderful goodness towards His upright-hearted, faithful, travailing children who are often bowed down in sorrowful mourning for the desolations of Zion, and in deep painful travail for the arising of Him who is her light and life into more full dominion over all, strewing their tears in solitary places; and I saw how He would make a way for their deliverance, even where they, with all their looking or contrivance in their own willing and wisdom, can see none; yea, though they may have long been as among the pots, yet He can, in His own time and way, give them to arise up aloft, as with the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold; for blessed be His mighty good name, He hath prepared and still *does* prepare of His goodness for His poor. Thus, I thought, He made (in condescending goodness) the outgoings of my morning this day to rejoice in the remembrance of His name. Oh, were it not for such help, what would become of such a poor, weak, fainting one as I am; for truly, bonds and afflictions continually await and abound. Many are the fears within and fightings without. It is hard work to be faithful, especially to those most dear to us—truly

like laying down our lives for our friends. I believe that many of our dear friends, elder and younger, have been hurt by having their minds gradually drawn away from a deep inward exercise, to know the arising of the well-spring of life in themselves, to the hindrance of their service, and the weakening their testimony-bearing for the truth. I hope —— does not confine revelation to what is written in the scriptures, though we know it accords therewith.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

12*th Month*, 1841.

MY DEAR E.,

I was in degree prepared for thy open ingenuous letter, and could in a moment enter into all thy feelings, although I must own it could not fail of trying me in one respect; but, in endeavouring to look back at what had come before me to express to thee, and in which one was under a degree of disadvantage by interruption, I have felt quiet in the belief that it was my desire and endeavour to do what I apprehended was required of me. I have often found, dear E., in my own experience, that when what has been delivered to me by an instrument has not seemed *to me* to apply, if I have endeavoured to abide in the patience and cleaving to the power (which, as I apprehended, moved him or her), the thing has gradually been opened unto my mind *afterwards*, and been brought home by the Witness in the secret of my heart, to my comfort, or instruction, or warning, and so I cannot but believe it will be thy case in this respect, as thou endeavours to turn and keep thy attention inward to the power of Divine grace and truth, which I believe is preciously visiting thee to draw thee nearer and nearer to the fountain thereof. Ah, we must not be looking outward, either at what one may say or at how another may do, however plausible or excellent it may appear, or however it may coincide with our own creaturely apprehensions—but rather let us sink down into the stillness of true resignation of the creature to whatever *may* be manifested, desiring to hear the voice of the good Shepherd and Master within, who indeed is our truest friend and the faithful witness for God; and let us not fear the searching of His holy light, or the fiery and crucifying operation of His word, if He break up our false rest, and rend off our beautiful covering, and spoil all our pleasant pictures, and give us closely to

feel and clearly to see what is our real situation and condition, and *what* His Spirit is not in, how plausible soever it may appear. I say let us not start aside at such a disclosure, what though it touch us, as it were, in the tenderest spot,—neither let us suffer the enemy to dim the little light and sight thus mercifully given by a fair looking cloud, persuading us that we are mistaken or must not take so narrow a view! thus should we endanger our Guide and Shepherd's retiring further from us—but rather let us, by closely attending to the motions and discoveries of His light and life in the secret of our hearts, as I. P. says, "Draw His yoke close about our necks, take the cross, the contrariety of Jesus, upon our spirits daily, that that may be worn out which hinders the true unity with Him, and so we may feel our King and Saviour exalted upon His throne in our hearts—this will be our rest, peace, life, kingdom, and crown for ever!" And I believe, dear E., if this be thy endeavour and earnest concern, that thou wilt increasingly find thy path to be a solitary one. Ah, we have but few helpers *in this deep and inward* path, else there would not be so much of a beautiful-looking *superficial* work amongst us, as, alas! is sorrowfully the case; for it is a path which the vulturous eye of man's carnal reasoning and comprehension cannot perceive, neither can that which is comparable to the lion's whelp, the strong unsubjected will of man, that is in the ravenous nature against the life, ever tread thereon! but, blessed be the name of the Lord, those who are yielding to His redeeming power, even the spirit of judgment and burning, and abiding under the yoke of His life, do and ever shall find it a path of pleasantness and peace, yea, though fools, they shall not err therein, but be brought safely thereby through all that stands in their way, even unto Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away from them, for they shall experience the work of Christ's righteousness to be peace, and the effect thereof quietness and assurance for ever!

L. A. Barclay.

To J. W.

Reigate, 29*th of* 12*th Month*, 1841.

My dear Friend,

Thy last was truly acceptable and strengthening—and I trust my eye in reading it was unto Him from whom all help and good comes, who does remember His poor afflicted ones in seasons of

His wise and good pleasure, and strengthens them with a little fresh might, from time to time, by His Spirit in the inner man, whether with or without instruments,—and sometimes such little lifts are like the prophet's cake, that supported him during a long wilderness journey. So it is good indeed to trust in Him, however low, for He will not suffer us to be tried beyond what will tend to His glory and our purification, nor above what He will strengthen us to bear, as we cleave close unto Him through all. . . .

Ah, my dearly beloved friend, thou knowest in what sense I am anxious. To have the living in Israel taken away from us at such a time of trial, and of treading down, and of sore dismay, makes one sad at heart to think of; but on *their* account one cannot be anxious —rather rejoice that their dear Master calls them up higher, where sorrow and sighing flee away, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary soul is for ever at rest. . . . It is no matter what are the means used for the breaking down of these poor tabernacles of clay that must crumble into dust again soon. But, oh! that the Spirit may be prepared and wound up for heaven! I am sometimes ready to long it may be soon, yet desire not to be hasty, but to be preserved in the true faith and resignation to the end, "if so be that being clothed, I may, through Divine goodness, not be found naked." . . . But, oh! my dear friend, we do want true and tender elders sadly amongst us—such as can tenderly and wisely point out any little weakness or temptation we may be liable to, and *help us out of it* into greater strength, instead of either letting us abide alone and get deeper and deeper into weakness, or else doing their work in a rough, injudicious way, and so discouraging. . . . But, oh! how many, many snares are there all around for us poor weak children in the awful work! We may well fear and tremble for ourselves, rather than look out at others. And oh, that we may breathe one for another, that we may more and more know that *thorough* purifying work, that thou, my dear friend, speakest of. How did my heart go with every word of that part of thy letter. It was so peculiarly in coincidence with the secret meditations and exercise of my own mind for these two or three months past. I cannot but believe that if there were more submission to this fiery baptism and thorough purging from all that pertains to the creature known amongst us, there would be a more *pure* and *clear* testimony (consistent throughout) borne for the blessed truth, both by precept and example, both by ministers and others; and I have greatly lamented of late to see and hear of

inconsistency of practice in ministers; it seems to me like pulling down with one hand what is endeavoured to be built up with the other, and surely it must be from a want of this thorough purification. I fear lest seeking minds should be stumbled, and I know that many of our dear youth observe it; and oh! there are too many amongst us who are watching and make a handle of everything that will lower our ancient testimony to the sufficiency of Divine grace! These things often make me mournful, and, as I said before, trembling and fearful for myself, lest I should come short of the pure standard of truth; and, oh! saith my soul, that I may more and more entirely yield up to be melted and moulded by the power of truth, which I know is all-sufficient to overcome all weakness, and evil, and temptations either of the enemy, or the worldly spirit, his servant. . . .

There have been, during the past year, many running to and fro amongst us, and very many have been the public meetings in different parts; but oh, my dear friend, I hope it is not uncharitable to acknowledge that if they were such as dear —— and a few others, one could then more rejoice. I often remember the expression in Jeremiah xxiii. 22, and greatly lament that many such expressions, both in his book and that of Ezekiel, are but too plainly applicable to us now-a-days. Many people of other persuasions see and feel the difference, the weakness, and deficiency, alas! in our ministry. Some of them like it all the better, and think we are coming round to them; and we continually hear of their saying, on public occasions, "that they could find nothing to object to;" while others, tender, seeking minds, are grieved with these things, and go away sorrowful, saying, "We did not think to hear such preaching in your meetings: we looked for something higher: we could hear such in our own chapels!" Ah, my dear friend, many are the such like wounds that pierce our very life, so that it is truly like being killed all the day long! . . .

Well, my dear friend, I seem as if I were sitting conversing with thee by thy fireside. The remembrance of thy labour, and exercise, and afflictions, and of the savour of thy spirit, is very fresh and precious to some of us; and though far separated outwardly, yet art thou near in the bonds, I humbly trust, of that blessed fellowship in which we shall not be separated even by death from one another, if indeed we are mercifully preserved in faith and patience to the end. And oh, my dear friend, crave that it may be so in the experience of thy unworthy friend—that I may be delivered from every snare, and kept humble and faithful to the last of my little day here; and may

the Lord be with thy spirit from day to day, comfort and strengthen thee amidst thy manifold afflictions with the rich consolations of His love in Christ Jesus, and preserve and receive thee unto His heavenly kingdom at last.

With the salutation of dear love, I bid thee farewell, and remain thy nearly united and sympathising friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

——, 1842.

MY BELOVED NEPHEW,

I have long had it on my heart to write to thee, at least since we last met on a solemn occasion, from a feeling of tender sympathy with thee under the loss of thy dear cousin R., which I can conceive is no slight one to thee, inasmuch as his affectionate solicitude and counsel, and his example of humble conscientiousness had become increasingly valuable to thee; yet I have no doubt that both as regards thyself and the others of his family (even the dearest object!), this trial was permitted in wisdom and tender mercy by Him who sees the end from the beginning, and knows better than we what is most for our good. As it regards dear R., great as the trial is to me to lose him, I am resigned, in the full belief that it was well for him that he was taken from the evil to come, for many would in all probability have been the snares and the difficulties that would have attended his path, and I often feared he might suffer from the injudicious notice and thrusting forward, as it were, of kind Friends. Ah, he showed his belief in and love to his Saviour by a simple obedience to what was revealed to him by His blessed Spirit, and being faithful to what he had received, is, I doubt not, accepted in the Beloved, and entered into His joy in the heavenly inheritance. And oh, how have I longed, my dear J., that thou might mark his footsteps, which (as I have ever apprehended concerning him) were those of humble, sincere inquiry after what was good and right in the *best sense*, seeking to feel after the true judgment in the light of Christ, even in its smallest appearances, and then an honest, noble, fearless following thereof, however he might be laughed at by any who thought they had reason or the common opinion of the worldly wise on their side! And as humility attended his sincere inquiry or feeling after good, so also humility attended (softening, seasoning, and preserving)

his firm and faithful acting thereon, so that he was kept in a lowly, teachable state, which is the proper state for the true growing to be experienced. And though the steps he had as yet taken were but few, yet they were fundamental ones, considering his very many disadvantages; and I believe, as he once hinted to me, that more would undoubtedly have followed as he was able to bear them.

And now thou art bereft of this dear relative, and more, this *faithful friend*, at a critical time, and I often think that though we may have a few dear intimate friends with whom we are nearly united, yet a *faithful* relative is still more valuable, as he knows more fully from *fellow experience* all our besetments and liabilities, our weak sides, and is more likely to tell us the truth. This was the case with thy dear father and me, and oh, how great is my loss of him! so that I can sympathise with thee, my dear nephew, and the comforting language seems to arise whilst I write, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." O seek to have this friend for thy friend, by showing thyself to be His friend, by doing "whatsoever He commands thee." Confess Him faithfully before all that thou desires to be His only, His wholly, to wear his *livery* truly (even a meek and lowly and watchful spirit), to enlist under His banner of the cross to all that is of self, to fight and suffer in His power and might for His precious cause, for the faith once and still delivered to the saints, whereof He is the author and finisher, not man. Oh, be not ashamed of His words whether of command or of restraint, "tie them about thy neck and bind them upon thy fingers," that His lowly and pure government in thee may be conspicuous in all thy conduct, conversation, and demeanour, so wilt thou season and gather others unto Him thy heavenly King, and He will confess thee as His liege and faithful subject, redeemed by a mighty price, and purified and prepared by His precious Spirit. Oh, I do comfortingly believe that thou hast been so preciously visited and touched by Divine love, that this is in favoured moments thy most earnest desire. Oh, that nothing may in any wise hurt or hinder thy pressing towards this mark, though it be a high one, even for the rich prize of our calling. Let not the roughness, the narrowness, the solitariness, or the many difficulties and trials of thy path, deter thee or induce thee to turn aside into the many more easy looking by-paths, or to sit down at ease short of the true rest, which is the result of the true perseverance. "My son, if thou come to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for temptation, set thy heart aright, and constantly endure, and make not haste in time of trouble."

Oh, how much there is in us that is opposed to His pure and searching government—even the government of His holy light and word and Spirit, that pierces to the quick, to the very root and ground of all things! Oh, what a many-headed monster is self! and yet it hides itself, looks and appears as a true lamb, so that it may well be described in scripture as "the old man which is corrupt according to the *deceitful* lusts"—for deceitful indeed are these lusts or inclinations! so that we may often be dismayed at the sight and feeling of what the precious light and Spirit of Christ opens to us of what is within us, especially in our youth when the man's part (as dear I. P. says), that is the selfish nature, is so strong in us; and then it is that the enemy would fain persuade us (as if taking the side of the good), that it is all in vain to strive to overcome the evil, for it is such a mass and so continually rising up in us! but he is a liar as ever he was, for help is laid upon One that is mighty, yea, mightier in us than he that is in the world, if we will but cast ourselves into the arms of His power, by yielding to the smallest touches thereof in the secret of our hearts, then His strength or grace shall be sufficient for us, and in this true faith shall we be enabled to subdue kingdoms, work righteousness, obtain promises, quench the violence of fire, stop the mouths of lions (spiritually), yea, "out of weakness shall be made strong." So it is good for us to yield ourselves up to that which shows us our condition without fear or flinching, doubt or dismay, and this will beget in us a watchful, retired, and humble frame of mind, yet clothed with an artless, cheerful simplicity. Oh, this is the setting the heart aright, which enables constantly to endure, and preserves from "making haste" either out of the necessary furnace or *into* any step before our heavenly guide clearly points and tenderly leads.

This is what I have earnestly desired may be thy experience, my dear ——, now that thou hast completed thy apprenticeship, and art in some sort thy own master, though I trust not without law and subjection unto Christ. Oh, that thy conduct, conversation, and demeanour may be regulated by the Spirit of Christ, and in the Divine fear at all times and under all circumstances, then hast thou *ground* for humble confidence and trust that all things shall work together for thy good, and that the Lord *will be* thy never failing friend and helper in every time of need; for He hath respect unto the lowly, but the proud He knoweth afar of.

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

1st or 2nd Month, 1842.

My dear Friend,

I have felt much exercised in mind towards my dear friends in the station of overseer for above a year past, and have seen no way of relief until our late appointment, when it came forcibly before me to write to nearly each one of them, which I have been mercifully enabled to do in the cross, to my own feelings, but I trust in a degree of heavenly might, and greatly to the relief and peace of my own mind; and now, in looking towards thee, my dear friend, I thought I could hardly close this little labour of love without endeavouring to do my little best to strengthen thy hands, by acknowledging that I earnestly desire thy encouragement in a faithful, unflinching coming up to the help of the Lord's cause, which truly is worth pleading for and worth suffering for. Oh, it will not do to be sitting down, as it were, in our ceiled houses, content with merely wishing well to the cause of truth, and merely mourning over the desolations of Zion; but it is time for some amongst us to be fathers and mothers, to take a prominent part, to come forward nobly, and plead and act for the truth, to feel and judge for the truth, and not wait to see how others feel. Oh, then, the need for such as these to be deep and inward in their spirits, to mind the Master's voice, and to wait for the daily quickenings of His life, whereby the true sight and feeling is given of what is for Him (the blessed truth) and what against Him; for it is not our appointment to any station that is the qualification or anointing, but the Lord's humbling, quickening power and life, which must be waited for and yielded to, and not shrunk from. Oh! let us watch and see if He do not draw, listen if He do not call, feel if He do not quicken—and if He gives us thereby senses for Him, enabling us to see, hear, savour, and feel the things of His heavenly kingdom, He will require us to use them in His holy fear, and as His life moves that they may be strengthened, and His praise may be perfected in us, howsoever weak, and poor, and simple we may feel ourselves to be. Oh! let us seek to be of perfect heart for Him, not partly so, and verily He will stand by us and hold up our hands in His counsel and might, and establish the work of our hands upon us in His peace and heavenly blessing. I long for thy encouragement and strengthening thus to come forward, for truly thou should be the one most looked to in all our monthly meetings as a mother in Israel.

and the qualification is not man's arts and parts—no, nothing less; but it is the true life and feeling which I believe thou desires to wait for and act in. Oh! then, mayest thou cleave to the Lord's power, acknowledge it, and yield to it, and not in any way shrink from it or forsake it. So shall thy light break forth out of obscurity, and many shall say, "She hath been a succourer of many, and of me also."

I hope I write with a degree of true fear and humility, feeling my own comparative childhood and weakness, but a love to the precious cause of truth seems to knock down all distinction of age or station, and I trust thou wilt receive these few lines in the dear love in which they are sent, in which I remain thy very sincere and affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

1st of 2nd Month, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

My mind has been for many months past much exercised towards my dear friends, who occupy the station of overseer amongst us, and recently still more so since the subject of a revision and addition to them has been before us, so as to bring me under the feeling that I shall not be clear in the sight of my great Master, without taking up the pen to each or most of them at this time, whether new or old. Great indeed is the responsibility of the station you fill, dear Friends, inasmuch as to you is peculiarly committed the testimonies of the Spirit of truth, to uphold and promote them before and among the whole flock, both by example as well as by a tender and faithful watching over and labouring with the flock, for this purpose, whether it be in informing the ignorant, strengthening the weak, encouraging the tender, seeking out the scattered, cautioning the unwary, or warning the unruly—and where further steps are necessary, that they be taken in true love and meekness, yet with holy firmness, that the cause of truth may not be lowered by any remissness on your parts who are appointed as watchers upon the walls. These are important duties indeed, and they had need to be clean-handed and of garments unspotted who are called unto them—and none can *rightly* perform them but such as have the precious cause of truth *at heart*, love it above all, yea, are united to it by subjection to the Spirit of truth. Such as these are constrained first "to take heed unto themselves," to

see that their own conduct is consistent in all respects with the testimony of truth, and that they rule their own families well; for if there be inconsistency in their families their own hands will be weakened, yea tied, and their mouths stopped from speaking for their Master. Moreover they (the true overseers) must be grave and sober, not light or encouraging lightness—their wives must "not be slanderers" —they must not be "double-tongued" (not appearing one thing to one, and another thing to another), for a double tongue proceeds from a double mind, from a heart that is not *perfectly for* the truth, but only *partly* so, and "a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways," he has no sound bottom, as it were, no true judgment, but is shifting about according to circumstances—neither must they be "greedy of filthy lucre," that is, of the favour, or good esteem, or honour of man, for that would hinder them from purely seeking and acting for the honour of God, and the promotion of His cause of truth. Oh! how faithfully will these *then* "take heed to the flock of God over whom they are made overseers," for being quickened by His life, humbled by His power, and strengthened by His grace *day by day*, how tender and susceptible will they be to the things of Christ, so that they cannot but seek them more than *their own things!* how jealous will they be of His honour, and if anything grieves His Spirit either in themselves or others, they will feel as if the apple of the eye were hurt! they will have a true sense of what is against the truth, and what for the truth, whether in themselves or others, for the true life will give them a true sight and feeling. Oh! this is the precious oneness with the truth, by subjection to the Spirit of truth that we want more and more amongst us, dear Friends, and how do I long that you who are in the above important station may in an especial manner seek after it, for your own sakes and for the good of the flock. Oh, I beseech you to feel after and earnestly crave for the humbling influences of the Lord's power upon your spirits from day to day, and He will not fail to bring you down first in yourselves and then to quicken you with fresh life and feeling towards Himself and His pure cause, and then you will be constrained by love to Him, to look round and see what there is for you to do for Him towards the flock over whom you are appointed—*where* the weak may be strengthened, *where* those who are tender may be encouraged even to still greater tenderness to Divine convictions, *how* the scattered may be sought out and gathered to a closer attention to the dear Shepherd's voice, as well as the unwary cautioned against unseen dangers, &c., &c. Oh! it must be a humbling station, it

ought to be a humbling station to be rightly filled, for the mere appointment is not the qualification nor the authority—but the Lord's humbling power must daily be waited for, His fresh anointing day by days ought after to keep you *alive unto His cause*, as also to enable you to keep your own hands clean and garments unspotted, that your hands be not in any wise weakened, and to enable you to watch over yourselves first, and then to watch over others in His fear. Oh, let us humble ourselves under the Lord's mighty and good hand that shows us any and all our weaknesses, and He will help us with a little help from season to season; enabling us to withstand the enemy's besetments and temptations, and to overcome even our bodily weaknesses, or show us what we should do that we hurt not His precious cause in any wise! I trust you will receive this in the love in which it is sent, for nothing but a sincere love to the cause or kingdom of Christ the Truth, both in your hearts, my dear Friends, and in our meeting generally, could induce or enable me thus faithfully to write, and I trust also with tenderness considering my own great weakness and liability to be tempted, and to fall any and every moment, were it not for heavenly goodness and mercy still following and upholding! Oh, look not at the poor instrument in *any way*, but look to the Lord, who can and will touch and quicken the heart, humble the spirit, and strengthen the soul; and, oh! let it be so, let it be so, saith all that is alive in me, who remains your sincere and affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Reigate, 1*st or* 2*nd Month*, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My mind has often turned towards thee since we parted in much tender sympathy, and I thought I must tell thee so in dear love. Oh, my dear friend, let not thy heart sink within thee when thou comes to consider, in thy solitary and exercised moments, what is come upon thee (as, I trust, from the Lord), when the weight of the service and the importance of the duties come over thee. Fear not with man's fear, nor be afraid with any amazement; cast not away the shield of faith, as though it had never been anointed; but, oh, sanctify the Lord of hosts Himself, and let Him be thy fear, and let Him be thy dread. Look off from all discouraging thoughts and

vain reasonings—look *up unto* the Lord alone, whose power is above every power, whose law is the truth. Greater is He that is in you than He that is in the world, so let thy eye be single unto Him, unto His honour and the upholding of His cause and kingdom, and thy heart simple in acting for Him, and He will never fail thee nor forsake thee. His truth shall be thy shield and buckler, His grace all-sufficient for thee to direct, strengthen, and preserve—yea, the Lord, as thou cleaves close unto His power revealed in the secret of thy heart, shall be thy confidence, thy sure and precious sanctuary, and His peace thy rich portion. Mayest thou seek, then, to be exercised before the Lord day by day, to know what He would have thee to do for Him and His cause, and He will not fail to quicken in thee a just sense of things and how thou shouldst act; and as thou yieldest thyself more and more to the humbling touches of His power, that tenders thee and makes thee susceptible of His will and impression, thou wilt find a gentle putting on by Him in the true faith and in the simplicity of a little child; and then see that thou refuse not Him that speaketh even in a little matter, but give up to the motion of truth, and thou shalt wax stronger and stronger, able, through thy God, to leap over a wall of difficulty, and to run through a troop of fears, even as a valiant for the truth; but remember it must be by little and little, if thou stops short in the beginning thou canst not come to the good end. Oh, then, go on and be faithful, be simple in a forgetfulness of self, no one fearing and nothing doubting, and surely thy peace shall flow as a river with increasing force, and thy righteousness, thy alms-deeds of true love to thy neighbours, and thy acts of dedication to thy Master shall ever be as the waves of the sea, one wave succeeding another in a succession of praises to Him the great Giver *of all* good, and the mighty Strengthener unto all good, unto whom be all dominion, and honour, and praise for evermore, for He is worthy, worthy!

L. A. Barclay.

To J. D.

Reigate, 1st or 2nd Month, 1842.

My dear Friend,

My mind has felt much exercised on thy account for many months past, both in tender sympathy with thee and in earnest solicitude for thee, desiring the strengthening of thy hands and the deep-

ening of thy spirit and the increasing of thy weight; and oh, if this be the case, there must be a correspondent exercise and travail on thy part that nothing may in the least weaken thy hands or shallow thy spirit by bringing it to the surface as it were, or lessen thy weight by adding any degree of lightness thereto, but mayest thou seek more and more after a deep dwelling and an inward feeling, even a feeling of that and a dwelling and waiting in that which gives dominion over all wrong spirits, even the power of truth and life revealed within. Feel after it, dear friend, day by day, yea, crave after the humbling, quickening, strengthening influences thereof upon thy spirit morning by morning, and endeavour to guard against what would scatter thee in any wise from it through the day. Ah, there are many things that have a scattering effect, especially social and free intercourse with those who are not in subjection to the humbling power of truth, and thus we may be thrown off *our guard for our Master*, and possibly lower ourselves and the cause before them, and join, as it were, in their unguardedness, rather than have a gathering effect in drawing them nearer to the testimony of truth in themselves. But oh! the weightiness of spirit which the life of truth will give us, the true oneness with the cause of truth, the true savouring and seeking the things that are of Christ above all things else, the "conducting ourselves as those that believe and feel God present, which (as W. P. says) will keep our conversation innocent, weighty, and serious." I long that thou mayest seek to be preserved therein more and more, in which lies the true authority and the fresh anointing for every service, and not in the mere appointment by man. And oh, what an honest, fearless, noble authority and dominion does this life of truth give us! It makes us bold as a lion, upright pillars in God's house, and therefore able to sustain much weight of burdens and afflictions for Him and His precious cause. Oh! it doth give a *true* trust in the Lord, a true stayedness of mind upon Him, and, consequently, preserves us in such a quiet confidence and a perfect peace as tends to our unspeakable strength, so that we are not fretted because of evil doers, nor yet yield to evil spirits, but "rest in the Lord and wait patiently for" His arising, still faithful in keeping His way, His charge committed to us, so will "He bring forth our righteousness as the light, and our judgment as the noonday," and make all our way before us, and cause our enemies even to be at peace with us! Oh, then, let us seek after this fresh humbling and anointing by the life and power of truth day by day, so shall our hearts be preserved perfect *for* our God and "sound in His statutes that we be

not ashamed," able by Him "to leap over a wall" of opposing difficulties, and to "run through a troop" of wicked spirits without and weakening fears within, His truth shall be our mighty shield and impenetrable buckler, and He will cover our heads in the day of battle, and enable us to overcome all things through Christ, His dear Lamb, who shall have the victory through and over all.

My mind has been drawn to address most of my dear friends in the station of overseer, both young and old, appointed at this time, and I think I may say I have felt an earnest desire for their encouragement in a faithful labour for our dear Master, believing that as there is a feeling and savouring of the things of the blessed truth, so there will not fail to be a *putting on* in the wisdom and power thereof to promote them, there will be a continual inquiry of our Lord, "What more can I do for thee and thy precious cause?" There will not be a shrinking from exercise of mind in any wise, nor a flinching from seeing too clearly what we should do for Him, but there will be an honest and faithful looking round, and a bending of the mind to see and feel *where* the weak may be strengthened, *where* the tender may be encouraged even to still greater tenderness to Divine convictions, *how* the scattered may be gathered into a closer attention to the dear Shepherd's voice, as well as the unwary cautioned against the many surrounding and unseen dangers, &c.; and where such duties and drawings are, there will be a yielding to the Lord's power, enabling to follow them up, for it remains a truth, that with sight and feeling comes strength, as yielded to, even to act in the Lord's fear and for His honour and cause, and without fear, favour, or affection of man. Oh, how is the true overseership, even in the strengthening and gathering, as well as in the tender dealing with those who manifestly err! Therefore, my dear brother, be thou stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, through yielding to His tendering, strengthening power, forasmuch as thou mayest verily be assured that thy labour shall by no means be in vain, as it is in Him, for He will establish the work of thy hands upon thee in His heavenly peace and blessing, yea, the work of thy hands for His precious cause sake He will establish it for ever, and every little act in love thereto towards the least of His brethren He will take as done unto Himself, and it shall in no wise lose its reward.

Farewell. In the pure love of the Gospel, I remain thy faithful and affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

1st or 2nd Month, 1842.

My dear Friend,

My mind seems drawn in Gospel love to salute all or most of my dear Friends, whether old or fresh in the station of overseer, believing that as you truly feel the weight of the important duties thus devolving upon you, so you will be humbled under a sense of the insufficiency of your own natural powers for these things, and will in proportion be earnestly concerned and deeply exercised before the Lord, that He may establish you with His heavenly power and grace even from day to day! Oh, it is by the humbling touches of the Lord's power, and the renewings of His grace, that we are at any time quickened with fresh life from Him, whereby alone we can rightly see and feel what is against the pure cause and testimony of truth, or what is for it either in ourselves or others, and I believe we shall be accountable for every such degree of feeling mercifully vouchsafed, and this true sight and feeling with the truth will lead to a faithful and humble *acting for it* in the Divine fear, and out of the fear of man, seeking only the Divine favour, and not fearing to lose man's—it will not suffer us to rest contented with merely admonishing those who err, with merely attending to such things as if neglected would bring us under the censure of men as deficient—but, oh! the precious oneness with Christ the truth, which is (through adorable mercy) attained by yielding to the humbling touches of the Spirit of truth; how tender and susceptible does it make us to the things of Christ, so that we cannot but seek *them* more than *our own* things, and we cannot but be jealous of His honour, and if anything grieves His Spirit either in ourselves or others, we feel as if the apple of the eye were hurt! This feeling will lead us continually to query of our good Master, "What more can I do for thee and thy cause?" and we shall be constrained by love to Him to look round and see where the weak may be strengthened, where those who are tender may be encouraged even to still greater tenderness to Divine convictions, how the scattered may be sought out and gathered to a closer attention to the Shepherd's voice, as well as the unwary cautioned of unseen dangers, &c., &c. And as it is not by our own natural powers that we can attain to this true overseership, not a mere personal plainness or natural gravity of manner, or a consistent education that will qualify us—so how earnestly do I desire for my dear Friends thus

appointed, and thee among them, that they and thou may be deeply concerned before the Lord *day by day*, seeking after His tendering power to humble, quicken, and strengthen thee for His work and service to which thou art appointed—His fresh anointing day by day—for the mere appointment is not the true anointing, or the true authority—but the Lord's power must be daily waited for fresh and fresh, to keep thee *alive unto His cause*, as also to enable thee to keep thy own hands clean and garments unspotted, that thy hands be not in any wise weakened—so shall thy service for the Lord be clean, and thy heart be kept *perfectly for* Him thy Master, fixed in His pure fear and in His honour, so that thou shalt not be moved in the day of trial, and then He will honour thee and make thee honourable in His house, and many shall have cause to bless the Lord on thy account, saying, He "hath been a succourer of many and of me also." That thus it may be with thee, and that thou mayest grow to be a father in the truth amongst us, is my earnest and affectionate desire. But, oh! remember it must be, it can only be through the arising of the life and power of truth in thee, by a yielding on thy part thereunto in true self-denial and humble seeking before the Lord, for thus will He "be inquired of by" thee to do these gracious things for thee.

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Without date.

My dear Friend,

My mind seems drawn, I trust in a measure of Gospel love, to salute thee in this way, on the occasion of thy recent promotion in our little church to the station of overseer—a station truly of important charge (and I believe thou feels it so), inasmuch as the testimonies of the Spirit of truth are peculiarly committed to your trust (who are thus appointed), to endeavour to uphold and promote them, both by example as well as by a tender and faithful watching over and labouring with the flock to this effect, whether it be in informing the ignorant, strengthening the weak, encouraging the tender, seeking out the scattered, cautioning the unwary, or warning the unruly, and when further steps are necessary, that they be taken in true love and meekness, yet with holy firmness, that the cause of truth may not be lowered by any remissness on your parts, who are appointed as

watchmen on the walls. These are important duties indeed, and they had need to be clean-handed, and of garments unspotted who are called unto them, and none can rightly perform them but such as have the precious cause of truth at heart, love it above all, yea, are united to it by subjection to the Spirit of truth. Oh, dear friend, let not thy heart sink within thee because thereof; say not within thy heart, "Wherewith shall I serve the Lord?" neither let such reasonings overtake thee as that the necessary qualifications are beyond thy reach, or that it is not necessary to set the standard up so high. Let others do as they may, let us not lower the standard to suit our weakness and unfaithfulness and unwillingness to bend under the Lord's qualifying power, but rather let us with one consent resolve to serve the Lord in what we know He requires with a willing mind, doing service as unto the Lord and not unto men, having our eye single and steadily unto Him, unto His honour, and His recompense of reward, and not looking out at what others may do. Oh! it is a humbling service; let others set it off as highly as they may, it *is* a humbling service; and the more we bend our minds under it, the more we shall be humbled under a sense of our continued need of Divine guidance and wisdom, strength and preservation in it; yea, it is in the humbling that we shall know the true strengthening for it —feel the Lord's power to arise up even under our own great weakness, and making us to be strong in and for Him! Therefore, dear friend, shrink not from a humbling view of the subject, but seek daily after the Lord's humbling power, that so thou mayest be brought to nothing in all thine own powers, and mayest witness His life and strength to arise in thee over all that stands in thy way, and He will then never fail thee or forsake thee, but will prosper thee as He did Joshua of old, and establish the work of thy hands even in His peace and blessing—"only be thou strong and courageous," observing to do faithfully according to the law written in thy heart, yea "meditating therein day and night," and turning not from it either to the right or to the left, for *then* thou *shalt* make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success—and lest thou should faint at any time, how encouraging is the succeeding language, "Have not I commanded thee? Oh! it is the Lord's touches of life that quicken us and give us (as we seek after and yield unto them) a true sight and sense of what is for His pure cause of truth. (either in ourselves or others) and what against it, and we are accountable for every such favour! And this "sight of and feeling" with the cause of truth will lead to a

faithful and humble acting for it in the Divine fear and out of the fear of man, seeking the Divine favour, and not man's. Such shall not be moved, for their heart is fixed in the pure love and service of God—leaning not to their own understanding, nor trusting in their own strength, but in the Lord's power and wisdom, which alone can do His work, and is all-sufficient; and oh! what a blessing are such to the flock, and their labour shall not be in vain in the Lord; but when the chief Shepherd shall appear they shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away! I earnestly desire that this may be thy blessed experience, my dear friend, for surely thou hast been called to be a bright star in our little constellation hereaway, even in the firmament of God's power, through yielding thereunto in all respects; and oh! let it be so, let it be so, saith my soul, that we may have increasingly thy faithful travail and help, and He the glory due unto His name for ever! for oh, how great is His goodness and how great is His beauty!

With the salutation of Gospel love, I remain very sincerely thy friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Without date.

My dear Friend,

My mind has felt much drawn towards thee for some months past, both in tender sympathy under the loss of thy dear sister, and in affectionate solicitude that the good end for which any of us are thus tried may be thoroughly answered in thy experience. I have several times been on the point of acknowledging thus my feelings to thee since last 9th month, but fears and discouragements have seemed as often to flow in and hinder; but now, since our meeting together in the committee, affectionate solicitude and tender sympathy have waxed stronger still, indeed a feeling that perhaps thou mayest have been a little discouraged that thy name was not brought forward, seeing that thou wast under that appointment in —— I may truly say thou hast my tender sympathy under such a feeling; but, oh, my dear friend, suffer me to say, I beg of thee, not to let such a feeling be laid hold of by the enemy, to thy hurt and hindering, either by inducing thee, on the one hand, to give up the striving for and the following after *that for which* I cannot but believe

thou hast in time past known, an "*apprehending of Christ Jesus*"—or, on the other, by filling thy mind with reasonings or any idea of prejudice or of hardness on the part of any, which would indeed be greatly to thy hurt in best things. But, oh, my dear sister, for whom I have deeply travailed, according to my small capacity, ever since being one of you, may there be, on this occasion, a thorough inward searching of heart, a humble inquiry of the Lord, even in the tendering which His power will not fail to bring over thee as thou yields to it, "What lack I yet?" Oh! what a need continually to return, as it were, unto Bethel—to look back to the times of precious visitation in days that are over and gone, when the Lord sought to espouse us unto Himself—to remember how He has proved us with many a blessing, followed us with His goodness and mercy, as well as tried us with His bereaving hand! Oh! what more could He have done for any of us, and "what iniquity (what lacking) can we find in Him" that we should in any wise "go away from" His tendering convictions and leadings, "and walk after vanity and become vain." "Yet lackest thou one thing" was the answer of Christ to the rich young man formerly, and it may yet be His answer of peace to thee by His blessed Spirit, or that in attending to which thou shalt know thy peace to flow even as a river. Ah, He alone can indubitably show us if there has been, and in what, a coming short or going back instead of forward in any wise, and let us mind His faithful discoveries. "Go sell all that thou hast"—thou hast much of thy own that may hinder thy becoming Christ's meek and lowly disciple, and some of these things (even mental endowments) may look very likely to be valuable in thy heavenward journey, and it may be very hard to nature to part with them as into thy Lord's hand—but, oh, be courageous, be faithful, give up all that thou hast, or that thou canst call thy own, thy own will and wisdom, understanding and judgment, desires and fears and hopes—let all go to the fire that is for the fire, and to the sword and the hammer that is for them, that all may be broken to pieces, and slain, and consumed that should be, remembering that the pure and precious part will *never* lose by these proving operations, but wax stronger and stronger, more and more pure and precious to *the Lord and for His service.* And be content to be little and lowly, weak and empty, and to appear so before others—this is the Lord's way to prepare us to be filled with His goodness, and it is indeed His tender love to us to turn His hand of power upon us inwardly or outwardly, that we *may* be thus humbled. Oh, let us

not shrink from this His great goodness, nor go away sorrowful when he gives us a glimpse of what He would do in us and for us—but rather let us embrace the offers of His love, and bend ourselves under His good hand—let us "come, take up the cross" to our own willings and refusings, "follow Him" faithfully, and "verily we shall have treasure in heaven that faileth not, and a crown of life that fadeth not." And I do believe that it is *as we thus* know and bend under the Lord's forming hand, that we become qualified for usefulness in the Church, His family and house, in filling up such offices or doing such services as are appointed us—for it is not man's natural judgment, nor his natural or acquired gravity, nor yet his talents, that are of avail in the things of God, for none knoweth *His* things but His Spirit; yea, "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned;" but, blessed be God, they are revealed unto us by His Spirit as we are humbly attentive to His teachings and bend obediently under His government, even in the faith that is of His own begetting. Thus we come to partake of a blessed union and fellowship with God and Christ, are engrafted into the true Vine, consequently partake of the true life, which gives the true sight and the true feeling of what is for the cause of Christ the Truth, and what is against it—and the true sight and feeling will lead to the faithful, humble acting in the fear of the Lord for His honour, and to His glory, and the true edification of His Church. This is what I long may increase amongst us more than pen can describe, that so the true love and the true peace and unity may abound more and more; and oh, my dear friend, come and yield thyself more and more to this blessed work, first within thee and then without thee, and great will be thy travail with us and help of us poor unworthy burden-bearers, and thy heart shall fear more and more even in the true humility, and yet be enlarged to receive further of the Lord's blessings.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To J. S. argent

Reigate, 1*st of* 2*nd Month*, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As thy aunt informs me there is an opportunity of sending to thee, I avail myself of it to ask thy acceptance of the Selections from my beloved brother's Letters and Papers which is recently come out.

The one in allusion to his removal to Poole will I trust be as a watchword of encouragement to thee under thy present state of anxiety and of deep exercise (as I trust) before the Lord, to know and be enabled to do His will and not thine own. I do feel very tenderly for thee, yet cannot doubt that thou wilt be directed even to an hair's breadth in the way in which thou shouldst go, in proportion as thou endeavours to keep low before the Lord and close to His heavenly gift, the word nigh in the heart and mouth, the light within, which will never deceive thee, but ever lead and guide thee aright, as the fiery and cloudy pillar (the type thereof) *did* formerly for Israel of old. Therefore, mayest thou, as a true and spiritual Israelite, keep thy mind inward to the light, grace, and good Spirit of Christ revealed within, and then with life and light will come a true sight and sense of whether and how thou art to stand still, or whether and how thou art to move forward and act; yea, and with the word of our heavenly King and Captain and blessed Saviour, there will not fail to be power and faith, wisdom and patience, abundantly given for what He calls unto or permits; so let Him be thy all, and He will overcome all, and make a way where thou canst see none possible, and cause all things to work together for good!

I have felt anxious to hear of thee since we parted at Croydon, but have not, until this morning's post brought thy aunt's letter. Perhaps it is well for thee to be thus in comparative retirement and seclusion from Friends whilst thou art unsettled, though no doubt pinching to nature. To be alone with the Master is better than to have many outward counsellors, lest we should lean on man.

Farewell. I shall be pleased to hear further of or from thee when thou art free to let me know how thou feels; at the same time desire not to be intermeddling, nor yet to draw to a poor weak instrument. I remain thy sincere and affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Leytonstone, 8th of 3rd Month, 1842.

Dear ——,

. . . Trials are sent for our good, to humble and instruct us, and are varied according to our needs and our different dispositions, so tender and so wise is our heavenly Father towards us! I hope thou art not dull without us, but finds various little jobs to do to keep things in nice order, and enjoys some time in reading. There is a nice

book in the book-case that I know would interest thee, the Life of Thomas Shillitoe, who was a *poor shoemaker*, but a faithful minister of the Gospel, who out of much weakness (naturally) was made strong in his Lord, to go through many dangers and labours, and out of a very timid, fearful disposition was made bold as a lion, to stand before kings and princes and the fiercest looking of men. So mighty is the Divine power, as we yield to its smallest secret leadings and restraints revealed in our hearts. So this is what I long for thee (and for us all) to give up more and more to what is made known to us within; for this is better than all outward teachings, whether by books or men; indeed this is the object and design of all good reading, writing, and preaching, to bring all to Christ in our hearts by His Holy Spirit, the hope of the saint's glory, the best beloved of all the redeemed and redeeming people of all ages!

Here we shall know our strength, life, and peace to be continually renewed, and ability received to worship and serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear. And when He speaks peace to us, who can bring trouble or make afraid? Oh! the sweet flowing of His peace and the preciousness of His talking with us in our hearts, as we sit in the house, and as we are about our work, and as we walk by the way, and when we lie down on our bed at night! it is more sweet than tongue can utter or pen describe! and this is what we are all called to and may enjoy, if we will but give up to the heavenly visitation of God's love, whilst time is allotted us here. So, dear ——, mayest thou be faithful to the Lord, not looking out at others or minding what they may say; follow the good Master, then shalt thou be made faithful in His Divine love, and joyful in His holy peace! which is the earnest desire of thy sincere friend and affectionate mistress,

L. A. Barclay.

To H. Grubb, on the death of her Mother, Sarah Grubb.

Reigate, 18*th of* 3*rd Month*, 1842.

My dear Friend,

Deeply affecting, though sorrowfully looked for, was the account transmitted to me yesterday by dear H. Impey. Ah! I do indeed tenderly feel for you, and thee especially, my dear friend, who hast been so closely thy dear mother's affectionate and careful attendant. It must indeed be a keen stroke, although in the course of nature expected latterly from year to year. Yet how great must be thy

comfort in the consideration that thy great loss is her exceeding gain, in the assurance that *it is* well with her, that she is gathered to the generations of the just who are gone before her, and is for ever at rest, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest in the Lord! Ah, it was for this blessed end she lived and breathed, strove and toiled, even in and by the life and power of truth. Yes, to this she testified abundantly in and by the same—the consummation and realisation of those views which can be only seen while here by the eye of faith, and as through a glass darkly in comparison of the full fruition and everlasting enjoyment! How does the contemplation of the bliss and exaltation of such as are thus translated seem to fill one with humble adoration and grateful praise to God their Redeemer, who truly is "rich in mercy" and great in love, and delights to "show forth the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness towards us through Christ Jesus!" And though the tear of natural affection must be allowed to flow abundantly, yet let us not sorrow as those that have no hope, but rather seek after heavenly ability to stay ourselves upon Him who smites us in a tender part, and thus to bless His holy name even for that which seems almost severe to our nature! so will He bring good out of seeming evil, and give us the grateful, humble language, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," and "I know that thou in very faithfulness hast afflicted me; who is like unto thee, or to thy faithfulness round about thee!"

Ah, the loss of the Church is great—one is ready to say not likely to be repaired! Yet surely the Judge of the whole earth will do right; He doth ever care tenderly for His poor afflicted people, and He can raise up, even of those comparable to the stones of the street, to be His children in the faith of Abraham, and give them to testify for His name and truth, and to celebrate abundantly His praise; and there is nothing too hard for His mighty power, or too great for His tender goodness to do for all those who love and faithfully serve Him even through many tribulations. Oh, then, my dear H., whether we look at our own or at the Church's loss, may we increasingly and over all look upward, yes, look upward, and breathe upward, and all will be well and work together for our abundant good and blessing.

Farewell. With dear love to you all, I remain thy sincerely affectionate and sympathising friend,

L. A. Barclay.

I do hope to pay my last tribute of love and unity with my dearly beloved and honoured departed friend.

To J. B.

Reigate, 10*th of* 6*th Month*, 1842.

My dear Friend,

. . . How greatly do I feel for you all in the approaching loss of dear ——, an elder worthy of double honour, I truly think, in these degenerate days, when but few are the truly baptised! How greatly we missed her this yearly meeting with us! She had been, I think, four years with us, and we loved her more almost *every day* of her stay—the savour of her spirit, through the daily exercise, was so sweet and strengthening to us, and her example of faithfulness to individuals was very instructive. Ah, there is more of this wanting amongst us, especially among elders, or things would never have got to the state they are in. But, then, there must be a true anointing with the right eye salve that they may see aright—that is, *for* the truth and with the truth (or the mind of truth); otherwise there may be an acting *against* the truth instead of *for* it, as I fear has *lamentably* been the case of late in some instances, even by some of our elders speaking to and finding fault with those who really are on the ancient foundation and upholding the pure testimony of truth, to their great discouragement and grief, whereas they forbear to touch, and rather smooth over with love and peace, those who *really are* the true troublers of Israel and the sowers of discord and disunity amongst us, whatever they may profess of and talk about love and unity and peace.

I had a dear faithful friend and minister with me this year, one of the *old-fashioned*, upright, downright sort, that was excellently concerned in our last sitting of the select meeting, to address both classes, and especially the elders, bringing forward the instructive instance of John Crook, whose ministry latterly had become wordy and lifeless, but when spoken to by the judicious and deeply feeling elders of old times, received it in the meekness of the true Gospel minister, and it was blessed to his recovery; for he was silent some years, and then came forth again in a little humble, trembling way as at first, pure and living, and thus was preserved to the end. Oh! how excellent is this, it is as things ought to be with us.

Our yearly meeting was deeply exercising and sorely trying to many of us, although there is much said about the solemnity and favoured times, the harmony, and unanimity; but, alas, my dear friend, *all is not gold that glitters!* Never was there so much cause

for mourning and girding with sackcloth on behalf of the *leaders of the people*, as well as the people; for the pure testimony of truth is sadly reproached by the inconsistency amongst us, and the world sees and points the finger at it. And our meetings for discipline, both select and general are painful times, for man's will and wisdom, arts and parts, and contrivance are uppermost; and there is no room for the Lord's power to humble, and move, and act, which should be over all and have the praise of all. . . . The mouths of the mourners were closed in silence pretty much, except a few broke through, as it were, in a weakly, trembling way; nevertheless, others seem to have nothing but peace and brightness to prophesy of, and in large measure! Well, the day that is coming shall try every man's foundation and building, and then the hail of the overflowing scourge shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and destroy the various hiding-places men have got to get away from the piercing light of God's Spirit; and the wall that the prophets have been building up very fair and high, and daubing over to look so beautiful and exact, shall come tumbling down! Ah, I may never live to see it, but I do live in the faith (as *dear* S. Grubb lived and died in) that, after this sifting and purging, a brighter day shall dawn yet upon us, and the true Church shall look forth clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners, for the blessed and *unchangeable* truth shall yet prevail and reign over all. So be it, saith my soul; and oh! that we, who are left a little longer on this beautiful (but, *alas*, defiled) earth, may be so strengthened and helped from season to season as to possess our souls in patience; even to keep the word of the Lord's patience, that so we may be, through His adorable love and grace and mercy in Christ Jesus, kept in the hour and day of trial and temptation that shall come to try them that dwell upon the earth, and be favoured to stand in our lot and to rest in Him at the end of the days. It is a comfort to remember that, however sifted, not one grain of *weighty wheat* shall be lost; also that a mark shall be put on the foreheads of those who sigh and mourn for all the abominations and transgressions in the land, and that they shall be spared in the day of slaughter, and those that fear the Lord and think of His name (or power) shall be written in His book of remembrance and spared as His precious jewels.

We had a precious visit from a dear Irish farmer, Jacob Green, into our meeting; it seemed to bind up our wounds and revive as with a cordial! Another time at one of the meetings for worship, a dear farmer from Lancashire spoke excellently to [the great comfort of some

of us]. Oh, it is through these dear simple, unpolished ones that the golden oil seems to flow so purely and unmixed to the refreshing of the heritage; or rather, I might better say, to the causing the lamps to burn up with fresh vigour, and thus the Lord's power is over all as it should be. He spoke of the precious times he had had at the *plough stilts*, calling on the dear youth to yield up to that which visited and tendered their minds! Oh! it is a favour there are still such instruments preserved and raising up amongst us; and I do believe there is a precious visitation extended to the dear youth, and many are embracing it. So, dear friend, let us, in the midst of our tears, cheer up and be faithful, and cleave to the Lord's power, which is all-sufficient and over all, and that will *make* and *keep* us *humble* and *in unity with His* will, and then nothing will surprise us or greatly move us, neither will anything harm us or separate us from His precious love in Christ Jesus. . . . Ah, what a tender thing is the work of Divine grace in *any way*, how easily snibbed and hindered!

Do you ever go over and feel with and for them [at —— meeting]? Ah, we must stir up the gift in both of our stations, dear J.; I mean, yield to little pointings, and way will be made for us where we may see none, to hand a cup of cold water to a fellow-pilgrim; and as we thus use the little strength given or held out to us, we shall gain more strength. . . .

I have been very ill this spring, but, through favour, I came back from yearly meeting *better* than I went. The cough is now at least gone, and I am in comfortable health, for which blessing and many others I can never be too grateful or render enough. . . .

Farewell, dear friend, with love to thyself and husband. Thy sincere and affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To M. A. F.

Reigate, 23*rd of* 7*th Month*, 1842.

My dear Friend,

. . . It seems a very long time since we met, and much has transpired since then to us both. It would be very pleasant to be able to meet again, to mingle our feelings both of grief and mourning, as well as of hope and longing for, I cannot say much of *rejoicing*, for that is scarce now-a-days, except when by the eye of faith we seem permitted (in mercy to cheer and animate us on a little), to

have a glimpse of a brighter day, when truth shall more eminently and evidently prevail and reign over all! Ah, *this* seems to give wings, as it were to the soul, to mount upward from the tribulations of this transitory scene, and causes the temple of the heart to resound with praise to Him whose power is over all, and whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom!

If we are not faithful we may be laid aside as the Israelites were! and oh, how applicable are many passages in the prophets respecting them to our condition now! Well, dear Marianne, I expect thou feelest it to be so, and hast much to mourn over in that large meeting (besides looking into thy own house or heart!) and oh, how do I desire for us who feel these things that we may not get too much into discouragement, whether in the looking outward or looking within, and so give the enemy place, as it were; but oh, let us increasingly look *upward* over and in all, and breathe upward too for continual grace to help in time of need! Oh, let us breathe after and feel after the daily quickenings of life upon our spirits, that we may be helped out of the many hindering, clogging, and defiling things around us, and kept in the *living sense* and *sight* of the things of God and of Christ, the blessed and *unchangeable* truth; for the true life gives a true sight and sense (otherwise we are but blind and dead, profess what we will), and this must not only be thankfully and humbly received, and faithfully occupied with, but a renewal thereof diligently waited for, in order to be kept living and tender in the true seeing and feeling, and tasting of the things of the dear Master! Oh, that it may be so with us, and then we shall without fail be found fresh and fruitful, sound and savoury to the praise of the great Giver and mighty Strengthener!

I find from dear H. M. that you are going to move. I cannot tell where it is, nor what is the little meeting thou wilt belong to; is it in Cheshire? It will be a great *shift* to thee! and I shall much feel for thee in the leaving the few with whom thou feelest united. Sometimes a transplanting does us good like the plants; but I am a witness, and so I should think thy dear sister is, that *apparently* snug corners and little meetings are by no means devoid of trials in various ways. I often think of a saying of dear old T. Shillitoe, that the old enemy creeps up into snug corners as well as other more open places. I feel that our little meetings are replete with trials and burthens. Sometimes, alas! (the view seems thereof), to almost cast one down too low; but how animating is the language

of the apostle! "Whom resist, stedfast in the faith, knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world;" also the reflection that though chastisements and trials are grievous for the present, yet if we are patiently exercised thereby, they afterwards yield the peaceable and peaceful fruits of righteousness. . . .

I was in a very weakly state at yearly meeting time, having had a long influenza cold and cough for nearly two months, and was very strongly advised and *warned* not to go there; but, wonderful to say, and I hope I look upon it gratefully, I was favoured to gather strength every day (after the first day or two of seasoning), even during such a *great trial* of it, both by meetings and by much excitement in seeing dear friends at my lodgings, so that I returned home nearly well, except my cough, but which I told dear Ann Conning *she helped to knock off* in a short time, by an acceptable and strengthening visit of three weeks afterwards. . . .

I often remember his [Alexander Dirkin] laying *thee* upon me to endeavour to do what I could to help and cheer thee along the rugged path. I am intending to remove into another house here this autumn, occasioned by a new and rather untoward landlord. This has rather an unsettling effect, for I enjoy quiet, and thought I should die here; but I strive to view it all as an inn to a better home. We must not mind being shifted about, nor be too particular about our fare, so we are but journeying on aright to the good end.

I hear dear —— is expected at Uxbridge next week. How we do miss her dear husband and dear S. Grubb! and I thought at yearly meeting (and before it too) that it seemed as if the enemy took advantage of our depression, and lifted up his heel and horn the higher! But they are taken from the evil to come, for surely a day of shaking must come, when the root of all things will be searched, and the idols and painted images will be cast down; and then it will be clearly made manifest who are on the Lord's side, and who are really on the enemy's side and doing his work, however plausible their language and appearance may be. Oh, that we may seek after the quiet habitation, that we may possess our souls in patience, that we may be able to stand in this evil day, and having done all and suffered all, according to the Divine will and through Divine grace may be permitted to stand with acceptance through the Beloved.

I remain thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To M. S.

Reigate, 23rd of 8th Month, 1842.

My dear Friend,

Thy kind note was gratefully received and proved acceptable, and I do believe it is well to attend to little pointings in this way, to hand what may be comparable to but a cup of cold water, for it will not lose its reward, and we know who declared "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren (oh! what condescension!) ye did it unto me!" But alas! how often are we (or am I) apt to reason away these little feelings of attraction, doubting how their fruits may be received, or fearing we feel not sufficient to warrant our giving up to them; although I must own, with respect to myself, I ever desire to try the fleece both ways, lest I should move in anything like the willing and running and haste of the creature, and so thereby self might get strengthened even by that which looks likely to slay it! Ah! my dear friend, the present is indeed a time when we peculiarly need all the little cups of help that we can have through any of our dear fellow-pilgrims; for how many are the burthens, how grievous are the continual wounds, how deep is the mourning, how great is the discouragement of the present day in our poor backsliding Society! so that those to whom it is given to feel a degree ever so small of sympathy with the poor burden-bearers (who weep as between the porch and the altar crying, "spare thy people O Lord, and give not thy heritage to reproach!") had need to be faithful in pouring in their little mite of balm. Ah! my dear friend, some seem able to prophesy smooth things and to cry peace, peace! Some seem able to think that all things are well with us and improving; but as for poor me, the roll to me is written within and without with mourning, and lamentation, and woe! for alas! how is the gold become dim, and the fine gold changed! how are we become as "an assembly of adulterers and adulteresses," for we are adulterated from Christ the life, whose life is the light of men, consequently death and darkness is crept over us, while we hardly know it! and surely we are going from bad to worse, and unless our downward course be arrested, we shall become, as the Jews were, cast off as a people, and mingled with the common mass of professors, yet be distinguished among them by deserved reproach and just despising! Yet I have a humble hope that there will be a little remnant, a worthy few, who through watchfulness and holy

fear will be enabled to keep their garments undefiled, and be permitted to stand in the evil day, yea, will be further and further purified by these deep trials and made white! And I am at times comforted in remembering what my dear brother John says at the end of the letter (at page 274 of the Selections), viz.:—"*However we may be permitted to be trampled upon and to be broken to pieces, yet the blessed truth shall outlive it all, and emerge out of the very ruins*, if it must come to that." This shows his sense how that the truth is not dependent on us as a people, but that the holy standard thereof was mercifully given to us to uphold before the nations, and if we forsake our own mercies, we may be permitted to be trampled upon and broken to pieces, but the holy truth would still arise transcendent above all and at last stand and prevail over all! This is an universal view indeed, and is truly cheering in the midst of much around to cast down. The Lamb and His followers shall have the victory! Oh, that we may all seek to be found *in Him*, to be clothed with His Spirit and truly subjected thereby under His government! then shall we truly reign with Him over all, although now for a season, if need be, we are in heaviness through manifold temptations, and partaking with Him in His deep sufferings for the body's sake which is His church. Oh! then, that we may be enabled, like those of old, to endure unto the end, as seeing Him who is invisible! Oh! that we may be enabled with single eye to His light and firm confidence in His power to look unto Him who endured the cross, despising the shame, lest we be wearied and faint in our minds in the heavenly race towards the mark for the rich prize of our high and holy calling; that so running with diligence and fighting the good fight of faith, we may be permitted to obtain, and to lay hold on eternal life, whereunto we are graciously called! . . .

Farewell, my dear friend. I remain with dear love from us both, thy affectionate and sincere friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

27th of 8th Month, 1842.

My dear young Friend,

Although the cause for my writing to thee as I promised is now at an end, yet I do not think I shall be clear without, in some degree, testifying to thee how I feel in regard to the trying subject that

alluded to the other evening, believing that the pure witness for God within, even the Spirit of Christ, who is called the faithful and true Witness, will unite therewith, to which I ever desire to appeal, and *not* to the judgment and spirit of the creature, which thou knows have both need of *restraining* and of *regulation*. There is an old saying, "A man is known by the company he keeps," and as I think this is very true, so I also think that the society we have and seek has a great effect upon us; our ideas and tone of mind are too apt to get moulded or leavened by it very imperceptibly to us, and that if we are in the continual or very frequent habit of associating with those whose principles and profession are in many respects contrary to ours, we shall be throwing ourselves in the way of being weakened from our principles and profession, if not of being tempted to cast them aside with such—at least I have found this to be the case with me; and even at this time of my life I dare not mingle much with others, feeling their society tends to revive the old nature in me, which was flattered and pleased with their maxims and spirit; and to leaven me in a way that upon solid and serious feeling does not bring true comfort and peaceful quiet to my mind—and if so with one declining in life, and desiring above all things to press towards a heavenly inheritance, how much greater must be the effect upon those who are just entering, as it were, into this perilous world; with less experience and less accustomedness to seek for best strength, and in whom the natural propensities are stronger! I do trust I can fully enter into the feelings of the young, having in former days had I think, I may say, *intense* enjoyment in the sweets of friendship; neither am I so narrow-minded as to say abstain from *all* association out of our Society—but let such as thou associates with be *picked men*, that is, selected with an eye to the advice of the truest Friend, the best Guide and Counsellor, even thy Saviour, and let thy hand be tender and susceptible to the gentle pressure of His restraints or drawings away from any, for thou knowest He loves thee too truly and dearly to wish thy hurt or thy misery, but seeks thy most substantial and enduring comfort; and surely, dear ——, they cannot be thy true friends whose company would in the least degree draw thee away from or lessen thy attraction to the Beloved of souls, thy attention to His inward voice that is "still and small," or thy inclination to take up the cross openly and confess Him before men.

I trust the young men thou mentioned to —— are serious characters. A man may be moral, but if he be not serious (religiously

disposed) his society still may be very weakening and even pernicious to good principles, especially those of our *high and holy* profession. Of course thou wilt want society; as I said before I am not hard to the feelings of youth, but mayest thou use *sparingly*, with *fear and caution*, that which is likely to have a weakening tendency, if thou canst not avoid it. Thy dear father's company will always be agreeable to thee, I trust (while he is yet spared to us). I regret that our young men Friends here are not as suitable as they should be. But I believe I must go further and say, my dear friend, that it is my feeling that late hours for associating with any is very dangerous; as well as the habit of smoking, for young people to get into it leads to temptations that may be of serious consequences. I believe thou would find far more solid satisfaction on resting thy head on thy pillow at night, if thou wert to devote the *short* time that *should* (for *health's* sake) elapse between closing the shop and going to bed, to suitable reading and meditation or retirement of mind, seeking after heavenly searching into the actions and feelings of the day, heavenly humbling and heavenly strengthening. By suitable reading I mean such works as will innocently instruct and edify, leading the mind still upward to the source of all good and the centre of all true worship and praise—of which the present day is indeed privileged with many; many that are truly interesting, both in biography, natural and experimental philosophy, besides those of a more serious cast. But, oh, my dear friend, as ever thou values the welfare of thy immortal soul, shun, I entreat thee, those poisonous books of Byron as thou wouldst the venom of an asp—they are so insidious, so defiling, thou canst hardly read them without being hurt. Watch the tenor of thy mind in reading them, and thou wilt find it drawn farther and farther from the little and lowly, the pure and purifying witness for God in the secret of thy heart, but that the man's part, the creaturely nature, will, wisdom, *imagination*, and *reasoning* is set up and strengthened thereby, which it is the work of true religion, or the power of God, to bring down and subject; and if thou dost not feel this tendency to be the case, verily it is because thou art blinded by the delusion of the enemy by having quenched the little glimmerings of the light of Christ in thy heart, for there is not one, as I believe, who has been really touched by the Divine power, but what has had this feeling concerning these publications. And now again, in reference to the words "fear and caution" used above—what I mean is with *fear for thyself*, and with caution or watchfulness for Divine help, for "Happy

is the man that feareth alway; but he that hardeneth his heart shall fall into mischief." It is those who are mistrustful of themselves, who feel how weak and unable they are of themselves to resist temptation, or to do and keep in that which is good and right, that are likely to receive the Lord's precious strength, and guidance, and preservation; but those who are self-confident, and think they can stand, He is likely to turn from and leave to themselves, and then they do fall into mischief indeed. Be assured, my dear young friend, that humility and meekness are the truest ornaments both to man and woman—they are the offspring of the true wisdom of which it was said, "She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace, a crown of glory shall she deliver thee," and again, "Riches and honour are with me, yea, durable riches and righteousness." Ah, then, that thou mayest seek after that wisdom, the beginning whereof is the fear of the Lord, and the fruit thereof true humility and meekness, so shalt thou witness it to be a fountain of life, continually preserving from the snares of death; delivering thee both from the way of the evil man, who leaves the paths of uprightness to walk in the ways of darkness, whose ways are crooked, and they froward in their paths, as well as from the strange woman who flattereth with her words and forsaketh the guide of her youth. Oh, seek after this wisdom as for silver, and cry after the true knowledge, the knowledge of God's holy will and ways, as for daily food; for the Lord giveth wisdom, out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding; and He waits to be gracious unto us, to make known His words unto us, and to pour out His Spirit upon us, if we will but turn at His reproofs and receive His instruction; and if we do so, then shall we walk in the right way safely, and our foot shall not stumble; when we lie down, we shall not be afraid; yea, we shall lie down and our sleep shall be sweet. Humility and meekness, also, are most in accordance with our blessed Saviour's example, who was meek and lowly in heart, and exhorted to the denial of self, and declared that except we become as little children, we cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven, that is, become His disciples. Now it struck me the other day, that that disposition which seemed to set up self, and wished to have justice done to self, was contrary to this true humility, neither is it so likely to see clearly what is right. It is the humble that are shown the right way, and the meek who are led in the paths of *true* judgment; they are teachable and easily taught, being mistrustful of self, and their path is more likely to be safe.

And now, my dear friend, I will bid thee affectionately farewell, having relieved my mind; and will conclude by directing and commending thee to the great and ancient principle of our profession, the Spirit of Christ in the secret of the heart, which will unfailingly show thee, if thou art attentive and obedient enough to its lowest whispers and discoveries, with whom thou mayest associate with comfort or impunity; will strengthen, restrain, and preserve thee aright when there, even in humility, watchfulness, and the Divine fear, and it will also assuredly show thee where thou mayest *not* go but at thy peril. Oh, then, cleave unto Him, and depart not away, and mayest thou increasingly seek after His precious company and delightful converse, of which thou canst never have too much; for He is the truest Friend, the surest Guide, the wisest Counsellor, and the most blessed Comforter. Blessed be His name over all for ever!

L. A. Barclay.

To a Child.

Reigate, 17*th of* 10*th Month*, 1842.

My dear ——,

I hope thou will not feel tried with dear ——, but she read me some of thy letter to her, knowing I should feel tenderly interested about thee, and so it has led me into very affectionate sympathy with thee, my dear girl, respecting evil thoughts, and I thought I could not do otherwise than take up my pen and write what I feel come into my mind. Ah, I do and *can* feel for thee, dear ——, for it is no new thing to be thus tried. Thou hast many neighbours and fellow-sharers in such trials, and I am not one of the least. But I rejoice in that thou *feelest* thus *tried* by them; this is the tender love of thy heavenly Father to make thee thus sensible of their evil tendency, and so be tried by them. Oh, cherish this sensibility, and do not crush and quench it by turning away from and seeking to divert thyself from such feelings. Oh, no; this would indeed be grieving thy heavenly Father and the good Spirit of thy dear Saviour. But perhaps thou wilt say, what am I to do to get rid of such troublesome intruders? I would affectionately answer thee, dear, if thou cherish that which makes thee sensible of them, it will by degrees purge them all away and deliver thee from them—not in thy own time, for *this* would be directly instead of gradually, and then this would be easy work, and self would be in danger of getting up and

vaunting of its victory; remember the Israelites did not all at once destroy their Canaanite enemies. But He who gives thee this sensibility of their evil tendency, knows best *when* and *how* to deliver thee from all the evil enemies of thine own house or heart, and which I doubt not thou often feels to be both many, and lively, and strong, and perhaps art sometimes ready to conclude thou *never shalt* be able to conquer them. But oh, never fear, but yield thyself up to this power that visits and shows thee them, and He will *not fail* to conquer them for thee and in thee; for stronger is He that is in thee, though He appear in thee only as in a very small and foolish looking way, as a little seed of life and light, a little leaven that would leaven thee into His meek and lowly nature; yea, as a secret power or word behind thee that seems to rise up against all that is evil in thought, word, or deed, and testifies against it. I say stronger is He that is thus appearing in thee than all the powers of the worldly spirit, the fleshly mind, or the stratagems of the cruel enemy. So be not afraid, only believe, that is *receive* and *yield* to His power, and thou shalt be made more than a conqueror through Him that loved thee.

But, my dear girl, in reference to those evil thoughts that are so constantly rising up, I have always found and still find—for I am still tried and tempted, if this will be any encouragement to thee to know of, and it is no sin to be tempted thou knowest, but the sin is in yielding to the tempter—I have always found that the best way is to endeavour to gather the mind inward to the power of truth that shows the evil thought; do not be *fretted* because of the evil, but try to turn as *quietly* as possible from the evil to that which shows it, and which stands ready to overcome it with good, even the power of truth, the light of truth, the Spirit of Christ in the secret of thy soul. In thus ceasing from thy own frettings and disquietude because of the evil, and from thy own strivings to reason thyself out of the evil as it were, and in thus simply and quietly turning inward and looking upward, as a dear little child looks up to its mother to lift it up out of any danger, thou wilt find that *He* who is mighty and very tender is *ever* near to succour thee, to stay thy mind in quiet and in abhorrence of the evil, and to season and sanctify it unto Himself. And as thou art practised in this inward work and watchfulness unto prayer, that is, unto breathing unto the Lord, so thou wilt become more and more practised in knowing and understanding thy dear Saviour's voice and heavenly inward speech. And oh, that nobody and nothing may ever turn or divert thee away from it in any wise! for thou knowest, my dear,

that no man or woman upon earth can ever give thee His precious peace; so never think to obtain it any other way than by hearing and obeying His voice, thus wilt thou *prove* thy love to Him, and thus wilt thou truly enjoy His love and manifestation of Himself to thy soul; and oh that thou mayest experience the blessed promise to such lovers of the Lord Jesus abundantly fulfilled—"My Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." And, my dear ——, be sure thou always turns away from whatever does *not* give thee a feeling of peaceful quiet to thy mind; and though thou canst not understand *why*, yet be content to be faithful to inward feeling, and patient before the Lord, and He will gradually open all to thee that is necessary for thee to know.

So farewell, my dear, for to-night. I shall often think of thee and —— together, and long that you may go hand in hand together along the good old way to the kingdom, the *strait and narrow way to* SELF. With dear love, I remain thy truly affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To B. BISHOP.

——, 1842.

Such a token of true sympathy and unity of spirit was truly grateful. I trust I received it as from the good hand of Him who hath pity on the workmanship of His hands, and who, when He sees meet to prove, most graciously sends a precious cordial to sustain. I desire to remain under such close exercise and deep baptism the whole time that is appointed, that so the good end therein may be answered and not frustrated.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To A. R.

10*th Month*, 1842.

I am one for gathering up the fragments that nothing may be lost, of such as testify to the sufficiency of the Divine power, which is likely to prove strengthening and helpful to the Zionward traveller, or promotive of the glory of the Divine being. The main desideratum in these publications is the faithful upholding of the ancient standard of truth, so that the pure truth, the pure dispensation of the Gospel be really and rightly upheld, exalted, and spread.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Reigate, 23rd of 11th Month, 1842.

My dear Friend,

The date of thy letter yesterday did not surprise me, but it did please me to find where thou wast. Thou mayest at all times freely write to me, for I feel tenderly interested in thy welfare every way, but fear I am but a poor broken reed to lean upon in any way for counsel and help! How remarkable was thy meeting with dear Thomas Bayes, at Tottenham! Ah, his dear brother! my mind has been so with his spirit, as it were, these several days, as if just landing on the blissful shores of the heavenly country! yet, nothing is impossible with Omnipotence! What an unspeakable favour that he has been so sensible of his situation, so calm and stayed!

My tender love and sympathy flows copiously towards all the dear families both in Norfolk and Tottenham. Now, my dear friend and younger brother, I must turn to thy letter and first let me say to thee, whatever thou doest, whatever thou mayest suffer, *mind* those tender impressions and secret stops in thy mind, for all lies in them, however plausible may be the advice or cogent the reasoning of any. Oh, let nothing draw thy attention away therefrom, for thy safety depends on a simple obedience thereto. Mind what the savour of life (even the inward life quickened by the Divine Word) draws thee to, and mind what it draws thee from, and let nothing deter thee from forsaking the one and cleaving to the other. And what though faith may at times seem very low, yea, altogether gone (as thou sayest), for it is the life of the word that quickens and gives faith, (and thence called the word of faith, or the faith-giving word), and if the influence thereof be withdrawn for a little moment, faith may well be said to flee from us; yet oh, be thou patient awhile, and dare not to move out of the faith, and hope will come in to succour the faith and stay thy mind in that, and thou wilt see that though for a little moment He who is thy life was pleased, for thy proving and purifying, to hide His face as it were, yet in tender loving-kindness will He have mercy on thee, and in due time lift up His royal banner again in thee and gather thee thereto! yea, and open thy way gradually more and more as thou art willing to be led as the blind by a way that the natural man can never comprehend, and exceedingly in the cross to all that thou canst call thy own! and He who hath called and touched thee, and drawn thee by His love to run after His tender

counsel in His pure fear, can make a way both through the sea and through the cloud for thee, when thou hast borne the baptism in them that He sees fit; and as thou cleaves close to His mighty but secret power, He will enable thee to run as through a troop of enemies within and without, and to leap as over a wall of opposition and difficulty, bring thee out through fire and water as into a large place, and oh then remember to pay thy vows and to offer the sacrifices of thanksgiving!

I do feel much interested in thy letter, and though I have but little idea of business, yet I have felt lately more and more convinced that a truly upright and faithful friend will find it increasingly a difficult thing to get a livelihood with clean hands and a clear conscience in most branches of trade, all the channels seem so sadly polluted in one way or another. It was but the other day that I was talking to a Friend on the very subject, and he was saying what a sad custom there is now of feeing servants, so much per cent., and of charging more than really was had of any article to meet that expense! so much so, that he knew of one or two Friends who could not get on in business because they conscientiously refused to do so. But farming has often appeared to me the least objectionable and the most quiet and reflective business, in which our *utter* dependence on Divine goodness is the most brought to view, if it be but really entertained, and one in which our testimonies may be so fully and convincingly upheld. Thou asks me about going into the North and the names of such as I know. . . .

There is also that dear Friend, R. J. of ——. He is a faithful and powerful minister beyond all man's arts and parts, and was at yearly meeting this year, and bore a clear and weighty testimony to the sufficiency of the Divine power that visited him when *between the plough stilts*. I do not know him outwardly, but feel a precious unity with him. . . .

Well, my dear friend, this is all I know of to say to thee. If it prove of any use I should be glad, and now I must say farewell, committing and commending thee to thy good and all-sufficient Guide, who never has failed thee yet, though thou hast seemed to wait long for Him and sought Him with many tears. He will direct thee to a hair's breadth, and give thee faith and strength to follow as thou keeps close to Him all the day and waits for Him all the night.

I remain thy sincere and affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To L. C.

Reigate, 28*th of* 11*th Month*, 1842.

My dear Friend,

I received thy kind note yesterday, and am obliged for the contents. I was not aware of the illness of ——; she was one that I used to know before her marriage, being often with her relations the other side of London. I believe she had a value for what was good, and for those who were sincerely desirous of pursuing it. But, alas! how many there are of this class, who know what is right, and admire and love those who are faithful, yet are unwilling to bend themselves, so as to acknowledge what they often feel in the secret of their hearts, and thus remain dwarfs all their lives. . . . I do not think I feel sufficient of a draft to attend the interment. Oh, for the pure testimony to the truth, to the all-sufficiency of the blessed power thereof, to enable us to overcome the world, the flesh, and the wiles of the wicked one; may it be unflinchingly held forth and exalted on high, though through the weak and little ones. I notice what thou sayest about coming to see us, and it is very pleasant to us to think it is in your hearts, dear friends, and we shall look for you sometime on sixth day. . . . I hope you will stay over First day with us. It is pleasant to think of having the help of your spirits. . . . Perhaps you may be instrumental to arouse some to cleanse their hands from that which obstructs, that the heavy-hearted may again lift up their heads in hope of that which quickens, nourishes, and strengthens the immortal soul.

I am much pleased that —— has at heart such a good work, but, oh, I do hope it will be purely brought forth, that man's tool of wisdom and expediency may not be lifted upon it to mar it. I am rejoiced that Job Scott's journal is to be reprinted. The sad attempts to cry it down and destroy it seem only to have awakened the desire to have it the more. I believe his pure testimony will not slumber in the dust, but even revive as out of the stones of persecution.

Farewell, dear L. I remain thy and your affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ——.

11*th of* 12*th Month*, 1842.

My dear Friend,

I was much pleased to hear by thy kind letter that thou got home with comfort, and found all pretty well. Thou hast indeed

been wonderfully cared for and helped on in thy late journey, so I do hope, my dear ——, it will animate thy faith a little, and renew thy trust in Him who never yet has failed thee in the hour of need. And oh, how true it is that, with even but a grain of faith and but a little mite of heavenly power, we are enabled to leap over a wall of opposition and difficulty, and to run through a troop of fears and foes! and how do the mountains flow down at the presence or prevalency in our hearts of the Lord's power, and our earthly feelings and natures are made to smoke as at His mighty touch! Oh, then, that we may increasingly, my dear friend, yield up ourselves to His mighty and tendering power to do with us as seemeth Him good! Let our hearts cleave unto Him in uprightness and true fear that keeps us clean and keeps out all other fears; and let our eye be singly unto Him, looking and waiting for His all-searching, all-quickening, and all-strengthening word more than they that watch for the morning; and surely He will revive His work as in the midst of the years, animate and strengthen us to let the time past suffice wherein we have indeed been very hesitating and doubting, disobedient and backsliding from His tender hand that touched us many a time. And oh, that we may each of us know more and more of a putting on strength in the name of the Lord, by whose good and tender power alone we shall know our ability to overcome all things, the worldly spirit, the flesh, and the wicked one, remembering the many precious promises "to him that overcometh."

After ten days' absence we were favoured to reach home the evening before last, and though weak in body most of the time, and very low and tried in mind, yet my gracious Master was pleased to introduce me into much exercise on behalf of others where my lot was cast, both in and out of meetings, and I was enabled to relieve my mind to my great comfort and humbling admiration at His goodness to such a poor unworthy worm of the earth! But so it sometimes is. He is pleased to put His words into the heart and mouth of the weak and foolish, and mean and reproached, and causes the stammering ones to speak forth close things that reach the witness, that no flesh may glory in His sight! . . . Oh, that we may be favoured to get to the watch tower, and abide there in humility and meekness, that we may watch and keep our garments, and be enabled to stand faithful to the pure testimony of truth even to the very end of our time of suffering, though we suffer the loss of life and all things else outward for it.

L. A. Barclay.

To Letitia Hagger.

Reigate, 11*th of* 12*th Month*, 1842.

My dear Friend,

. . . I trust I shall not forget thy great and sisterly kindness when with thee, and I do desire thy reward at a better and higher hand, for He takes the least kindness (for His name's sake), even only comparable to a cup of cold water, as done unto Himself! And oh, my dear friend, mayest thou be animated and strengthened by His mighty and good power, and thy faith from time to time revived when ready to faint by Him who alone can increase it; and I remember His gracious promise of old, "I will be as the dew unto Israel, he shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine, and the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon; from me is thy fruit found." Ah, it is His heavenly dew, administered from day to day, that can revive our drooping faith, and give us to lay hold of His strength thereby so as to witness a growing in grace and in the heavenly wisdom and stature; and here we know (as we are diligent in exercise and faithful in keeping close to the Divine power, however small its appearance in the revelation thereof within us) a going "from strength to strength," and how that "every one of them in Zion appeareth before God." How sweetly descriptive is this of our passing under the Lord's good hand of power, under the "judgments of His mouth" or operation of His inward and living word, under the various baptisms of His Spirit of judgment and burning, whereby He redeems all Zion's converts, and purifies them unto Himself, and sanctifies unto His holy use; for we read "His fire is in Zion and His furnace in Jerusalem!" Oh, then, that we may be willing and patient to endure all the turnings and overturnings of His good and tender hand. Let us not shrink from appearing before Him that He may thoroughly search and sift us, and surely nothing that is really weighty and living and tender, nothing that is really of His own begetting in us, shall ever suffer, but rather wax stronger and stronger in His heavenly might and holy life, and be more and more prepared for fruitfulness to His praise; yea, the fruit that is of and from Himself shall unfailingly come forth in His own *pushing yet* mellowing life, so as to yield a precious and refreshing savour and flavour.

And now, my dear friend, I desire thy increase and deepening in this living experience and exercise, and thy faithfulness in the Lord's puttings forth, in the little grain of faith and of might that He vouch-

safes to what thou feelest required in the secret of thy soul at any time, without fear of man or looking at consequences, or leaning to thy own understanding or reasonings, nor yet yielding to the mists and clouds of doubt and dismay that the enemy may raise; for before the least grain of the true faith, the least mite of the true power, they shall all vanish and melt away, and the mountains shall flow down, and the earthly nature in us shall smoke, and nothing shall be too hard!

I know not how I am led thus to write, and did not so intend when I sat down, but as it flows in my heart my pen is that of a ready writer. And, my dear friend, my tender sympathy is with thee in thy very solitary allotment; but oh, mayest thou not be dismayed thereat, so as to be hindered from the Lord's service. What though thou hast few or none to help thee outwardly, for the fathers, where are they? and the prophets do not live for ever! Yet let this drive thee the more deep and inward to the revelation of the Lord's power, who is ever sufficient for poor worm Jacob; and oh, stay thy mind in deep inward attention upon Him, trusting thy all unto Him, and He will direct thy path, what to do and how to step and where to step, and He will open thy way before thee, even to cleave unto and serve Him in uprightness (whatever others may do) in what He bids thee, and none shall be able to gainsay or resist, and the arms of thy hands shall be made strong by the mighty God of Jacob as thou thus preferest His honour and favour to all beside! So look not out, but keep the eye single and inward, and mind the Master's pointings; thus, though the standard-bearers should faint and shrink, yet the blessed standard of the truth will be taken up, even by the little ones, and even *one* of these, through faithfulness to the Lord's power, may become as a thousand, and he that seems very feeble as a strong nation, yea, as David, valiant for the truth!

I believe this is all I feel at present, and it is in dear love, in which I remain thy much obliged and truly affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To H. M.

17*th of* 12*th Month*, 1842.

. . . . So, my dear friends, do feel for me and crave my preservation every way and every day. And *how* do I feel for you! There is nothing so preciously uniting as suffering; to be fellow-

sufferers together for the dear Master's cause, as we humbly hope. But this we cannot be without being fellow-*feelers;* and how can we be fellow-feelers without being similarly baptised into one and the same Divine life, whence springs the true seeing and feeling, and the fruitful bearing! So, oh, let us each travail for it more and more, even to know the precious life of Christ, fresh and fresh to bubble up in us from day to day; and then we shall be increasingly one in Him and feel Him one in us, our all in all, and shall know the heavenly increase, and the fruitful praise, and the humble rejoicing before Him for ever, even though in the midst of persecutions and reproaches, and tribulations and perils. . . .

I am so pleased thou wast helped in that meeting —— was at. Do be faithful, my dear friends (if it be not impertinent in me to say so to you), and go on right forward for our dear Master, nothing doubting and no one fearing, and He will make your way in the hearts of all, plead your cause in them, either sooner or later, in mercy or in judgment; and I do hope thy dear husband will simply yield to any little pointing to go now and then to this or that meeting.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To A. R.

1*st Month*, 1843.

. . . When I look at the children of the exercised ones amongst us, I am often tried at the consideration of *how little* are they brought under that all-regulating, subjecting power of which we believe their dear parents are constrained to testify and direct unto; but what is the plainest outside, if the humbling and restraining power of truth is unsubjected to and unheeded; and in feeling these remarks to arise continually, how does the mind revert to poor self, and desire to take the warning and instruction home therein contained, fearing lest, while constrained by Divine grace and enabled to testify unto others thereof, I myself should become a castaway or bring the least reproach on the blessed cause. Dear M. S. is a deep feeler and mourner, for we cannot deeply feel or rightly see, without being clothed also in mourning; and it is sometimes hard to hinder the sackcloth from peeping out. I accept thy kind encouragement, my dear friend. These are times when we often get rather the reverse, even in the midst of our painful suffering for the precious cause sake. Oh! the woe, the loss that will and must be to us, if we appoint as

elders such as are unsuitable and unbaptised for the work, through our following natural judgment, and affectionate feelings, and the sight of the eye outwardly. I have had cause to deplore such appointments made in the hope of qualification, or with the desire to strengthen the hands of such. Unless they are Divinely prepared and anointed (as it were hewn and cut out in the mountain of the Lord) by deep baptisms, similar to those of the poor ministers, how *can* they feel for and with them, or have any clear discerning of the work in each under their fostering care; they may on the contrary be hindering and hurting the very work they should strengthen and help. Ah, the continued baptisms unto death of all that is of the creature, how many have fallen from the want of it! being settled down at ease by their appointment, and forget their first speaking tremblingly, or being humbled under the Lord's good power: but we must trust in Him who can overrule all things for good, and who can give the poor little oppressed ones patience under all permitted trials.

L. A. BARCLAY.

TO THE SAME.

Without date.

Alas! there is much to discourage and dismay, so much that seems to strike at our life and pierce as to the quick, in what we see and hear; it is like being "killed all the day." Nevertheless it is comfortable to hear of the faithful ones scattered up and down; they seem like the savoury salt, though often mournful and solitary, whether inwardly or literally so, as it were prophesying and bearing their testimony in sackcloth, and in a wilderness state! Ah! surely these faithful, upright-hearted ones are the true Church, and will they not all be gathered unto Zion with everlasting joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall for ever flee away from them.

L. A. BARCLAY.

TO THE SAME.

Without date.

I have been much occupied in mind on the subject of overseers, having had a fresh appointment in our monthly meeting, in which much deep exercise has fallen to my portion, as I apprehend, for the cause sake, which is more precious to me than life or reputation amongst men. I was mercifully strengthened to be faithful,

though most pinching to nature, during the consideration and afterwards. I laboured with each individual of them to my great relief and peace of mind, so that I am now quiet and full of praise to the Giver and Strengthener of all His poor unworthy servants, even the meanest of them.

Towards the close of this labour of love, I was tried with the sad accounts of my dearly beloved nephew, R. Barclay, a most sweet young man, whom I had fondly watched from childhood, and comfortingly beheld his promising steps in changing his dress and yielding to what he felt to be right. I was hoping he might succeed his dear uncle John; but how shortsighted we are! He suddenly went off when his family were hoping he might recover from hemorrhage he had recently had. It was exactly six months from his wedding-day to the day of his burial, and it is remarkable how many of his young friends attended both.

L. A. Barclay.

To the same.

Without date.

P.'s visit was a uniting time—one of entering into feeling with the burden-bearers, and this truly is desirable. Alas! the affairs of truth of the dear Master are in a very low state in almost every part of our poor Society, and mourning must cover the true feelers. Still there are some encouraging features which convince us that we are not a forsaken people, and that the good hand is yet stretched out to gather and to redeem from bondage. May those who feel with and for Him endeavour to strengthen each other's hands, cleaving close to Him in subjection and watchfulness and fear, and then may we not hope that good may arise even out of apparent evil, and that there may be a revival even in the midst of the years as from the desolations of many generations.

L. A. Barclay.

To a very Young Friend.

Reigate, 21*st of* 1*st Month*, 1843.

My dear ——,

I must *tuck in* a little note to thee in that I have written to thy dear mother, to show thee that I have not forgotten thee now that thou art left, although I have been of late variously diverted.

No, my dear girl, thou still lives in affectionate remembrance, and so I believe thou ever would, however thou might be wandering afar off, whether in a natural and outward sense or in a spiritual and inward sense; for the true love extends over sea and land, and is not dependent on outward intercourse, nor yet *entirely* on outward conduct, because it is of the same *nature* (a branch or *fruit*) of that precious Divine love which beholds even the poor prodigal who has wandered afar off and wasted all his substance in wrong things—that precious Divine love, I say, which, beholding, pities and touches him even to the quick, as with the remembrance of his dear Father's house where there is bread enough and to spare—and all to bring him back again with renewed and increased rejoicing! Although I must own that where we see and feel the gracious good work yielded unto and going on, our love will and must be in proportion increased for the work's sake and for the faith that is begotten.

I am much pleased that dear —— has kindly offered for thee to read French with her; it is truly kind, and I hope thou wilt value the privilege, and perhaps too thou might gain from her some useful hints as to books that are improving, and perhaps she may lend thee one now and then, which would be an advantage to thee. But I hope, dear, thou wilt keep up the reading of some Friends' book daily, either aloud or to thyself; for I am sure thou must have felt the precious seasoning effect it had on thy mind when thou wast here, and it helps to undo the leavening effect which there is both in association and conversation that we are subject to daily, as well as that there is too often in the pursuits that we take up for our improvement in a natural sense. Oh, we want the spiritual life to be kept up and cherished *by all* possible means, even the *side channels* as it were of reading and of intercourse with the spiritually-minded, as well as by waiting for and seeking after it at the Fountain-head.

—— told me thou hadst expressed a fear lest we had disapproved of a certain tract from prejudice against the writer of it. That, my dear, we would never willingly be guilty of I am sure—it would not be just and sincere; and I have spread some dozens of another tract by the same writer, on Teetotalism, as highly approving of it. It is the substance and the feeling that we must judge by in such things, and I do believe in these and other things too, that the lower we get and the more inward we dwell with the little principle or seed of light and life within (which though in us *is not of us*), the more we shall be preserved in the true savour of all things, and free from prejudice—

for these are days of much superficialness in many respects, but all is not gold that glitters! I had rather have a little sound and substantial iron, however rough and ugly looking, than much mock gold with all its shining lustre. I want thee to be more inward, dear ——, and not upon the surface, then will thy building stand all the storms and tempests that may and *must* prove its foundation. It is no matter what the many may say, nor what our *own nature* may *hope* to be correct, but it is *a great matter* what the Lord whispers to us in secret, and the sense and savour which His life gives of things and persons and of all within us. But I did not intend thus to write; thou wilt say I am always sermonizing.

We had a sweet visit from dear ——, and it was very hard to part —she and I feel like *mother and daughter as I fancy*. We were very busy at mathematics daily, and had our two kinds of reading besides, Paxton (Illustrations of Scripture) and R. Shackleton's sweet Letters. . . . I hope to get a few more shillings for Germany.

Farewell, dear, in true affection and earnest desire for thy present and everlasting blessing and welfare, says thy sincere friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To J. F. M.

Reigate, 2nd of 2nd Month, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A little one may sometimes help a great one! and this encourages me to think that a few lines even from such an one as I may not be unacceptable when on the eve of departure for thy awful journey—believing that it does indeed feel truly awful to thee thus to be going forth as with thy life in thy hand, to visit the seed which is in much oppression! yea, pressed down, as a cart is pressed that is full of sheaves, under much that opposes and treads down! in which awful labour and prospect I think I can truly sympathise with thee according to my very small measure of experience; and oh, who is sufficient for these things! who, but the omnipotent One is indeed sufficient to bear up the poor bowed down mind under the prospect of the conflicts, and deep baptisms, and low plunges, and long wadings, and proving, fastings, and pinching strippings, the watchings and the perils that *must* be the portion of the Lord's painful labourers in these days of backsliding, and of sore trial! who but He is sufficient to gird with strength unto the battle, to clothe with the armour of light

on the right hand and on the left, and to preserve even on the watch tower of humble fear! who but He is sufficient to pour forth of His Spirit upon them, and to put His words into their mouths, that they may boldly plead His cause and faithfully uphold His pure testimony, making them able ministers, not of the letter which killeth, but of the Spirit that giveth life, and of the new covenant and testament which God hath bequeathed to and made with His poor fallen creatures, in and through His beloved Son! Oh, then, in wishing thee, my beloved friend and brother, the best, even God's holy speed, how does all that is quick and lively in my burdened soul earnestly crave that His all-sufficient good hand may be with thee, and that thy eye may be ever and only unto Him—and I do comfortingly believe that He who has been thy tender Alpha, who condescended thus to touch and to draw, and to make willing to run after Him, will strengthen and carry thee through from day to day, to the accomplishing of what He has for thee to do, and will be thy blessing and peace-giving, yet humbling Omega, to His glory and to His praise, which is all thou desires I know! And oh, when it is well with thee, remember thy poor weak sister, and crave that I may be preserved from taking any step before the Lord calls thereunto —yet enabled in simplicity and true fear to move as He may be pleased clearly to point out the way and time. I may acknowledge that the matter has much cleared before me in the last week—yet as the time of showing unto Israel draws nigh, many fears rise up to dismay, both as to the poor weak body as well as the disqualification and unworthiness of the mind, and the many dangers and snares likely to surround! But oh, dear friend, crave my preservation, that I may be kept ever so weak and low in myself, fearing for and distrusting myself, yet wholly hanging upon the Lord and keeping closely to His blessed secret power and heavenly gift, wherein alone is the true preservation! Suffer me to say, that I hope thou wilt in simplicity yield thy mind to any pointings towards public meetings in Lincolnshire, especially the northern part; I think it is beyond Brigg where dear J. C. found a tender people, and much openness about Waltham and Caistor. Oh, spread abroad the sound or testimony of the word of the Lord, even that blessed word which is quick and powerful, yet *very nigh* in every heart to discern good and evil! Oh, I would fain bear thee company in this good labour and glorious work, as a *silent breather* for success to the Gospel (the power) the world over! I have herewith sent thee as a little mite towards the work, one hundred

of each of my tracts. I trust thou wilt find some tender ones also scattered up and down poor Norfolk, and I do hope thou wilt not hurry through, and do not put by any little feeling towards a solitary individual even, for we know not how an arrow *shot at a venture*, as it were, may even pierce through the very joints of the harness, or *coat of mail*, wherewith such an one is enveloped.

Farewell, my endeared friend. I remain, may I say, in the love and bonds of the Gospel, thy nearly united, and affectionate, and sympathising friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND ON GOING OUT INTO A SITUATION AS GOVERNESS.

2nd Month, 1843.

MY DEAR ——,

I omitted to hand thee the little account of J. D., so I herein enclose it for thy acceptance, and I trust reading to profit, as we began to do, the third time, the evening of the day thou left us. I hope thou wilt observe how that when he was, after long pleading with and disobedience, at last convinced of the blessed truth (that is, of the inward power of the Lord Jesus Christ), partly by means of the awful judgments and afflicting dealings of the Almighty, and partly by the instrumentality of a *consistent walking* Friend—I say, I hope thou wilt observe how that *then* he was shown and convinced that all those reproofs and teachings in the secret of his heart, which he had been favoured with even from early childhood, were the operations of the Spirit of Christ, visiting him and vouchsafed to him by the tender love of God to his never-dying soul, although at the time he was ignorant thereof, or turned a deaf ear to them, and therefore *could not know them*. Now, seeing that we as a people are not thus ignorant, but are instructed, both by our parents and by many instruments raised up to testify thereto, to mind these secret reproofs and teachings as the way to life eternal, how exceedingly responsible are we, and how great will be our condemnation if we despise the love of God thus visiting our souls, and neglect so great salvation by grieving the blessed Spirit of Christ our Saviour! Surely this will be no less than crucifying Him afresh, and denying the Lord that bought us. Now, my dear ——, suffer me to say that this is the very object and end of all true education, to testify of and direct our dear pupils to this inward power or Spirit, whereby the spiritual kingdom of our

Lord may be set up and spread in their hearts; and this will sanctify and season all the knowledge of things civil or temporal that we may give them, and enable them to direct and appropriate it in the right way. Oh, this is the true way of leading them to the dear Saviour, to sit at His feet and hear His gracious words, as Mary did, which I believe symbolical of a lowly posture or frame of mind, attentive to the lowest appearance—the smallest communications of His Spirit within us. And surely it is as we thus come under His word or law in our hearts, that we become His subjects, and know Him to be really and truly our King and our Lord. Oh, here is the true coming unto Jesus, believing in Him, and knowing Him to be our Shepherd to lead us in the pastures of life; our wonderful Counsellor and Teacher that cannot be removed into a corner, and our blessed Saviour from both the power and dominion of sin, as well as the guilt and punishment thereof—for His word inwardly, as well as formerly it was outwardly, is with power. "Greater is He that is in us than he that is in the world"—that is, the enemy who rules in the hearts of the worldly-minded and disobedient. His law is a law of power, of life, of liberty, of peace, and joy unspeakable, able to deliver us from the law of sin and death! And this is what I earnestly desire for thee, dear ——, that it may be thy fervent concern and careful endeavour to do all thou canst to lead and direct thy dear pupils to this inward power or Spirit of Christ, this pure witness for God in their conscience, and swift and unflattering witness against all that is against Him. And I do believe the reproofs and whisperings thereof are to be heard even by very young children; and also the precious and sweetly melting feelings experienced, which are thereby brought over the mind, as attention and obedience are yielded; and oh! mayest thou be very careful that nothing in thee, whether by word or conduct, may in any wise either discourage these tendering feelings or give them a slight esteem thereof! for if thou dost, and they suffer loss thereby, it will lie at thy door! And oh, my dear girl, be careful, oh, be *craving* that thou mayest at all times be brought and kept under this nurture and admonition of the Lord *thyself*, otherwise thou canst not lead them to the same. Oh, let the fear of God be always before thy eyes, and be earnestly concerned to seek His face, His favour, the guiding light of His countenance, and His heavenly strength, that thou mayest be so enabled to walk consistently and watchfully as that they may see it, and be led to follow thy example because it is a peaceful one. There is great danger of our having too great an idea

of our own abilities and strength, and of what we will do and what *not*. Such are not the meek and humble whom the Lord delighteth to teach of His precious ways, and to lead in the paths of true judgment. "The Lord hath respect unto the lowly, but the proud He knoweth afar off," and doth not draw dear unto them, but leaves them to themselves, and *then* they are likely to step amiss, yea, cannot fail of erring. It is not a mean thing or a base thing to distrust ourselves—to feel our own weakness, and to apply unto the Lord for help continually; no, it is a great thing, and a noble thing, and a very precious thing in *His* sight, and that is worth far more than all that men think of us for our abilities. None are so *truly* great as those who think little of their own attainments and capabilities, and are fearful of themselves and of trusting themselves, and therefore look wholly to and lean only on the Lord, in whom is everlasting strength, and with whom are hid all the treasures of the true wisdom and knowledge. And I hope, my dear, thou wilt not think that I do not love thee in thus writing; those are our truest friends who tell us the truth, and point out dangers and even weaknesses; and the reproofs of a true friend are better than the kisses of an enemy. If I did not love thee dearly, I should not feel so tenderly concerned for thy best welfare. Ah! I long that thou mayest be brought more *really* and *fully* to the possession of that which thou hast been brought up in the profession of. For, as I said to thee here, our parents cannot give us possession of the truth, or the inward kingdom of Christ; they may testify of it, and direct unto it, where it is, and how to be attained; they may pray for our being brought to the knowledge thereof; but it is our own fault if we will not follow their directions and testimony, nor seek to answer their prayers. But how much greater is our responsibility and *will* be our condemnation; yes, and how much more harm may we be instrumental of spreading, for the children of such exercised parents are looked at peculiarly for examples, and their parents are often bitterly reproached if they are not what they should be. But oh, my dear, I long—yea, words fail me to describe the earnest and affectionate desire that fills my heart, that thou mayest grow up as before the Lord in His holy nurture and government; and, going forth, mayest lead and persuade all around thee to come, taste, and see how good the Lord is; and that they *verily are* blessed that wholly give up to love Him above all, and to be led humbly by His good hand. And I believe, as this is thy care and desire, thou wilt unfailingly experience Him to be a God nigh at hand, to do thee

good at all times and under all circumstances—a never-failing Friend and sure Adviser—a safe Guide—a mighty Strengthener—a powerful Preserver—and a blessed Comforter.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Reigate, 21*st of* 2*nd Month*, 1843.

. . . Alas, my dear friend, how many there are in our highly favoured and highly professing Society, and even some in station, who have not this tender, honest feeling, I am sorry to say, but who seem as if they made use of a borrowed capital to make *a fair show in the flesh*, and then run the risk of losing all, and thus bring reproach on the pure testimony of the truth. That which is not my own I should feel as sacred, and would even stint myself of butter in order to pay off by degrees! But there are many, many things to grieve us continually, coming to our ears now-a-days, in our poor backslidden Society; yet truth is truth though all forsake it, and "the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His, and let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." I mark thy low estate, as depicted in thy kind letter; but it is no marvel. Those who are of the living in Israel—that is, touched by the Lord's life-giving power, and thereby enabled to see and feel how things ought to be, both in and out of them, yea, and clothed thereby with an earnest desire to walk according thereto, in all faithfulness, and uprightness, and humble fear before Him—these cannot fail of being often clothed with mourning and lamentation, sometimes over their own weakness and unanswerable walking, and at other times over the desolations of Zion and the abominations of those who profess to be her daughters! But I have often desired that as it regards the former cause for mourning, it may not lead to unprofitable discouragement, neither may *self* get up *even* in our *mourning over ourselves*. Let us be content to see ourselves as weak, and foolish, and vile, and nothing, that we ought to be, and let us abide under the humbling sense thereof, till patience have her perfect work therein. But oh, let us look, yea, let us be animated *still* to look over all *up unto Him* in whom is everlasting strength, and in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, that we may lay hold on His tender arm of Divine strength which is renewedly stretched out for our help, and then surely we shall know the healing *through*

the chastisement or judgment of His blessed Spirit, and the strengthening through the humbling, and the Lord's power will be over all the enemy's plunges and doubts and discouragements! And as it regards a deep mourning over others, whether in secret or whether in our communings together as by the way, of what is come and coming to pass at Jerusalem, which truly make us sad, may we not be slow of heart to believe what is declared again and again, both within and without us, that Christ must suffer from the generation of the unbelievers who are wise in their own eyes—may we not be greatly moved nor dismayed at what we see, hear, and feel—let us not fear with man's fear, but oh, let the holy fear of the Lord God be ever before our eyes, let Him be sanctified in our hearts, and let us ever think upon His name which is His power; remember that He is over all, and wholly yield up ourselves into His holy hand that He may require or permit what He pleaseth, and mould us how He sees meet. Oh, this is what I believe to be Jacob's tent in which he is safe, and no enchantment shall ever prevail against him, even whilst he is gathered to and abiding in the Lord's holy life and power which compasseth him and encloseth him as with walls, and but works and clothes him with a quiet, peaceful, watchful, and humble spirit! Oh, let us seek more and more to be baptised into this blessed spirit by this holy life and power, then shall we be all united together in one mind and judgment as one bread, partaking of the one blessed nourishment and comfort, and rejoicing, even though scattered up and down in solitary places and in much tribulation; and in all these things (permitted to come upon us for our proving and refinement) our souls should live, wax stronger and stronger in that life which is hid with Christ in God, and the Lord's name would be exalted and glorified over all, who is worthy for ever!

I may now inform thee, I trust under a humbling sense of the Lord's condescending goodness to such a poor unworthy one, that I was liberated last fourth day by my Friends to visit Friends once again in the land of my forefathers, Scotland, and am looking to start the middle of next month. I cannot describe the *waves* that have been permitted to come over me on this account during the last year, and even still I seem hardly out of their reach! for oh, how awful does the work seem, and how formidable does the journey seem at this most trying season to the delicate, and to such a cold climate! But there is one who is all-sufficient for the weak and foolish, and He also can temper the winds even to the shorn lamb. And oh, that He may

preserve me from bringing the least reproach or hurt to His precious cause, and strengthen me to uphold the pure and ancient testimony of truth in faithfulness and simplicity and deep humility, to the end of my little day of testimony-bearing and of suffering for Him here, is the earnest desire of my travailing soul! And, dear friend, do thou crave it for me I beg, for I have great need of the prayers of the faithful. Oh, crave for me the daily quickening, the daily humbling by the Divine power, that I may be preserved and enabled to praise His great name fer ever.

Farewell. With dear love, I remain thy truly sympathising and affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Reigate, 3rd of 3rd Month, 1843.

My dear Mary,

I feel as if I should be best satisfied to send thee a few lines by way of parting salutation. . . . I do want thee, dear, to grow in best things, in the truth, in the Divine life, and come up in that faithfulness and fruitfulness which thou art called unto, and which it is graciously designed thou shouldst enjoy the reward of! I have often felt much about your allotment in your little meeting, and how the blessed end so mercifully designed therein may be answered; and it appears to me there is no other way than *daily to wait for* the Divine life and counsel to quicken and to direct you in all your conduct and steppings. It is thus that life and love towards God and the things of His heavenly kingdom is quickened in us, and we know that *unless these* be daily renewed in us, there is so much around us that is calculated to deaden and clog our spirits heavenward and so hinder us of the precious good so mercifully designed. And when this life and love towards God is quickened in us, though in ever so little a way, it *must* bring with it a *true feeling* towards His precious cause of truth, which is the inward kingdom of Christ's Spirit, both in our own hearts and the hearts of others—a true zeal for it; and as we, in simplicity and godly sincerity, seek to be humbly faithful to this feeling, which truly is not of us, though it be begotten *in us*, desiring to have a conscience void of offence towards God and men, which we cannot have without faithfulness, so we shall know a growing in heavenly grace, in the heavenly increase, become more and more quick of understanding in the Divine fear in the things that

concern the heavenly kingdom, and *consequently* our present and eternal peace, and shall become more and more helpful as living members in the body, the Church, and in which body none are to be idle and useless, but every joint and every member is to supply strength and beauty according to the effectual working of the Divine power in each! So I want thee, dear, to look to it—see that thou refuse not Him who calleth from heaven—see that thou in being faithful magnify His name! Do not think this is too high an attainment, but remember it is a gradual work, for all good as well as all *evil* comes on gradually. We must be willing to take one little step before we can expect to see how and where to take another; but if we shrink and draw back, the heavenly light and strength will also draw back from us, and we shall even lose what we once had, and become mere dwarfs instead of fruitful trees of comely stature!

In looking at your preparative meeting, I have much desired that thou might, through a humble and simple walk, and acting be a means of helping dear —— on a little. We may often be helped when diffident, by seeing the simplicity and faithfulness of another, even one younger than ourselves; and she has been so bred up in the *discouraging* and *crushing* atmosphere of ——, that I know she feels as if she *could not stir* out of the pit of it. I am aware there is much lies at her door in the matter by a want of simple faithfulness, and self may creep up in many ways that don't seem likely, and so hinder us, and I have told her so, and tried to stir her up to mind the little gift of light and life whilst mercifully permitted; still example may do much, and whether she follows or not, thou wilt be clear and wilt thereby wax stronger and stronger! Oh, there is something *overcomingly strong* in the truth as it is suffered to prevail in our hearts, as we yield thereunto in all things, and know all things in us thereby brought low in subjection thereto; it will overcome all evil, both without and within us, it goes on conquering and to conquer, makes even our enemies to be at peace with us, and raises a testimony even in their hearts for us, so that they cannot gainsay; and we shall, as the scripture says, "possess the gates of our enemies!" and as we are faithful, though in ever so little and humbling a way, how does it seem to lift us up above the evil in ourselves or *in others*, and it gives us to feel a precious *union and communion* with Christ the truth; we seem as it were lifted up to the mount where we say it is good for us to be here and desire to abide there always! Nevertheless our clothing is deep humility, and we are made willing to go with Him

also to Calvary, and to know self crucified in us! Oh, my dear M let us seek after this precious experience more and more, which is to b known by *little* and *little* in the daily quickenings, in the daily humblin by the Divine power in our souls! Ah, do you crave it for me this awful journey, for unless I know it *day* by *day*, my faith a resignation will soon fail!

Farewell very dearly, saith thy and your affectionate and very sincere friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

TO ——— AND ———.

14*th of* 3*rd Month*, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

As I am not likely to meet you at our next quarterly meeting, I thought it seemed in my heart to send you a little salutation of love, that I might be clear before leaving home. I have thought much and often of you since your appointment by your monthly meeting to the station of elder, with earnest desire that you may be enabled to come up faithfully in the duties thereof as before the Lord and unto Him, and not before or unto man—as well as that you may daily seek after the renewal of qualification therefor, the quickening and the humbling that is of the Lord. For I trust you are sensible that man's appointment is not the true qualification, neither is his favour and approbation the peaceful sanction, nor the mere office the true living authority. For man, in his own wisdom and prudence and judgment, may look only at the outward or superficial appearance, and judge such fit as are "old enough, and rich enough, and dry enough," as dear S. Emlen once said on such an occasion—may look at the outward profession and consistency, or be taken by mental endowments or pleasing manners, that may seem very encouraging to that which is good. But when the Church does not lean to their own understanding and judgment or affection as men, but look to the Divine Spirit to open their eye mentally and to guide their judgment aright, then they look deeper, even to inward qualification—for it is the Lord's blessed Spirit that alone can quicken, humble, and sanctify all classes and ages, as yielded unto for this awful service—yes, this can quicken, humble, and sanctify both old and young, render the former green and fruitful even in old age, rectify, strengthen, and preserve the latter from all that is likely to corrode or impede the savoury life

—this can humble the rich, whether in outward circumstances or in mental endowments, and sanctify all they have and are unto the Master's pure and holy use—this can quicken and raise up the true feeling and judgment in such as are poor *in either sense*, and enable them to bring it forth in humility and unflinching faithfulness for the upholding of His pure and blessed cause—this can preserve any from becoming dry and formal, even by the daily quickening and melting that is of and from the Lord. Oh, then, how needful is it that those who are called to this station should daily seek after this truest qualification, even to bow low before the Lord and feel after His living, piercing power, whereby they may know a daily dying unto all that is of the creature, whether outwardly or inwardly, and then that tender, lowly life of Christ will arise in them which gives the true vision and the true feeling, the very mind and judgment of truth! Oh, then will they be qualified to feel whence words proceed, and will not be dazzled by outward appearance, or overcome by outward sounds—they will be able to feel the various stages or degrees of growth in the work of the ministry, as well as to appreciate the various gifts to minister to the various needs and against the varied snares thereof—not merely warning or discouraging, but showing forth unto those thus under their care and nurture what they may be at any time deficient in and how they may attain it; endeavouring thus to help both out of and away from the enemy's snares, to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to visit the sick and in prison, and to strengthen the stranger or inexperienced into a better way. It is these *truly fellow-feelers* who will mourn with the right-minded who mourn, and they will be helpers of their joy and rejoicers with them when they rejoice, uphold and strengthen their hands before all gainsayers, comfort and confirm their feeble minds in the testimony required of them in this day of treading down and of deep trial. Oh, it is those who will "feed the flock of God, taking the oversight thereof not by (mere) constraint" of appointment "but willingly," as from the heart, from the heavenly melting touch of the Lord's powerful hand, and beyond all outward considerations—not from a desire of man's respect and esteem, nor to be bowed and sought unto as fathers and mothers, for this is but "filthy lucre," inasmuch as it draws the hearts both of givers and receivers away from the Lord, the true Shepherd and King; but oh, the true eldership must be from the pure constrainings or drawings of the Lord's Spirit that gives to *feel truly with His blessed cause*, and then makes us "of a ready mind"

in a living, holy, but humble zeal to act in the meekness of His wisdom for the pure testimony thereof—such will not shrink in the day of battle, nor yet seek to smother and gloss the truth in the day of judgment, but will acknowledge it in all their ways, and thus be upright and sure as a dart in the Lord's cause; and under His humbling power there will be no lording over the heritage, nor seeking to rule or leaning on the authority of office, but that He the Lord of life and glory may alone rule in every heart, and be subjected to and glorified in a holy, humble, faithful example! and verily, such shall be crowned with a crown of glory that fadeth not away! And now, my dear friends, though this may seem a very high standard, yet it is not too high for any of us to seek after and press towards, for our calling is a high and holy one who are thus called to be leaders of the people, fathers and mothers in the congregation. Great is the responsibility of the charge of the ministry, and we must not lower the standard to meet the weakness that there is amongst us, lest we be instrumental to further the erring that there is, to weaken and discourage that which is pure, and the answering thereof be required at our hands—but rather seek and cry unto the strong for strength, and to the wise for wisdom, to press towards the mark for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus. Oh, then, let us be engaged to "take heed to ourselves," to the daily humbling and quickening of ourselves by the Lord's power, and then we shall be renewedly enabled to take faithful and diligent heed "to all the flock" over which we are appointed overseers, that we may feed them or nourish up in them the true life, and promote in them the nurture and admonition that is of the Lord. This is my earnest desire on behalf of all my dear friends in the station of elders, that they *may* be a blessing and not a hindrance, and may be blessed of the Lord, the chief Shepherd.

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

4th Month, 1843.

My dear Friend,

I feel best satisfied to take up the pen to finish that which is lacking towards thee. It has often appeared to me that there is a snare both for elders and overseers, in a tendency to sit down as it were at ease in the appointment, and consider all they have to do is

to attend to what is brought to their knowledge that requires care, and thus they may become mere formalists as it were, eye-servants as men pleasers—that is, only doing that without attention to which they would be found fault with by their friends. Now, it has often appeared to me that a truly exercised Friend in these stations will, as he daily waits for the heavenly humblings and quickenings, whereby alone he receives a true feeling *for and with* Christ the truth, feel a holy zeal and a tender fostering care raised in him for his Master's cause or kingdom in the hearts of all the flock, and which is compared to a little seed; He will feel an engagement of soul in the true love and holy fear, that casts out all wrong fears, to labour various ways for the health and vigorous growth thereof, and that all that is likely to hinder it may be guarded against or removed out of the way—that the wanderers may be sought out, the scattered gathered, the unwary warned, the unruly rebuked, the weak strengthened, the tender encouraged to greater tenderness, and the faithful confirmed and comforted amidst their many tribulations; so that indeed his is no sinecure station, if faithfully fulfilled and our pure testimony therein uprightly upheld. And though under a sense of our own great weakness we may say, "and who is sufficient for these things?" yet let us remember the Lord's power is over all weakness, and difficulties, and trials all-sufficient, and it is most preciously and as it were *precisely* manifested in proportion as we are reduced to feel our own weakness and unfitness the most; and in His power a little one may become as a thousand, and a feeble one as a strong nation, and he that is weak as David, valiant for the truth! so that there is no need for the sincere to be discouraged, but rather stirred up to greater diligence in seeking after the daily baptism unto the death of all that is of the creature, all that thinks itself sufficient, or would move in the wisdom and prudence, will or might of the creature! and the daily quickening of life and strength in and for the Master. Yes, and there is need for such; and oh, dear friend, look to it to be stirred up to look closely at home and consult the unflattering witness for truth within, whether we are clean-handed in all respects, whether there is *aught* that hinders our uprightness for our Master and our faithful pleading for Him, whether His cause is uppermost in our hearts both in prevalency and in preciousness, or whether other lovers in various ways and under very specious excuses are running away with our strength, warping us from the true uprightness, and bringing

coolness of zeal and dimness of sight over us as to the things of our Master. Oh, this is like grey hairs creeping over us when we know it not; and though the outward shell or form of sobriety and gravity, and a consistent appearance as it regards our own selves may remain, and we may appear nothing different to our Friends perhaps, yet the kernel, the life is wanting that gives the true taste and savour, and leads into the true exercise of spirit, whereby the feeding of the Church is known! Oh, there is much in that exhortation, "take heed *to yourselves* first, and then to all the flock over which ye are appointed overseers *to feed the Church of God*." As we are concerned to take heed to ourselves first, to see that the lets and hindrances are removed whereby our hands are weakened or made unclean, and to seek after the daily qualifying as above said, so the exercise and the heed for the flock *necessarily* follow, even in that precious life which nourishes that which is of its own nature in the hearts of the flock or Church. Oh, how tenderly then do we move for our Master, yet how *surely*, for He tenders us in ourselves and moves us in His own life and wisdom that *must* gather unto Him—His cause is tender to us as the apple of the eye, we are hurt when He is grieved, yet think not of our own suffering! Oh, what harm a self-serving, self-seeking, self-saving spirit hath done us! I desire not to multiply words, my dear friend,—but oh! "consider what I say, and the Lord give thee understanding," and make thee willing to bow to the judgment and call of His Spirit within, that thou mayest indeed be a true father in His Church, for truly the Lord hath need of thee, and His love saith, come and plead my cause and uphold my banner of truth; and the bride, the Church, hath need of thee, and saith, come and help to build up the waste places and restore the desolations of latter generations; and those who hear the call and are themselves endeavouring faithfully to obey it, they also have need of thee, and do say, come and help us, bear our burdens and share our afflictions, and strengthen our hands in an unflinching, uncompromising testimony for the truth, and verily thou shalt never repent of any sacrifice therefor, neither shall any glory or honour, favour or advantage whatsoever in a worldly point of view, be to be compared to the honour which cometh from God alone, His favour in which is life, His treasure in the heavens that corrupteth not, His peace and joy unspeakable and full of glory, yea, which is a crown of glory that fadeth not away!

L. A. Barclay.

To P. D.

7th Month, 1843.

My dear young Friend,

As I had no opportunity of having thy company alone before thou left home, I feel inclined to avail of this medium of conveying to thee the affectionate interest that glows in my heart towards thee, as I believe from the source of true love, and the desire I feel for thy best welfare, and thy growth in that which is truly good, and enjoyment of that which is truly substantial and enduring. Thou art now, my dear P., as it were, launching into the world, entering upon the most important epoch of thy life, in which thou art not only to be engaged in perfecting and confirming what thou hast already attained, in order for its being put to a good purpose afterwards for thy benefit, if life be spared; but in which also the character and complexion of mind is likely to be formed and moulded, and consequently on which the true welfare and enjoyment of thy after life will very much depend —for it is not our condition in life that will render us either happy or miserable, but our conduct and state of mind under our condition! Oh! then, that thou mayest seek above all things to have thy whole conduct and mind moulded and formed aright, even according to the *Divine will* which is our sanctification and true happiness! For, what will it avail us when we come to lie on a death-bed to have gained the whole world if we have by losing the favour of God lost our own soul and become a castaway! And however we may be permitted to possess the many good things of this life, yet if we have not the good favour of our heavenly Father, what real *substantial* happiness can we have? Shall we not feel a sense that all things are not right with us, even pursuing us everywhere and hindering our real and peaceful enjoyment of all things; and is not this comparable to "the worm that never dies," mentioned in scripture? Oh, then, that thou mayest above all things seek the one thing *most* needful, the better part (like Mary of old) that shall not be taken away, even the precious favour of God in the knowing His kingdom come and coming more and more in thy heart, His holy will being done there as in heaven. Oh, this will bring as it were heaven into thy heart; it will make the temple of thy heart to be a pure house of prayer, and a holy temple of praise to thy God for ever; yes, my dear, even in the midst of whatever of outward losses and crosses and tribulations may be permitted thee in this life! Oh, then, wisely count the cost and look at the exceeding rich prize, and be willing to sacrifice even

the right eye or the right hand to obtain the prize and to avoid the worm. But how may thou know the Divine will and kingdom to come and be established in thy heart? Certainly not by doing thy own will and following thy own ways and inclinations, for these are he enemies of thy own house that withstand God's heavenly kingdom and will not have Christ to rule over them. Neither is it by what thou canst learn outwardly and gather together in thy head, for this will be but superficial knowledge and a mere imitation. But "the kingdom of God is within" us, and "that which may be known of Him" and His holy will and precious ways "is manifested" or revealed "within us," even by His Spirit or word that is nigh in the heart and mouth, so that we need not say "who shall ascend up into heaven." Oh, then, that thou mayest diligently take heed to this precious word (or measure of the Spirit of Christ) within thee, which will abundantly reveal to thee what is pleasing or displeasing in the Divine sight, in all thy conduct and conversation. This is the rule of the new covenant by which thy heart and mind may be moulded aright—it is the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, which as obeyed so the kingdom of God comes to be known and established in the heart, and the heart thus comes to be changed from a state of nature to a state of grace, and the mind from being carnal comes to be so changed and moulded as to become spiritual, and thou knowest it is said in scripture, that "to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." "The carnal mind (the flesh-pleasing, self-pleasing mind) is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be;"—but the spiritual mind sees and feels God everywhere and in all things; and being subject to and in unison with His Divine will, enjoys happiness and a *continual feast* in all things, and really reigns with Christ and in Him possesses all things. Oh, then, this is what I most earnestly long for thee, my dear girl, even now in entering upon a new sphere of life, as it were, that thou mayest wholly and unreservedly yield up thyself, thy whole conduct and conversation, to be formed and moulded, governed and restrained by this precious word nigh in the heart and mouth, this Spirit of Christ that visits and calls to thee within; fear not its reproofs or close searchings, though it be quick and powerful and piercing, even like dividing as between soul and spirit, joints and marrow. Oh, it will discern the very thoughts and intents of the heart, and make a clean separation between the precious and the vile; but let the judgments and reproofs thereof be

more precious to thee than gold, and sweeter than the honey-comb to thy taste; for, remember it is the Spirit of Christ that thus whispers in thee and makes manifest, and He is thy best friend. His reproofs are better than the kisses of many enemies, and if thou quench His Spirit in ever so small a degree, He will be grieved, and if thou despise the prophesyings thereof in the secret of thy heart about ever so small a matter, it is the way to lose His favour and to cause Him to be ashamed of thee at the last great day, instead of confessing thee to be one of His own dear sheep and faithful disciples. Oh, then, think nothing too dear or near to part with for His sake; draw His yoke close about thy neck, and let the restraints of His Spirit be as golden chains about thy neck, conspicuously showing unto others whose livery thou hast, whose servant thou art—so shall His grace be a crown of glory upon thy head, and the meekness of His heavenly wisdom an excellent ornament, comely and of great price in the Divine sight. And I would advise thee, dear, as a means of strengthening thy love for, and attention to the Spirit of Christ our dear Saviour, to seek after opportunities of inward retirement in which thou mayest feel after Him. We cannot pass the day well without such seasons of uplifting of the heart, of heavenward breathing—and there can be no day in which we may not catch a few minutes even for this purpose if we will avail of them. Our spiritual life, our love to God and Christ cannot be supported without it, but will wax cooler and cooler, wither and die; and if we thus are not living in Him and He in us, we shall have no power over sin and self; but our enemies of our own houses will prevail over us, and whither Christ has gone we cannot go, for we shall have no part in Him. Therefore, dear P., cleave unto the lowly appearance of Christ by His blessed Spirit in the secret of thy heart, and wait more and more to feel Him there, subduing all things to Himself, to feel His inward power humbling, quickening, and strengthening thee—and as thou yields thereto in simple obedience and humble watchfulness, thou shalt know Him to be to thee, however separated from home and situated amongst strangers comparatively, a most sure Guide, a wonderful Counsellor, thy best and truest Friend, a mighty Preserver and Helper in all times of need and danger. Thus mayest thou know Him to be thine indeed, and thou wilt be His, joined to Him by sacrifice in a precious and perpetual covenant—and oh, what an excellent experience is this in the season of trial, in the time of sickness, and in the hour of death!

L. A. Barclay.

To a Child staying at the sea-side.

Reigate, 24th of 7th Month, 1843.

I expect these stormy winds we have had these two last days have thrown up a deal of sea-weed, and I hope thou art very busy in searching out for pretty kinds of it and spreading them out on paper. It so much adds to the interest of the walk, whether by the sea-side or inland, to have the eyes open to, and to seek after all the various beauties of creation in the vegetable or animal world, and then it helps a rainy morning, or an hour of rest to prepare them at home, at least the vegetable kinds, so as in the best manner to show forth and preserve their beauty. And in doing this, my dear girl, we must not, when out in the search, be so *downward* with our eyes as not to be able at times to lift them up to behold the fine sea or the beautiful fields and woods whence these beauties come; and when indoors preparing them, we must endeavour not to be too intent outwardly to *behold in them* the wonderful wisdom and skill, power and goodness of Him who has created and given them for our use and enjoyment and admiration, that our hearts may be continually lifted up in praise and humble gratitude to their and our Maker; yea, that every blade of grass, and tender leaf, and pretty flower, and sea-weed, may have a language in them, and raise a corresponding language in our hearts of "praise Him all His works; in all places of His dominion, bless the Lord, oh my soul!" Oh, what a blessing it is, my dear ——, to have a tender mind, one susceptible of the touches of the Divine hand of power and love; and what great and unspeakable need have we to watch that we may be preserved in the same—for how many things there are all around us, yea, and many feelings within us too, that would lessen this tenderness and harden this susceptibility of God's love, and draw us into carelessness about it and even forgetfulness of Him; and some of these things and feelings seem so plausible, so interwoven in our nature and apparently good and sweet, that it is very hard to part with them when we see them in the true light by the help of Christ's Spirit, or even to think them amiss. So that my great desire for thee, dear, is that thou mayest seek to be preserved in this tenderness, and to cultivate it more and more—this susceptibility to the Lord's touches of His Spirit, which during the day of thy visitation thou wilt feel constantly drawing thee upward and *upward still!* even towards Him the source of all good that thou seest all around thee, and of all the good

and tender, and sweet peaceful feelings that thou mayest at any time feel spreading over thy young heart within. And I do believe one great mode of cultivating these precious feelings is inward retirement and waiting on the Lord, even in moments of leisure when few may be aware how thy mind is engaged and lifted up. I can look back to many such precious seasons when I could hardly suppress my tears, whilst sitting at my father's dinner-table with eight others around, and two servants waiting. *Then* did I endeavour to lift up my heart instead of listening to conversation that would not profit me; and these were moments often of renewal of desire and of covenant towards Him whom I felt to be good, and spreading sweetness over my mind: also when walking out, when dressing, and often when my hand was upon the door-latch to leave my bedroom for the parlour. I have since then had to believe that the more such opportunities are yielded unto and sought after, the more we shall know them to increase upon us in freshness, and strength, and blessing,—and, alas! I have known also that the more I have quenched the drawings thereunto, and put by such feelings as if out of due or suitable time (where it was only to save self alive from that tendering power that would silence and slay it), the more the ability for, and susceptibility of them has decreased and faded away, and by degrees a leanness and dryness has crept over me, so that I could hardly look upward at all. So, my dear ——, I would have thee shun all and everything that tends to lessen thy desire after true tenderness, true hunger and thirst after righteousness, and avoid all that tends to increase thy desire to be like others rather than to please God. Oh, count the cost, the consequence of such a desire, before thou yields to it, for what canst thou give in exchange for the soul-satisfying peace of the Lord's countenance lifted up upon thee? Oh, let Him and His heavenly peace be thy chosen portion, the inheritance thou longest for, and seek it and pursue it evermore, even by following after those things that will ever make for true, and substantial, and enduring peace, which all the allurements of the world and of false friends can never give nor yet take away. And in this thy tender, humble, yet heart-felt and earnest pursuit, fear not "the world's dread laugh" —fear not what others may say or think of thee—follow thou thy dear Saviour's voice who speaks in the secret of thy soul, "What is that to thee what others may do? follow thou me," as He said to Peter, and remember what the wise man says, "My son, if thou come to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for temptation"—that is,

expect to meet with trials and temptations, for so the faithful ever have done—but "set thy heart aright and constantly endure," believe in Him and He will help thee, walk in His light and cleave to His power, and depart not away from what He shows thee to be right—so shall His blessing be upon thee and His grace all-sufficient for thee, and His joy in thy soul no stranger thereto shall ever intermeddle with. For "look at the generations of old, did ever any trust in the Lord and was confounded? or did any abide in His fear and was forsaken? or whom did He ever despise that called upon Him?" And "oh, how great is His goodness which He hath prepared for them that fear and love Him, which He hath wrought for those that trust in Him *before* the sons of men!" And I do long thou and dear —— too, may become rich partakers of this abundant goodness which is placed so mercifully within our reach. Give my love to ——. I hope this time of your being together may be a season of gathering fresh strength and help heavenward:—tell her, please. . . .

I remain thy very sincere and affectionate friend.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

Reigate, 19*th of* 9*th Month*, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I sincerely desire thy help and that of thy dear husband spiritually, that as your day is so may be the strength and wisdom from above administered—that you may be kept very close to the Divine gift of light and grace revealed within, that so you may be safely led along and kept in humility and fear, in which is the true preservation. And as those who visit the oppressed seed in the hearts of the professors of the blessed truth at the present day must expect to go down into deep baptisms and suffering therewith, oh, that your eye and your cry may be unto the Lord that He may support you through all, and make you willing to suffer, willing to die often, yea, daily, and to go, as it were, through a host of enemies, to bring a draught of the water of life, as from the well of Bethlehem, to revive the spirits of the humble and afflicted. And, oh, may you not be taken by the gifts or kindness of any, but endeavour to be deep and inward in mind, to feel whence all comes, and of what root it springs; and be ye faithful in testifying against evil, and pleading for the Master, and *this* will be the true gathering love of the Gospel,

which is the power of God bringing salvation; and be not discouraged if you be at times closely proved and stripped, as it were, quite naked—you must be baptised for the spiritually naked as well as the spiritually dead, so will you be enabled rightly and preciously to minister unto such, as well as be preserved in humility and dependence yourselves, that all may be of, and from, and to the Lord, who alone is exalted and glorified over all, in, and by, and through His poor servants. . . .

Believe me, with dear love and desire for your help, preservation, and return in peace, thy friend sincerely,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To J. S.

Reigate, 11*th of* 11*th Month*, 1843.

. . . Thou hast my tender sympathy, my dear friend, under thy trying circumstances of suspense, which must indeed be humiliating, especially to that part in us which would be active, and is pricked at any slur being cast upon us by our friends, as indolent, or proud, or careless about a necessary livelihood, and we may and ought to have many fears ourselves lest we should bring the least reproach upon the precious cause of truth, under whose banner we have enlisted. Oh, there will be much need of close watchfulness to the precious light of Christ shining within, in order that the enemy's snares may be clearly seen and avoided, the reasonings and fears of our own minds guarded against, and the doubts and suggestions of our kind friends supported under, as well as to show us what is right, and enable to do it. And I have quite thought with thee that the sojourn at ——, in the quiet, may rather favour than otherwise this desire of mind to watch unto prayer for best direction and heavenly counsel. Ah, there is, as thou remarks, very much to hinder the Divine work in this day, even amongst the *professors of the blessed truth!* and why so, but because they are gone from the inward, close attention to and waiting on the living word nigh in the heart and mouth, but are gone out into outwardness, into the world and its spirit, where there are many voices to draw aside! But the Divine work and kingdom is only to be known, carried on, and established *within*, and this in the quiet and humility of the creature, sitting as it were alone, having no outward dependence, and keeping silence, bearing the heavenly yoke of Christ, and laying the mouth, all creat-

urely pleadings, and willings, and runnings, and wisdom, in the dust! and verily to such humbled souls "there shall be hope" in the precious and true knowledge of "Christ and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being found in Him, and made conformable to His death." But, alas! this being a crucifying work, many, many of the professors of the truth are pleased and taken with the enemy's suggestion of an easier and very plausible way, by a mere profession, though of the very truth itself! And thus it is there is so much death and darkness, yea, blindness amongst us as a people, and the blessed truth, or Christ in His inward or spiritual appearance, is despised and persecuted, and trampled under foot by those who should be testimony-bearers for Him! And consequently it happens that the remnant of those who keep to first principles, and are desirous of not bowing the knee to Baal or kissing his image, is but small, even a poor and afflicted people, hidden and scattered by ones and twos, despised and often reproached by their *fellow-professors*, and mourning over wrong things. Yet am I comforted in beholding them, in the vision of light, as a goodly remnant, comparable to the seven thousand in Israel formerly; their sighs are numbered, and their tears are bottled, and their foreheads are marked, and their God knoweth who they are that trust in Him; for they are His own, and saving [He] will save them, and glorifying will glorify them, as they continue in faith and patience to the end! And I am gladdened of late by the belief that many of the dear youth are added and adding to this honoured, though poor in themselves, remnant. And oh, that such dear young warriors in the Lamb's army may not shrink or flinch in the day of battle, nor faint and grow weary in the time of trial and pinching famine, but keep their eye to their Captain, and their ear to His voice who speaks and shows Himself within a Saviour nigh at hand and not afar off! And oh, my dear friend, as I comfortingly trust thou art one of these, mayest thou hold on thy way in His might, combating all the enemies within that He turns thee against, and bearing all the privations and trials that He appoints in thy wilderness travel, and He will not fail to bring thee to the heavenly Canaan! Oh! it will not do for us to be choosing and contriving for ourselves. Perhaps what we might think desirable and helpful in spiritual things might but be like the quails formerly—bring leanness to our souls! The life, the hidden life of Christ, is more than meat; and the body, the inward communion and fellowship with His mystical body or Church, is more than raiment, the bright clothing of spiritual

fervours and gifts! So mayest thou seek after an inward union with this afflicted, yet truly noble and highly honoured remnant of faithful ones, whether thy lot be in the city or in the wilderness; for they walking in the light of Christ, do truly enjoy a precious fellowship with the Father and with His beloved Son, and know His precious blood to cleanse them truly from all sin. It has been of late a great comfort to me to meet with and to hear of several visited minds, who have felt tender scruples in regard to business. This may encourage thee to be faithful to conviction, inasmuch as the Spirit's leadings are similar with all who *wholly* yield thereto.

And now, farewell, in much love and sympathy and earnest desire for thy growth, and strengthening, and establishment in the blessed and unchangeable truth, the Rock of Ages, on which all the upright have ever built—the Foundation of prophets and apostles of all ages! I shall always be pleased to hear from thee when thou art inclined.

I remain thy poor weak fellow-traveller, but affectionate and sincere friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To P. R.

Reigate, 21*st of* 11*th Month*, 1843.

MY DEAR PRISCILLA,

. . . I cannot tell thee what a great comfort and blessing I feel it to have been thus restored to comparative health, though I do not expect I shall regain the strength and health wholly which I have lost, and have often many *thoughtful* anticipations of the future spring, being still very weak and easily overdone both by exertion and excitement. But I desire to live a day at a time (if I might but *rightly live* it), and to be resigned to whatever may be in store for me—oh! that I could say with the apostle, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." It was indeed an unspeakable favour and blessing that when at the worst those two days, when I seemed gasping for life, as it were, my mind was preserved so quiet, and in the intervals of pain such sweet and precious renewals of confidence in the ancient and sure Foundation, the Rock of Ages, the Word that was in the beginning, the quickening Spirit from everlasting to everlasting, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, the Light and Life of the world. And now, oh, that I may walk worthy of such great condescension of Him who thus renewedly revealed His dear Son in me, that I may "serve Him without fear," in renewed

devotion and humble gratitude all the residue of my days. It is a great comfort to return again to our winter habits and settled evenings.

With very dear love to you all from thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To J. W.

Reigate, 25th of 11th Month, 1843.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

I am grieved that I should have appeared negligent of thee, and still more so if thereby I had given rise in any way to a supposition, at low seasons, that there should be any shaking or diminishing in the near unity and tender sympathy which I have felt and do feel with thee; yes, and in the firm and humble confidence which clothes my mind, that the Lord, whom thou servest, and for whom thou art willing to testify and to suffer to thy latest breath, and in whose might and wisdom, love and mercy thou trustest, will still condescend to guide and strengthen, support and comfort, to preserve thee in humility and patience, and in unflinching faithfulness and boldness in His pure testimony unto the end—that nought of the flesh may glory, but that "His glory may dwell in (and fill) thy land," and His salvation be near and round about thee (who fearest Him only), even as "walls and bulwarks." And oh, what a favour it is, and a great comfort to me to hear (which indeed I did not doubt), that thou hast been thus Divinely supported and comforted amidst all thy bitter trials! so that one may truly say that righteousness and peace have kissed each other, and praise has from season to season been at the gates of thy dwelling. And I do hope and trust it will be so to the end, and that thy life and strength, both outwardly and spiritually, will be preserved and strengthened for the time of trial permitted. . . . And seeing the weakness of human nature, and how difficult it is for those who are persecuted and afflicted to maintain the watch and the true meekness of the Lamb, how do I crave that we may be helped with a little help from the holy sanctuary, from season to season, to "be sober and watch unto prayer," to stand fast in the true faith, upholding and contending and suffering for it, in the true meekness of wisdom and humble patience, and with holy zeal and fervour of soul, keeping our own garments with all fear, lest we become naked at unawares, and breathing for the gathering of the erred and deluded—that thus being enabled to stand in our lot of suffering and to abide

in our tent or holy enclosure of subjection to the Spirit of truth to the end of the days, we may be permitted "to stand" at last with acceptance "before the Son of man," and to rest for ever in the joy of our Lord! . . . Our discipline is but a dead letter. Wrong appointments by means of riches and influence, and consequently Friends in stations wholly unqualified for them, and whose hands are not clean, so that we seem completely gone back as one of the daughters of Babylon, and the true Church is only known among the hidden ones as it were in the wilderness. But, oh, that we may patiently wait, and seek to possess our souls in patience—though it be a day of Jacob's trouble, the Lord will in due time deliver him out of it. My dear friend, I had thought I should have been released from this scene of trial and affliction, and I was favoured to feel very peaceful and quiet under such a view—yea, to feel a most precious degree of union and communion with the spirits of the faithful; and the feeling spread over sea and land, even to the land of America, and the faithful tribulated ones there. I have had a serious illness, which has confined me ten weeks, or thou wouldst have heard from me ere now. . . . But, through mercy adorable, I am again raised up, and got out to meeting the first time this week. . . .

In the course of my journey last spring into Scotland, I was very ill, yet was graciously enabled to accomplish all that came before me, though in weakness, and fear, and much trembling for myself, and was permitted to return with peace, though afterwards proved with many plungings, buffetings, and discouragements—no doubt for my humbling and good. There was much to afflict and grieve, both in Scotland and in going through the north (of England); my eye affected my heart, and I think I may say also, my spirit affected my eye, for feeling is beyond sight. There are divers appearances in the ministry of late that I fear are raw—many among the youth who are not giving proof of coming under the sanctifying power. . . . The world also and its many snares seem to have overcome both old and young. Yet are there a few grains of the savoury salt left here and there, as it were "two or three berries on the top of the outmost branches"—chiefly among the poor and hidden—with whom I was comforted, and with some of whom we mourned together over our waste places and the glory departed. . . .

And now, my dear and valued friend, I must reluctantly bid thee farewell. . . . It is pleasant to converse in this way together; but still more precious to drink, as it were, into one and the same

blessed Spirit. This union and communion remains the same in silence or in words, in strength or in weakness, in joy or in tribulation, in life or in death. In a measure of this do I tenderly salute thee, and remain thy affectionate and sympathising friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To J. S.

Reigate, 6th of 12th Month, 1843.

. . . I am pleased that thy dear mother continues tolerable for her, her age and infirmities considered; do give my dear love to her. It is sweet to think of her, and I trust, though she is unable now to mingle personally with her friends at meeting, and to share thus in the sufferings and wadings of the faithful, yet that she is favoured to experience in her own chamber the teachings and replenishings of the Minister of the sanctuary, the blessed Messenger of the covenant, who sometimes breaks in suddenly into His temple, the temple of our hearts, as the Sun of righteousness with healing in His wings; and truly He is precious to a tried remnant, whose souls delight in Him. I have often remembered a farewell desire expressed on behalf of a dear aged Friend, Christiana Whiting, by the dear pious Indian, Peter Jones, who is mentioned in Thomas Shillitoe's journal, when he was over here, viz., "May the great good Spirit talk with thee in thy heart every day." This, I trust, is thy dear mother's experience in moments of solitude, and I hope will continue so to the end; and if Jesus be thus with her spirit, she need not fear but rejoice in the Lord alway.

With dear love to you both, I remain thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Reigate, 12th of 12th Month, 18[illegible]

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I wondered much at Friends allowing you to miss the solitary few at ——. I should have thought as you began your service at ——, that . . . would have known of them, and it was their duty to have *laid them before your minds*, in order that in laying out the meetings for you, they might have been embraced at the most suitable time. But, alas! we do find that too few have the cause of truth really at heart, they will only do what they must to save their

credit and without which they should be censured. There is too much a "loving the praise of men more than the praise of God!" and what is the cause thereof? a want of seeking after a constant exercise of mind to know a baptism into Christ, whereby they would know a death unto self and a living unto Him, and consequently a feeling for and with Him, a seeking and loving His things more than a seeking and loving their own things; but, alas! for want of this they get buried in the earth and the lawful things, and so can neither see, feel, or act for Him as they should! I have felt nearly united to —— in time past, and long to know how she is now. Thou dost not mention ——, but I suppose that was not left out, and no doubt it was a trying visit: what a beautiful spot it is outwardly, or rather the county round! and oh, that those gathered to the truth had continued in it, *then* it might have flourished spiritually also, even as Eden, and sent forth a fragrant savour as the blossom of the rose.

Well, dear ——, you seem to have gone along. I hope you were faithful in delivering close things where required, and setting the truth over gainsayers, and pleading with the refusers, and arousing the careless; for the present is a day when, if we plead faithfully for our Master, we cannot fail of having close things to preach, not pleasing to those who have itching ears, that like smooth doctrine, and to be encouraged as they are; and *then consequently* we must expect not only to pass through deep baptism, plunging, and wading inwardly, but also to meet with much trial and despising, and evil report outwardly, although perhaps to our faces we are spoken smoothly too; for the world (among Friends) whilst it loves its own and what will foster it (or at least not hew at it but save its life), is also very insincere—it being the fashion to appear kind and amiable. But oh, how precious to have unity with the dear Master in His sufferings; to feel where He is not, but rather mocked and scourged and crucified—and to labour with Him in His forgiving, gathering Spirit, with "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die!" Ah! there are many snares and temptations for poor travellers! It is easy to be taken with the outside of things, easy to be bribed by or pleased and gratified by the kindness of those we go amongst —easy to appear pleased with or to wink at wrong things, from a desire of gathering and of not appearing gloomy; but it is hard to get down very deep beneath the workings of self or the world both in ourselves and others, in order truly and availingly to minister to the true and living birth, and to reach the pure unflattering witness

within. But, alas! I often fear there is too much of a superficial ministry amongst us, a dwelling as upon the surface, and consequently a pleasing and being pleased, and self being nursed up in us, and thus come light-weighted concerns to increase amongst us, and though there is much preaching and running to and fro, there are but few fruits, solid fruits in a true convincement and conversion!

With dear love to you all, thy very affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

Reigate, 16*th of* 12*th Month*, 1843.

. . . I should be obliged by thy giving my dear love to dear ——, and tell her I feel a sincere and earnest desire for her best welfare (though I did not write on her birth-day), even that she may "buy the truth and sell it not," that is, by obedience to what is made manifest in the secret of her heart, even at the sacrifice of her own will and inclinations, to seek to have the kingdom of Christ set up in her heart, which kingdom is not in word, not in an outside profession, but in power; even that power that enables to overcome all evil inclinations and worldly lusts, and to do the will of God. Her dear parents cannot give her this experience, though they can direct to it, but she must seek it for herself, and she is come now to an age when she must show forth the fruits of their faithful labour and good example, *proving to others* that she is as desirous herself to come under the nurture and admonition of the Lord, as ever they are and have been for her; thus will she become increasingly a blessing and comfort to them, as well as know that peace within which the world and all its allurements can never give. Oh, then, may the example or reasonings of no one, nor yet self-love in any shape, hinder her from, above all things, pursuing after this peace, and seeking this rich treasure which never shall decay, nor ever fail.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To S. B.

28*th of* 12*th Month*, 1843.

Though so distantly separated, dear ——, thou art very dear to us in that bond of true love and fellowship which stands not in word or outward communication, but in the life and power of Jesus Christ prevailing, and made manifest in our mortal flesh through

the daily dying to the old nature! Ah, how precious is this, and how greatly do I desire its continual renewal or nourishment, lest it should decay or wax dim, but rather may it wax brighter and brighter unto the perfect day of redemption! And how may this be but by the daily quickenings of life and a yielding to the crucifying operations thereof. Then let us endeavour to stir one another up, and breathe for one another's help hereto again and again, though in person we be absent one from the other; and our friendship being founded on the true love shall not be dissolved by death, any more than it is fed by outward intercourse, by gifts, or kindness, or feastings, or commonly called civilities, nor designated by the shaking of hands or saluting the body. . . .

I hear —— was strikingly engaged on third day last, at the quarterly meeting at ——, at which I rejoice, and earnestly desire his preservation in the low valley of humiliation, whence are fetched up the *few* smooth stones for the bringing down the mighty Goliaths of the present day, as slung in the holy name of the Lord God of Israel, who is mighty as ever to save His tribulated people, and to perfect His praise out of the mouth of babes and sucklings!

And now, my dear friend, farewell. May the Lord whom thou desires to serve faithfully be with thee, and as it were hold thy hand in the hour of trial, and mayest thou still trust in Him to the end, and He will do thee good.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To J. B.

Reigate, 29*th of* 2*nd Month*, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I desire to feel thankful that my love to the cause of truth is as warm as ever; and if there be less of an ability to work for it actively, I trust there is more of a capacity and willingness raised in me to suffer for it night and day. Ah, there are too few now-a-days who are grieved for the afflictions of Joseph, and too many who are adding thereto. When the Lord calls to weeping and to mourning, as He *still* does like in old times, there is too much of a disposition to salve things over with a wrong love and unity, and to cry Peace, peace, and to call to feasting and rejoicing and encouragement, as in Isaiah's time, as if all were well with us! But this was an iniquity that was not to be purged away the prophet declared in

the word of the Lord. But I believe the blessing will be to the mourners, and the poor in spirit, and the persecuted and reproached, as all the Lord's people have ever been—that is, those who are *true to His cause*—and which is the highway to His kingdom, inasmuch as it is of His own work and begetting in them, for they cannot give to themselves the true sight and feeling for and with Him. Oh then, saith my soul, that He who has thus quickened in us a little of the true feeling, even by the life or Spirit of His dear Son in us, would be mercifully pleased to give us a heart to wait daily upon Him for more life, more feeling, more strength, more humbling from Him the heavenly Fountain of all good—that we may be continually thus renewed in knowledge and life and holiness, after the image of Him who hath created us, and then shall our knowledge be preserved and continued in the will and life of the Father, fresh and savoury, and nothing of our own or at our own command; and thus preserved it will not be barren or unfruitful, but will lead to a holy, humble zeal and a faithful acting for our Divine Master, whose kingdom is most dear unto us of all things here! . . .

With dear love, I remain thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

7th of 3rd Month, 1844.

. . . These are trying times and shaking times, but none of the weighty wheat or of the pure metal shall be lost or hurt. That which is too light to bear the turning and overturning in the heavenly sieve will be driven off by the wind, and that which is combustible and cannot stand the fire, or dwell with the everlasting burnings of the Divine word is to be done away, that that which is pure and cannot be shaken or hurt may remain. And blessed are they who, yielding to it, *keep* the *word* of patience to the end, suffering the Divine power to work in them the Divine will; for it is not by might or power or wisdom of man now in the erecting of the building of life in the soul, any more than formerly in the erecting of desolate Jerusalem and her temple, but by the Spirit of the Lord, and such as yield thereto shall rejoice in beholding the plummet of righteous judgment in the hand of Christ our spiritual Zerubbabel, and that the headstone of that which seemed as a *great mountain* shall be brought down, and brought forth with shoutings of "Grace, grace, unto it." Ah, yes, I believe that in due time all the many horns and the many

mountains of lofty profession up and down will be brought to nought before and by the little stone cut out without hands, and which shall *indeed* become a great mountain, and fill the whole earth with the knowledge of the glory of God! The main thing for each one of us is to seek to know this great and glorious work carried on in our own individual hearts, and then what does it matter how hidden, how solitary, and how afflicted our lot may be, if we know this blessed Foundation, even the life and peace of Christ the word, the quickening Spirit, the Lamb slain from the beginning to be raised up in us, and we to be builded upon and in Him; do we not know that it remaineth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His, and let Him that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity?

L. A. BARCLAY.

TO J. S., ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER.

Reigate, 15*th of* 3*rd Month*, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Be assured thou hast our affectionate and tender sympathy under the great loss which, in the dealings of an all-wise Providence, is permitted to come upon thee, but one in which thy and our mourning can only be for ourselves that are left behind in the separation from one dearly loved by us; for on her own account we can do no otherwise than rejoice, and as it were join our acclamations of praise and thanksgiving with hers, now liberated from the shackles of mortality, and translated to the realms of unmixed peace, joy, and rest, where the wicked cease from troubling! Ah, my dear J., how much, very much of mercy is mingled in this cup, which is and must be bitter to nature! What a favour that she was not taken ill while thou wast here! . . . and what a mercy that she should have been spared a long and trying illness, that thou wast *thus* so *gently* and *tenderly* dealt with, and that she seemed as it were rapidly (without time for thee to be preyed upon by affecting anticipations) to fall asleep in Jesus! Ah, we cannot doubt it *is* well with her in Him, and may we seek for ourselves such a humble hope, by endeavouring like her to dwell near to Him, close to His Spirit in our hearts; for what a good example was she of a conscientious uprightness to what she felt was consistent with His inward kingdom or truth in the inward parts, and walked in humility and childlike trust as long as ever I knew her, and truly sweet it was to sit beside her, whether in

meeting or in her own little parlour! Surely this sweetness arises from the love of God shed abroad in the heart—He first loving us and causing us to love Him and one another in Him. Oh, then, that we may yield to the same precious love when we feel it as it were spread over our minds like a holy, quiet canopy, and He will cause all things, however trying, to work together for our good, be our strength and comforter, our guide and preserver through our solitary pilgrimage, give us good hope through His grace in Christ Jesus, and receive us unto Himself at last! . . .

It would have been in my heart to have testified the dear love and respect I had, by being present with you on fourth day afternoon, but do not think I could possibly manage it, but shall be with you in mind no doubt, and [may] the dear Master's power and presence be with you, solemnizing the mind and gathering the spirit into union with the Divine will. It will be inward powerful preaching and reaching to all around; and this is what she desired, dear creature, that the Lord's name over all might be praised, exalted, and glorified for ever, who is worthy to be served, loved, honoured, and obeyed!

Farewell, dear J. With our united dear love, I remain thy truly affectionate and sympathising friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Reigate, 8th of 6th Month, 1844.

My dear Friend,

. . . Thou knowest sometimes we may have a pointing to service, which perhaps, after being under ground as it were for some months or even years, may be again elicited and called up into avowal and action, by a pointing towards joining another in similar view; and if this should be thy case, I do not think thou shouldst say thy feeling merely arises from sympathy. I thought I would just leave this sentiment with thee to feel about, and be assured thy company would be truly helpful to me, who am indeed a very very weak one. What I meant to convey to thee the other day, and which I fear I did abruptly and ackwardly, was the feeling which thou knowest I ever have had, that *where* the attraction arises entirely from sympathy, and not from any previous feeling in the mind towards the service in days past, *there* it seems to me doubtful about proceeding. . . . Ah! we want our conversation to be regulated

and *restrained* as well as other things, and our words to become few and savoury.

Farewell very dearly, and when it is well with you, remember your truly affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

21*st of* 6*th Month*, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

From a little that transpired last evening, I am inclined to turn thy attention to these two valuable tracts, which have been often a comfort to me and a strength, and please accept of them if thou likes them, and they may be useful to lend to other dear fellow-travellers, who are seeking the way to Zion with their faces and hearts thitherward set. And I am also reminded of a letter of James Parnel's to Stephen Crisp:—"In that stand, and unto it keep thy mind, which lets thee see thy foes to be of thy own house: thine imagination is an enemy; thy wisdom is an enemy; that which hath been thy darling is now thy greatest enemy; therefore now sacrifice up thy darling and give up unto the death, that the just may be aised to life, and the righteous seed may be brought forth to reign and be thy Head, and so will the head of the serpent be bruised. And this, in thy measure, thou comest to read as in the light thou dwellest low, which manifests unto thee thy condition; for whatsoever makes manifest is light: and that is the eye which must be kept open, which the god of the world blinds in the children of the world. By this the children of the light see the god of the world, and so the tempter is known, resisted, and denied. So with this eye, set thy watch constant, and let not the fool's eye wander abroad, which draws out the wandering mind after the visible objects; but stand in the warfare, not giving place to the enemy nor his delusions; and be content to become a fool, that all selfish thoughts may be judged, and thou wilt receive wisdom from Him (who giveth liberally and upbraideth not), to discern and know the enemy's wiles. For in the cross to the hasty mind the gift of God is received; therefore it is said, he that believeth maketh not haste. Be not therefore weary of the yoke, for in faith it is made easy, and the impatient nature crucified, and patience hath its perfect work. Therefore be still in the measure of light which exerciseth thy mind unto God, and will

nothing; but let thoughts be judged, and let the power of God work, that He may be seen to be all: and by this alone principle thou mayest be led and acted in the cross to the carnal, and the denial of self in particular and in general. And weigh not what is displeased when God is pleased, for then thou givest no just occasion, but the enmity is in the world; but that which leads to walk towards God in faithfulness, that also leads the to walk towards men with a conscience void of offence. So to that keep thy mind, and be not hasty to know anything beyond thy measure, for there Eve lost her paradise; but lie down in the will of God, and wait upon His teaching that He may be thy head; and so thou wilt find the way of peace, and dwell in unity with the faithful, though of the world thou be hated, for in God is peace and well-being." I did not intend to copy the whole of this valuable letter, but when begun I knew not where to stop! Oh, my dear friend, yield to the Lord's power that yokes down all the powers of the creature, the strong will, the wise comprehending mind, the flighty soaring imagination, with all the bright sparks of the intellectual faculties, and brings all into the pure stillness, where alone the Lord's voice is distinctly heard and understood, and the guidings of His heavenly eye or light within are clearly seen—and *there* be content with, be wholly resigned to what He gives thee, look not for more certainty, otherwise how can there be an acting in faith? The gentle whisper, the secret hesitation, the assurance of peaceful quiet, attending the doing or the forbearing, the saying or the forbearing is enough! Be thou faithful in the little already revealed, although it be unto the death of that which seems as dear as life, and He will give thee more and more light and life, strength and peace here, and a crown of life hereafter! And, dear sister, does not this testimony live in our poor feeble hearts, even as far as we have been helped along. "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble;" and so I believe He waits to show us yet more of His goodness, and to *make us large* to receive it still; and if it be by emptying us, or proving us various ways, what does it matter! And what if He give thee yet to know more of trouble and affliction that may be very pinching; if thy heart be upright unto Him in His fear and holy trust (in the true subjection and resignation), He will abundantly show thee that "He knoweth them that trust in Him," that He is near to care *abundantly* for them and to comfort them on every side! and His blessing makes *truly* rich, and when He speaks peace who then can bring trouble or make afraid!

So farewell, dear L., and may you breathe for the help and preservation of your poor weak friend, who feels very trembling and foolish for so awful a mission, but knows that the Lord is very good and very strong!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

Gloucester, 13*th of* 7*th Month*, 1844.

MY DEAR ——,

I have not been able to write thee before, I find it so difficult to get scraps of time for writing, or even for that quiet of mind which is *indispensable*, at least for *so weak* a body as I. My only time for quiet has been at night and early in the morning, and so I have got into the way of being wakeful, in order to obtain such opportunities, usually waking about four o'clock, and sometimes not asleep till eleven or twelve. . . . . I thought much of thee yesterday, . . . hoping thou hadst been helped with some little refreshment at quarterly meeting, although I know such times are not rejoicing times, but, on the contrary, times that often bring burdens; but it is a favour to be *made sensible* of burdens, and be willing to bear them. We cannot give ourselves the true feeling that grieves for the afflictions of Joseph, neither can we keep it alive in us, nor yet give ourselves the ability *rightly* (patiently, faithfully, and humbly) to bear burdens for our Master, our spiritual Joseph, who has the keys of the heavenly treasury; so we have great need to wait for His blessed quickening and anointing and humbling, that we may daily be kept upright unto and for Him; and our patient suffering and our faithful, humble labour, shall not be in vain in Him, but it shall prosper in that for which He designs it, even our continual redemption and purification, if not the help of the body. Therefore don't get too low below the gift of heavenly faith and Divine grace, but cheer up and cleave to that wherein is the strength and the hope that shall be as an anchor in all storms, and let the eye and the cry be unto Him that endureth for ever, and so does His goodness, and whose power is all-sufficient; the heart lifted up, and yet the spirit *lying low* before Him, and He will not fail or forsake, who has been with us in six troubles (can we not say?), and will not leave in the seventh.

I had a sweet letter from dear brother A. R. B., and intend, if I can, to write to him by the middle of next week to meet him at home; it was very timely and acceptable when much weighed down. I

had also the same day a kind letter from dear D. P. Hack. . . . I went to Cheltenham on third day evening, and back fourth day evening, a very exercising time next day at monthly meeting. . . . I left there and came to Tewkesbury, an appointed and trying meeting at six in the evening, lodged, and am just come on here by railroad. . . . I hope I go to Hay on second day, to attend the monthly meeting there next day, which is brought forward from the 30th, and then on to Brecon select and general meeting. . . . I don't know how I shall get on to-morrow, I greatly dread it; but, oh, that I may keep close to the great and good Master, and then no matter how poor or weak the instrument appears. . . . Dear S. D.'s message came remarkably to my help at Cirencester; do tell her so, please. I shall not forget the time. Was deeply exercised in meeting, and had strength at last to speak on the subject of tenderness and brokenness, and a forgiving spirit, and a *healing* gathering love as a mark of being baptised into Christ Jesus, and therefore a Christian, &c. I marvelled at it, but was helped in a hobbling way to relieve my mind, and then addressed the youth. . . . Now I am entering a new *field;* it feels formidable, but what a favour to have been helped hitherto!

Farewell. I remain, with dear love, thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To the same.

Leominster, Third Day Afternoon.

My dear ——,

Thy letter was very acceptable, and interesting, and affecting to me, though thou thinks it bare. Tell —— how closely I am engaged, and that I could not write, but felt her expressions encouraging and kind, and even her *dismal tale* did me good in leading me into tender sympathy and oneness with the suffering members, and I thought as seeming to partake of their afflictions or the sufferings of their Master. I was also graciously favoured with a little drop of that precious consolation which is in and from Him, giving one to rejoice even in tribulation, and to long to be kept patient and faithful under it to the very end. I must be brief, but just tell thee I had a very fatiguing journey to Hay, twenty miles before the monthly meeting. I was helped in a little humbling way, and after a hasty dinner, and an opportunity with our host's family, who had just lost a daughter,

went on fifteen miles to Brecon, where we were at a large hotel two nights. A party of fifty to our meals each day, in a long room formed by opening folding doors, a motley group, but very interesting and sweet to me to meet many that I knew and felt much about in times past, viz., dear ——'s relatives from Wales, and the descendants of the good and truly honourable, some friendly and others not; but over all the Lord's good power and tender wing of everlasting love seemed to hover and spread at each of our meals, to gather the children and sanctify the elders, and to heal all, so that we had much sweet silence. It reminded me much of the Cornish quarterly meetings at Austell, where we used to be at an inn in the same way. . . . I had after long silence a long time of relief, and after the epistle to bow the knee in much fear, awe, and trembling. Perhaps they never had such a weak one with them before. The meeting for discipline was agreeably conducted. There was a committee on elders sat that evening, and Friends wished me to be with them, as also to join a committee to visit a little meeting that is very weak in Wales, but I felt best not, as not in my tether, nor drawn to it; so I sat at the window meanwhile writing to dear A. R. B., and had a most beautiful view of the fine Welsh mountains glowing with the rays of the setting sun, which carried me back in mind to the *bonny, canny* mountains of Scotland. Oh, the country round Brecon is exactly like Hawick and Jedburgh. We left next morning, and after dining at a Friend's at Hay (or near it) came on here to tea late. I have had an exercising meeting here this morning, but was comforted with dear Ann Burlingham's company. . . . I am getting to feel a little relief now, which is a great comfort. Although I felt very low on coming here, so I do at every place, like fresh mountains rising up to be got over. If it were not for a little help from above from day to day what would become of me! It must be watering *every moment* truly, as the prophet says. . . .

Farewell, dear ——. With dear love, thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ——.

Reigate, 16*th of* 9*th Month*, 1844.

My dear Friend,

Opportunities are not always at our command of communicating our feelings one to another; and this being the case with me

when we last met at J. M.'s, I thought it seemed with me the first scrap of time I could get to put pen to paper, and tell thee how much I desire thy encouragement to *persevere* in the way that seems to have been cast up for thee these many years, "not slothful in business," yet withal "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." I would not have thee to be over anxious, in a distrustful spirit—*this* would not be "casting all thy care upon Him", whom thou canst truly say hath hitherto abundantly cared for thee; but mayest thou be stimulated to do thy *very best*, and then leave the rest in His good hands. It is an old saying and a good one, "God helps those that help themselves." I wish it was more the practice of those who can afford it, to deal with their neighbours in preference to their relations or their own customers, who perhaps do not want it so much. There is an old saying, "Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee," so I long thou mayest give thy mind to thy business in promoting its increase by all means in thy power, and then trust that which is right will be given thee. Mind I don't mean by so saying that worldly things should be uppermost; but I think where heavenly things are uppermost, it will not by any means exclude or hinder a proper activity and diligence in our outward calling, but on the contrary will be a true stimulus, and safe guide, a right balance to outward things. It will urge us to set about them in the right and savoury way, and is very likely to draw down the Divine blessing; and our minds will be kept from unprofitable harass and mistrustful anxiety or murmuring, and will be stayed in perfect peace on Him who can bless the little and blast the much! And this will be serving the Lord; for we may be serving our business with an eye unto Him, and He may be glorified therein as His fear is abode in and His Spirit followed.

I hope I have not hurt thy feelings in writing thus freely. Thou knowest I feel tenderly interested about thee. My only desire in so doing is to encourage and stir thee up, as also to give a few hints as I felt well in the true love. I shall be much interested in hearing how thou finds things when thou takes stock, &c., if thou art free to tell me. I think thou wilt find the barrel of meal will not waste, nor the cruise of oil fail till there be a heavenly supply; so cheer up, and do thy best, and trust thy Master, and don't look at the favour of man; I mean don't bow to man, but go on thy even course in uprightness and faithfulness, and neither fear nor doubt. Commit all unto Him who is a faithful Creator, even *in well-doing*—that is, in the

faithful acting, the watchful walking, the humble abiding, and all things, however trying and humiliating, shall work together for good. How various are the Lord's ways and tender dealings to humble us, and to bring us to a full and entire dependence upon Himself! The more we bend under His good hand and learn His good lessons, the less we shall need of that which tries us.

From thy truly sympathising and affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

Reigate, 19th of 11th Month, 1844.

MY DEAR ——,

. . . I hope the time may come when thou mayest be able to come and spend a little time with us. I want to have thee much, and I hope to be able to read French together, and to go on in a quiet and regular way, and above all, I want us to be a little favoured together with the flowings of the spring of life and love Divine. Oh, my dear, I fear thou hast somewhat lost ground of late through a want of daily waiting for best help and humbling! Thou knowest it is easy to lose a relish or desire for this daily exercise; nay, that man's nature is opposed to it *radically*, and *so* much around him is calculated to deaden this desire and relish, and to draw him into lukewarmness and indifference; and when we yield to this disinclination, we insensibly lose our relish for heavenly things, and our own natural and wayward inclinations become stronger, and we become like Samson shorn of our strength, and if we look back a few months, or a year or two, we shall be sensible that we have lost that tenderness which once we had. So that, my dear ——, I want thee again to be aroused to fresh diligence in seeking after a true exercise of mind—a breathing towards God every day. There is much in that sentence of scripture, "their strength is to sit still." It is in stillness that the powers of nature are brought down by the tendering power of the Lord and our hearts are made soft; we are melted under a sense of heavenly goodness to us in various and many ways, and under a sense of our many deficiencies and unworthiness; and a true feeling of our weakness is given us, and earnest breathings unto God for help and cleansing and pardoning and renewing of a right spirit within us, and this humble, soft state is very acceptable in the Divine sight; it is described as the sacrifices that God will ever accept and

never despise; and in this state of softness we are the better prepared to receive the celestial showers of goodness, and to drink them in and be strengthened and profited thereby. And even should we be proved at such seasons with drought and famine from what we desire, yet even here may our strength be renewed in faith and patience to wait the Lord's time, and still to look as it were towards His holy temple and hope in His mercy. So, my dear, be diligent, that thou may be found of Him in peace, for I do believe this practice will bring thee true peace with God. And thus I believe also thou wilt be the better enabled to keep a holy and constant watch on thy demeanour and conduct at all times, to keep in thy proper place, which as a young person is ever in retirement and much silence, waiting to receive instruction, and not intermeddling in what does not concern thee or what is not necessary. Thou knowest I love thee dearly, and therefore gave thee a hint about this when I was at ——; but I thought I would again stir up the pure mind in thee, hoping that in thy solitary evening thou mayest be inclined to and enabled to turn in thy mind to the unflattering witness, which will show thee how thou art deficient, and point out a remedy, and also enable thee afresh to renew covenant with the Lord, in desire to be His dear child and a lamb of His heavenly fold. And what a comfort it will be to thy parents thus to see thee growing up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and thou wilt then be taught more and more in the things of His heavenly kingdom, which are foolishness to the natural part in man, neither can he discern them by all his strivings in his own wisdom and strength, nor yet can parents or teachers bring us into the feeling of them, though they may testify of them—it is the Spirit of God alone that can reveal them unto us as we are willing to be taught of Him in stillness and submission. And so thou remembers that dear young woman, whose letter I read to you, learnt of the Lord in stillness and obedience, and was thus prepared, though young in years, to testify to others that the *Lord is good*, and that *His yoke is light*, and His *consolations most excellent*—and this she testified from experience and not mere hearsay and superficial knowledge. So I want thee to come to the same blessed experience, and to be a *real Quaker*, not by birthright and education merely, but from waiting for, yielding to, and trembling at the word of the Lord in the secret of the heart; for "to this man will I look, saith the Lord, even to Him that is poor and of a contrite heart, and that trembleth at my word." Don't be ashamed then of that state of mind which God will

graciously look unto with acceptance, but seek after it evermore, and cherish it, and *hold it fast*, and then none shall take away thy crown of life—peace and pure rejoicing in the Lord.

Farewell very dearly, very dearly, saith thy affectionate and truly sincere friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———, IN ALLUSION TO THE PRACTICE OF INFORMING FRIENDS OF THE RECEIPT OF THEIR CERTIFICATES.

Reigate, 7th of 12th Month, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . My view of these appointments is that they are not to be done in an off-hand, business-like way, like outward business, and without feeling, but that we should . . . allow plenty of time for some social intercourse as well as religious feeling —we know not how such times may prove a blessing in after life! But I often feel a solitary bird; . . . few see and feel with me, and many think the sooner they get rid of such jobs the better, so a few minutes is sufficient! But surely this does not show the true feeling one for another, neither does it further the dear Master's heavenly cause. I often long for my dear friends that they may not be looking one on another and doing as others do, but be more inward in their minds to feel what the sense and savour of the life and truth within would lead into, how it would conduct them in what they do for the Church, and then I believe we should be led simply, faithfully, and humbly along *without* the fear of man and *in* the fear of God; and then, however little might be the work required at our hands, it would all tend to His glory and to our increase and strengthening in ability to serve Him with peace.

I hope thou wilt not take discouragement from these my remarks, for I am not alluding herein to thee, dear Mary, but to the common (too common!) views and feelings of such things. No, I long for thy encouragement in every good word and work, and would do all in my little power to promote it; for thou art one among the several or many in our monthly meeting that I feel ought to buckle to, by yielding to the Divine power, so that you may be clothed with the whole armour of light, and thus become strong in the Lord and for Him too, and in the power of His might to uphold His ancient testimonies, that they may be, as they were to faithful, humble David,

your delight, your counsellors, and your heritage and rejoicing for ever!

Farewell, dear Mary. This is but a hurried scrawl in the dusk, and only a faint transcript of what glows in my heart toward thee, but accept it with dear love from thy sincere and affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To J. S.

Reigate, 13*th of* 12*th Month*, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I must put in a little note into M. A. B.'s, to assure thee that I do not forget thee, and that I felt thy letter in 10th Month acceptable, and I am rejoiced that thou feelest so comfortable in thy new allotment and trade, and I am greatly hoping that it may be a time of growing with thee, that is of strengthening in the root, in the being with these dear friends, whom we feel so united to, beholding their good example and feeling the strengthening, seasoning influence of their spirit! But, my dear Friend, in looking back at the past pages of my experience, how often has it been the case with me, that when I have been apparently the most advantageously situated for the spiritual help and growth, then have I had to pass through *the most* close times of stripping and dreary drought; and on the contrary, when under the most trying circumstances outwardly, then have I been favoured with seasons of the greatest refreshing inwardly, and enlargement in the Divine love!

So exceeding wise and tender is our heavenly Father in all His dealings with and towards us, feeding us with the food most convenient for us, although perhaps at the time not the most palatable or desired by us; for He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are but dust! So that I thought, dear J., I would tell thee how it was with me in case it might be an acceptable way-mark unto thee, if so proved, showing that thou art not out of the way to the kingdom in experiencing such provings, but in the footsteps of the flock, if I may dare to number my poor self with them! For I know that the enemy of our soul's peace often tries to cast down and to perplex, and discomfort under the idea that we are all wrong and know not what good is! But it is the Lord that can bring quietness over the mind in an unexpected moment, and bring into resignation to all His blessed dealings, as it were, saying to the boisterous elements, "Peace, be still," and there was a great calm!

On looking over again thy letter, I find a little hint of thy being thus proved, which I knew not when writing the above, not having read thy letter again before writing it. Oh, my dear friend, mayest thou follow on from day to day, to know more and more of the Lord, of His precious ways and will, and delight to wait upon Him in the way of His judgments, as thou intimates thou desires to do, which truly are more valuable than much fine gold, and sweeter to the resigned and devoted mind than honey is to the taste! To follow on means with close attention and tender yielding to all His leadings, the touches of His power within; this is the only way to know Him more and more, the mightiness of His power, the greatness of His goodness, the excellency of His will, yea, the purity and purifying of His word, the preciousness of His law, the righteousness of His testimonies, which is everlasting! and thou wilt be prepared to take them as an heritage for ever, for that they are the rejoicing of thy heart! Thus will the goings forth of His power in and to thy soul "be prepared as the morning with increasing light and warmth, and the returning incomes of His love will be as the latter and the former rain in its season," bringing refreshing from His presence, life and nourishment, and abundant fructification unto His praise!

Thy account of your meeting is very interesting; such a number of attenders not members, but under different degrees of convincement. My heart seems to salute them and wish them, in the love of the Gospel, the heavenly speed towards the city that hath foundations! There is the more need of care to walk wisely and watchfully before them on the part of those who are members, and which I have no doubt thou feelest. . . . We have been much enjoying John Pemberton's life, which came out last yearly meeting; do read it, it is so sweet and instructive! . . .

I remain thy well wishing and sincere friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Reigate, 10th of 2nd Month, 1845.

I highly approve and advise to all the keeping a correct system of accounts, by which they may see what they spend in each branch, what should be retrenched, and what may be properly devoted to the help of others. I was taught it first by my dear sister-in-law, Elizabeth B., then followed the practice when living with my dear brothers and sisters together in Russell Square, and afterwards

when keeping my dear brother A. R. B.'s house at Forest Place (at his special desire), and have continued it since being my own housekeeper. At the same time, I believe it right to leave behind me this testimony in my family account-book, viz., that whereas some may have thought, from my own dress and simple way of living, that I have been stingy, penurious, or narrow-minded—my principle has *ever* been that there should be *no lack* in my house of what is necessary and suitable, plenty, consistent with *Christian simplicity;* but that there should be no waste or misuse of any of the good things committed to me, either for my own use or the use of others—desiring to follow the apostle's advice, "Let your moderation be known unto all men, (for) the Lord is at hand," and that I might be enabled in humility, and without uncharitably judging others, to bear a true and faithful testimony to that simplicity and self-denial which the Gospel (the power of God) or Spirit of Christ *ever hath* and *ever will* lead into and require—believing that there is a witness for God in every conscience which will approve and bear testimony to this by whomsoever it is borne, and that the same blessed Divine light shining within will also judge, reprove, and condemn the contrary wherever it appears.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

Reigate, 18*th of* 5*th Month*, 1845.

DEAR ——,

I thought I could not go to London without penning thee a few lines, to assure thee with my dear love that thou art not without my thoughts and sympathy in this temporary widowhood, believing that there may be times when it may feel a close pinch thus to give up thy dear ——'s tender company and kind solicitude and sharing with thee in thy daily cares; but I hope that He who has enabled thee to give up thus thy own inclinations and desires for the sake of what you feel to be thy husband's duty, will be near thee from day to day to strengthen, counsel, and preserve thee who stays behind, as well as with ——, who thus endeavours to fulfil his duty, leaving all to the care of the Shepherd of Israel meanwhile. I hope thy dear mother will be preserved in tolerable health in his absence, and that thou and she may both be favoured with a sense of those precious refreshings which come from the Lord's holy presence, and if this be the case, it will bear up amidst all privations or trials of faith and

patience, and give a peaceful quiet hope that maketh not ashamed. So, my dear friend, be encouraged to seek after and feel after this, even with tears, day by day, like craving earthly bread, and thou wilt not be sent empty away; and this precious life inwardly will be more than meat, and this precious union and communion with Him who is the Head of His body the Church will be far better than raiment; for if we have Him as our all in all, what can we want more—heaven is begun then here on earth! Oh, then, let us yield to His holy power that presses us gently *onward* and *upward*, even in the secret of the heart, saying, "This is the way, walk thou in it," and He will not fail to make us His own dear ones, and He will be our almighty all.

We are "ready to depart on the morrow" for our annual solemnity. I think I never felt poorer and more stripped of that capacity I seek after for such an occasion, almost fearing from my poverty and unpreparedness that I shall bring harm to the meetings. May He who is of tender mercy in pity look down upon my weakness and strengthen me out of Zion, and enable me to bear that portion of suffering or of silent labour that may be assigned me, that so I may be favoured to return with a little penny. If thou hears of —— do let us know. . . .

Farewell, dear ——, with our united dear love. From thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Reigate, 5th of 8th Month, 1845.

MY DEAR ——,

How very rapidly do the months pass on! We are come to another month, and have nearly seen two-thirds of the year—*so* rapidly are our opportunities passing of labouring for, receiving and laying up a treasure which is soul-enriching and will be everlasting! Oh, then, that we may in a spiritual sense follow the good old proverb, "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves;" make the most of the *moments* allotted us, of the *little* opportunities of receiving and getting heavenly good, and be faithful in the day of small things, that we may not have cause to repent of the retrospect and lament our irretrievable loss.

I am so pleased to find that thy dear parents had not left Cornwall *without* a public meeting. It really made me quite sad at heart to

suppose that they would, for my heart yearns over the dear people there, and gladly would I be *in their pockets* at such a time; but, dear ——, we may, though afar off, yet breathe for the arising and prevailing of the Divine life and power in the hearts of others; and oh may we "so run" and conduct ourselves as that we "may obtain" the same blessing in our own hearts, and thus have a leavening influence on those around us. I want to know when they are likely to get home. I know thou hast been following them in mind as well as I, and I trust the time has (though perhaps seeming long) been made profitable to thee by a proper exercise of mind and painstaking on thy part for thy own improvement every way, and that thus thy meeting them will be without an alloy from consciousness of neglect, and that thou wilt share in their sheaves of peace. . . .

Farewell, dear ——. Cleave to that which is good, and then thou wilt be made good, and filled with good, and enjoy good for ever. With dear love, I remain thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ——.

14th of 8th Month, 1845.

My dear Friend,

The idea of meeting thee once again looks very sweet, and I long we may be mutually strengthened together in every sense of the word. The being at —— will recall many past interesting and affecting events to my recollection, and *there* it was that I first saw thee sitting opposite to me in meeting, and I felt knit in spirit unto thee. Oh, may the coming time, if permitted to be realised, be one of recurring as it were to Bethel, and of renewing our covenants with Him who hath hitherto helped us in our lowest estates, and wonderfully and tenderly and very graciously dealt with us all our lives long—to whom may the remaining few years of our lives be unreservedly and submissively dedicated, with all that we have and are, for He is worthy, worthy of all the pure service and the humble praise of our hearts for ever, saith my soul!

L. A. Barclay.

To ——.

2nd of 9th Month, 1845.

My dear Friend,

Thy kind letter was forwarded to me at Swanage, and did not fail to interest me much as well as introduce us into a degree of

fectionate solicitude on your account, desiring that you may not be pared from *plentiful baptism*, that so you may know a *death* unto all hat is of the creature in *every respect*, and be enabled to enter *deeply* into feeling with the precious seed which is very low and oppressed in most hearts you will visit, and thus be permitted to minister to the due arising thereof; so shall your feet be shod with the preparation of the *Gospel* of *peace*, which implies that *living power* that leads and brings to true peace, *not to the wrong* nature that should be crucified, but to that which *only should* live, being tender and willing to be operated upon. Ah, my beloved friend, there is much of a spurious and light-weighted sort of ministry amongst us, which I tenderly desire you may be preserved from, which is more in sound than substance, in wisdom of words and activity of the creaturely part than in demonstration of the Spirit and power of truth; and such light-weighted ones are what I call *lightly* running to and fro, scouring the country, and apparently doing great things in visiting families and holding public meetings, seemingly with ease and self-complacency and not much depth of baptism and sore exercise or self-humiliation. These are for pleasing all, and I fear the self-abasing kingdom of the dear Redeemer is not thereby truly exalted and spread either by example or precept. . . . Oh, it is the Lord only who can bring us into and preserve us in the true virgin spirit pure and chaste unto Him, and may He do so is my earnest desire for myself and all that are dear unto me. There are many running to and fro amongst us that I greatly doubt of, and I believe the time is coming and come when the true servants will be put into prison as it were, and my soul says amen to it, till it shall please Him to open the right door of deliverance and enlargement.

And now, dear ——, as it regards myself, although I have frequently had pointings for years to various services or parts, and those where you are going amongst them, yet all seems to be gone away at present, and I dare not move from old openings. . . . We are pleased with this simple, natural, and humble place; the only difficulty being the distance from Poole meeting. We sat down together twice. . . .

Farewell, dear ——, with love. I shall be pleased to hear further when thou art inclined to write. From thy affectionate and sincere friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Swanage, Dorsetshire, 3rd of 9th Month, 1845.

My dear Friend,

. . . I can quite believe it to be a critical and important time with thee, and that thou wouldst greatly feel the leaving so sweet a home as Kimberley, where thou hast been as in a quiet nook for awhile to gather a little fresh strength with genial spirits. And I can also quite believe that under such circumstances of enjoyment, the wise Master builder may have seen it best to prove thee with seasons of desertion and of permitted buffeting. Ah, He knows best how to cut and to square and to polish the stones of His heavenly building, preparing them in His tender mercy and condescending goodness for what part He requires them to occupy. And the doubts and fears of the causes of our trials, and whether we are mistaken or whether forsaken, are among the provings of our faith and patience. If we could see all the *ins and outs* as it were of the heavenly leadings, there would be no walking by faith, no exercise of the childlike confidence and humble patience. Oh, the overcoming might that is the result of cleaving to the inward and lowly word of life, which is called the Word of Faith, because it is not only the object, but gives or quickens the true faith—the Word of Patience, giving true patience, His patience, the Lamb's patience, which all the saints are to keep, and then they shall be kept in the hour of temptation—the Word of Wisdom, giving true wisdom, and causing it to dwell richly in us, &c.; and as we cleave thereunto in all tribulations, they will be so sanctified as to work patience and experience and hope; and then, O my beloved younger brother, a little grain of this blessed true-born, life-springing hope *will* come in in the needful moment to succour our fainting faith, even in seasons of greatest barrenness causing as it were a green and fruitful tree to spring up even out of the wilderness and from the dry looking stock; for it is said, "And all the trees of the forest shall know that I the Lord do bring down the high tree and exalt the low tree, do dry up the green tree and cause the dry tree to flourish." Oh, the wonderful workings of the Lord's mighty and tendering power in and for His poor weak children, the workmanship of His hand, as they yield up thereunto to be led about, and instructed and humbled and proved as He sees best in full reliance—the cup which my Father hands shall I not drink it! And thus being more and more emptied and cleansed of the dregs of

nature, they become prepared to be filled with the riches of His grace and treasure of His kingdom, which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost! And being filled they cannot but run over to His praise and the refreshment of others and spreading of His kingdom and glory. Therefore, dear ——, cleave to the lowly seed, or word of life and power in the secret of thy heart. Here lieth the power that the enemy cannot overcome, but it still overcometh Him. Here lieth the light which the enemy cannot approach, whatever roaring he may make about thee. Here lieth the hope that shall be an anchor to thy soul in all storms and buffetings, and which entereth into that within the veil, and thy soul shall be safe, and know all things to work together for good, to thy exceeding humbling and exceeding rejoicing! The fear of losing all is a sign that all *is not* lost, and stimulates *so* to run as to obtain all we desire.

Farewell. With dear love from thy very sincere friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To J. B.

Reigate, 19*th of* 9*th Month*, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I have indeed had a great loss in the removal of my dear brother, so that I only am left now of the three who gave up in early life to leave the gaieties of the world and walk in the narrow path. I am often ready to long to depart and be with Him whom my soul doth love, through His first loving me, to be taken also from the evil to come. But I expect I am not ready yet for such an awful change, more purifying and refining and crucifying is needed, and oh, that I may be able to bear what is yet lacking, and to wait the appointed time, and to yield wholly to that good hand that *can* perfect that which concerneth me also in His good time, and bring me to the good end that crowns all, the end that is peace. I had not heard of thy sister's removal till thy letter. Such losses are to shake us from earth and draw us nearer to heaven, upward and still upward. We may truly say, "Blessed are they who die in the Lord;" they are taken from trial and provings to where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. . . . Oh, the low and desolate places amongst us! the ways of Zion do truly mourn, for few come to her solemn feasts. Ah, they know not the truth, though they make profession thereof; they—that is, the multitude among us, are like Pilate asking, "What is truth?" but don't care to

know it. No, they are like Gallio of old, "Care for none of these things"—that is, the things or teachings of the Spirit of truth. Ah, what will such do at the last great day of account, for God requires truth in the inward parts, even the rule of His dear and precious Son, and no other covering but His Spirit will He accept or allow to enter the wedding-chamber! Ah, the various plausible coverings which now so much take and are fashionable, owing to the enemy's deceit and guile to catch the unwary, these will be stripped off, and the nakedness or bareness of profession will really appear, in a day that is hastening, wherein the foundations of all will be proved. Oh, then, that we, my dear friend, who are favoured to see these things and to lament them, may be concerned to gather more and more inward to the Lord's name or power, which is a strong tower in the day of trouble—to abide in subjection to His power is to abide in the safe tent of His people in all ages, where none can make afraid—here His Spirit is the precious covering, and His life is the soul-satisfying food, and His presence is the crown of glory and diadem of beauty, and He will enable to overcome all, and give to reign with Him for ever and ever, notwithstanding the many tribulations such must pass through. . . . Farewell, dear friend. May we crave one another's help and preservation to the end, and do our best, and leave the rest. With dear love, I remain thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ——.

22nd of 12th Month, 1845.

My dear Friend,

. . . I feel best satisfied to take up my pen and say that I have for sometime past felt a fear lest thou and —— should in any wise be *wound about* by the kindness of certain Friends, neighbours of yours, and thus be any how warped from the true uprightness for the cause of truth. I know it is very hard when Friends are very kind and neighbourly with us in an outward sense, and especially if they have dealings with us in the way of trade, to stand firm against what we believe to be of evil root or tendency, and to tell them the whole truth, and be faithful and sincere to them. This goes very hard. But, oh, my dear friends, I want you to be preserved single-eyed to the Lord and His honour, and the promotion of His cause of truth, and not only single-eyed, but simple-hearted, going right forward in the way of truth—that is, minding the discoveries and

pointings of the Spirit of truth in your hearts, *however* in the cross to self and nature, or apparently foolish to others. Oh, then, mind the savour of life in you, mind what it leads and draws you from, and what it leads and draws you to, for we all have a seed or principle of light, life, and truth in our hearts, placed or sown there by God, and which doth and ever will savour what is of God, and what goes against Him in all that we say or think or do, and also will savour what is of or against Him in others around us; and let us mind what this draws us to or from, in what it manifests to us, and that is the way to be preserved in the truth—that is, in Christ's Spirit, firm and upright for Him, endeavouring to feel and to act *for* Him like faithful servants, not with eye-service—that is, with merely a show, or doing only those things which are manifest to others, or without which we may be blamed by others, as *men*-pleasers, but with good will and our whole hearts doing service as unto the Lord and not to men, out of true love to His cause, that we may have His heavenly peace and favour.

I do not write from any outward thing, but from inward feeling, fearing lest a more frequent intercourse may familiarise you to what hitherto has been trying to you, and thus your eyes should become dimmed as to the truth, and your hands weakened, which indeed I should be sorry for, so thought I must pen a few lines to stir up the pure mind in you; for I greatly long that you may go right forward, and come up nobly to the help of the Lord against the mighty, yea, that you may increase and abound in a faithful labour for the truth in whatever way your duty may be revealed, that thus your hands may be strengthened and your path may be (like the just man's) as the shining light that shines more and more unto the perfect day. For surely our *poor* monthly meeting wants all the help of *every* member that can be! And, my dear friends, I believe one great means of gathering strength will be by waiting on the Lord daily for His renewings of life and strength, and as you are now so retired from business there is or may be more opportunity of such times of uplifting of the heart and downcasting of the spirit before Him, so do be encouraged to be faithful in this respect, for I think you *will*, if you listen attentively, hear the call to it in secret. Do not think me an intermeddler, for I love you both dearly, and long for you to be a father and mother in Israel, and how this would bring joy to my heart, if spared to witness it! . . .

I remain thy truly affectionate and sincere friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Reigate, 30th of 12th Month, 1845.

My dear Friend,

I have thought of and felt much for thee for some weeks past, and was hoping to have had some of thy company when I went to ——, but found to my disappointment that thou hadst left that very morning for ——, and was sorry for the cause, but hope, if so permitted, that thy dear mother is favoured to recover, though of course she will greatly feel at her age the effects of such an illness. We have seen very little of you, dear ——, since you left Reigate. You have had many claims and engagements to hinder your coming over, as you once gave us reason to expect. . . . The hearing of thy dear ——'s sufferings even at ——, convince me that it is not any particular spot that is favourable, but that a continual change is the best. . . . This is very trying, and I who am such a lover of settlement and of home, can sympathise tenderly with you in it. . . . I have been thinking that to live as it were *in a tent*, is better for such as you, instead of being cumbered with a house and household. This is indeed trying to nature; yet it is emblematical of our pilgrim life here to have no continuing city, and may be beneficial in the more loosening us from this beautiful earth and lovely things thereof, and in the more earnestly drawing us to heavenly things, that the affections may be fixed thereon, and the heavenly mould more entirely *fallen in with* and yielded unto! Oh, what a blessed state is this! let us daily covet after it, dear ——, for when we are thus moulded, according to the Divine will, and fitted for heaven, we shall be translated there, to the good heavenly resting place that changes not, and the everlasting city where none of the inhabitants shall ever say they are sick, knowing their sins to be forgiven and washed away by the blood of the dear Lamb! How many are the warnings that we have had lately, and the instances of the uncertainty of all things here! I have recently lost a dear niece at Torquay, sister of dear Robert, who died a few years ago. . . . She was a sweet creature, seemed to have no will of her own, and I trust is, as a tender plant, transplanted from the storms and clouds of time to the everlasting sunshine of heaven! Her death had such an effect upon ——! . . . She also sunk in less than a week; thus a double trial in my brother's family! I passed two days at —— with dear ——, and two at Croydon with dear J. and H. M. in my way home. The former it

was truly sweet to feel, had benefited and deepened during her late illness, and it was a strengthening time, wherein we were favoured as it were to go up to the Lord's house together in our seasons of retirement! Ah! this is what I long for in our times of social meeting with those whom we love; not to be all taken up with chit-chat and many spending words, but to feel after His precious presence and power that is beyond words and is the true life of our souls. . . . How needful it is for parents to guard against the affectionate part being too uppermost! for the *affections* are to be mortified or crucified as well as the lusts, lest they should be blinded from seeing the tendencies and snares that beset (see Colossians) their dear children, and they should, whilst desiring to cherish the good, be in any wise cherishing imperceptibly the ill weed of self which chokes the good! Whilst there, I heard of the proposition that had been made to thee and —— to fill the station of overseer in that meeting, and was much pleased to hear that you had declined accepting it! Ah, my dear friend, this is an important station, and in these times of weakness and degeneracy amongst us, it is important it should be well filled, by such as are "grown in the truth" (to use an ancient expression) such as through the Lord's humbling baptism unto obedience to His Spirit, are brought into a degree of oneness and of feeling with Him, and therefore feel and "know what Israel ought to do," and are faithfully concerned for the lifting up and upholding of this pure standard, even the standard of the Spirit of truth, both in themselves and in others. These will be indeed "men and women" of truth, and of and for truth also, fearing God and hating covetousness, neither fearing man or his frowns, not coveting his favour or honour, but solely seeking the fear of God, the honour that comes from Him, and the honour and promotion of His blessed cause, name, and kingdom! these will keep close to the Spirit of Christ the truth, to the humbling and regulating influences thereof, wherein alone is their qualification, which will make them tender, will break them to pieces in themselves, will make and keep them clean-handed, simple-hearted, and single-eyed for their Master, and thus prepare them to work for Him in His meek and lowly Spirit, to labour in His vineyard; and truly their labour shall not be in vain in Him, but tend to His glory, the help of others, and the peace of their own minds! Now, my dear friend, although I believe you are mercifully called unto, and are preparing for this good work in proportion as obedience keeps pace with knowledge, yet I cannot say, that I think

you are quite ready for such a burthen yet, and if it were imposed upon you in too tender a state, it might be to your cramping or *growing crooked*, in a spiritual sense, and be to your lasting hurt, and what hurts individuals hurts meetings! Now don't think I am setting up the standard of truth too high. *Can* it be higher than it *really is?* and that things must be conformed to the weak state of our society! Is this the way to make things better? is it not to *keep* things weak and even make them *worse*, for like begets its like! And oh, I trust I shall not discourage you, for I desire your encouragement in obeying the Spirit of truth, which *will* deepen you and qualify you, and make you truly noble and honourable. So I do indeed desire and covet for you *the best things*—first deepening in the root, then a growing up in the vine, and then unfailingly will follow fruitfulness and stability! Therefore, dear ——, don't be discouraged by the greatness of the work, and so draw back from the heavenly Workman or Qualifier, but suffer Him to work what He will in and with thee when He pleaseth! A great mountain of opposition or difficulty is to be brought down by little and little, even to become as a plain, and the headstone thereof brought forth! but not by thy might, or power, or wisdom, but by the Lord's power or Spirit, and then the shoutings will be of Grace, grace unto it! for all is of God's grace, in and by Christ Jesus, which is bestowed upon us all according to our different measures and needs; and oh, that it may not be in vain, but be co-operated or occupied with in living faith and obedience to the salvation and redemption of the soul! Now, I do want to encourage thee not to be looking out at the reasonings of others, nor leaning to thy own understanding or the drawings of the affectionate part which may plead many excuses, but cleave closely to the Lord, mind His inspeaking voice, the shinings and discoveries of His light in thy heart, the touches and savour of His life there; come out of what the savour of life would draw thee from, and take up and follow what the savour of life draws thee to. This is the only path of safety and way of growth and peace; and remember no man on earth can give thee true peace and a growth in the truth, neither can any one take it away when mercifully permitted, except by drawing away from the Spirit of truth! Therefore, keep to truth and truth will keep thee and make thee prosperous and victorious over all; and may the God of truth bless thee and make thee a blessing, is the earnest desire of thy very sincere and affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

. . In looking over the above on overseers, it is suggested, t it almost seems uncalled for, nevertheless, I let it go, as it arose my mind in writing. It may stir up the pure mind in you or engthen you in that which is good, though you do know these ings and feel them to be so! Farewell, with dear love.

To B. B.

——, 1846.

We must not fear, but put forth what is given us of our Master to testify for Him in the savour and leadings of life and light, and leave all consequences, cast our lot, as it were, into the lap, and the Lord will prosper it, as it pleaseth Him, if done in faith and faithfulness, in His fear and deep humility. Who can harm us, if we be thus followers of that which is good, even His good Spirit? We must show on whose side we are. I believe these storms and siftings are designed for our purification, painful as they are to witness. Oh, that we who feel these things may be preserved in the hollow of the Divine hand, in a quiet habitation, even abiding in humble fear and subjection to the Divine power, leaning not to our own understanding, nor trusting to our might, lest we fall.

L. A. Barclay.

To a young Friend.

Reigate, 1846 *or* 1847.

. . . I feel as if I could rejoice in the departure of all who go rightly. It is because we are not rightly prepared that tender mercy yet spares us and calls us not hence. Therefore, oh, to avail of the precious moments as they fly, that we may be growing more and more ready. For surely this is not, and *ought not to be*, our rest; neither can the things of time, however good-looking, really feed or satisfy an immortal soul. But Christ is the true Sabbath and rest, the life and food of the soul, and He is all-sufficient, unchangeable, and eternal. Oh, then, that we may seek to be of Paul's noble spirit, who counted all things but as loss and as dross if so be he might win Christ and be found in Him, that he might know Him and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable to His death. Oh, then, let us seek to be *in* Christ and to *really* win or have Christ by being in subjection to His Spirit, clothed by His Spirit, in unison with His Spirit—this will make us

conformable to His death by crucifying the evil nature in us; it will quicken us in the resurrection of His life, so that we shall become new creatures, and shall *really* know Him, not by hearsay or education, but by true feeling of Him in us—yea, this will then bring us into the precious fellowship of His suffering—and we know that unless we suffer with Him we shall not reign with Him, and unless we die with Him we shall not live with Him, and unless He wash us with the washing of regeneration we shall *have no part* in Him. I was *much pleased* to see S.'s sobriety and quietude of mind and guarded behaviour. I longed much that thou might be induced to seek after best help to follow her example in this respect; for surely it is a great ornament to a woman to be of a meek and quiet spirit—and it is of great help to the watchfulness of the mind and the guardedness or propriety of the behaviour when we are preserved in a meek and quiet spirit; we can then *much more easily* watch the avenues to evil or the risings of evil, as well as hear the still small voice of the good Shepherd within us; and it is *here* in quietness that our strength is renewed to follow the good and avoid the evil. The true love of the good is more shown by a meek appreciation of it and an inward subjection to it in ourselves than in the warmth of affection for it outwardly: this is like the rattling thunder—that like the quickening, *melting* lightning.

My love to dear S. May she keep close to what she knows and *feels* to be right and peaceful, and may you go hand in hand together up the good but narrow path that leads to heavenly blessings without number. I have sent the sweet memoir of William Boem, the poor slave, to be printed, I hope to send you some soon.

Farewell, my dear girl. Mayest thou grow in grace and in every good thing, by following only those things that will make for thy real and true peace of mind. With dear love, I am thy very affectionate and heartfelt friend.

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Reigate, 17th of 3rd Month, 1846.

. . . Oh! saith my soul, that all the shakings and plungings that have been, and that yet may be my allotted portion, may settle me more firm upon the only sure and immutable Foundation, and drive me yet more closely to that precious Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and who will ever be all-sufficient for his faithful, humble followers, though He see meet at times to prove their faith deeply, and

seem to require hard things! Let His holy will be done in me by me wherever my lot may be cast and however I may be led, uired, or tried, is the earnest breathing of my soul. . . .

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Reigate, 20*th of* 3*rd Month*, 1846.

Ah, dear friend, the present is a time of multiplying modern productions, but few of them come near to the life and substance, the savour of the blessed truth, which characterised or seasoned the writings of our ancient faithful worthies, and whereby they *so clearly* testified for and gathered unto, yea, and exalted and glorified the blessed truth! but our very tracts are by degrees planing and smoothing down the pure principles of the truth, so as to insinuate gradually a lower standard or testimony, and which it is to be feared will at last land us in a lower dispensation, even among the many "horns" of formal profession which have been pushing and thrusting at one another—and yet under a show of much love and condescension!—ever since the apostacy came in; and, alas! our modern Quakers are finding fault with our ancient worthies who stood the fire of hot persecution, yea, who overcame all by the word of their testimony and the blood of the Lamb, and are pluming themselves upon having more Gospel light in these days, whereas not being so entirely and unflinchingly devoted and subjected to the little pointings and restrainings of the blessed light of Christ in the secret of the heart as *those* were, they have by no means attained to *their* standard and measure or growth of experience, and consequently have no business to, neither can, properly judge concerning them; but there is reason to fear, when tried in the unerring balance of the sanctuary, even the pure light or Spirit of Christ, will be found sorrowfully wanting in that life and power in which the kingdom of God stands, and not in word or mere outward profession.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To J. B.

Reigate, 10*th of* 4*th Month*, 1846.

. . . But, dear friend, do thou stand fast and firm in the power of truth and for the precious cause thereof, yield to the power first, and let it work in thee and then stand fast in it, in the sight and feeling it gives thee, nothing doubting and no one fearing; love the

truth more than all, and keep to the Spirit of it, and thou shalt be kept and strengthened over and unto and through all to the end. Remember Caleb which signifies a heart, and Joshua a saviour overcame all and inherited the good land!

Dearly farewell. With dear love, thy truly affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To Ann Conning.

Reigate, 23rd of 4th Month, 1846.

My dear Friend,

Hearing from J. F. Marsh that they had informed thee of the decease of dear Ann Jones, I feel inclined to put pen to paper, as it were to share with thee in thy mournings on behalf of the Church, and also I trust in thy rejoicings on her behalf that she is liberated from the shackles of mortality, and translated to the realms of unmixed and unchangeable bliss. Ah, how can our spirits as it were unite with her spirit in the angelic shout of praise "to Him who has loved us and washed us," &c.! I felt in duty bound to go and show my near and dear love and unity with and for her by attending the interment—dear J. F. M. as my escort. We went on second day and returned yesterday. It was indeed a long journey for me, 220 miles each day, and the interment a day of much exercise and deep feeling between; but, through mercy, I have been helped through to my wonder and grateful praise! I lodged at John Harrison's, and went with them to Stockport; the interment was before meeting; there was a large gathering of Friends from different parts, and indeed the crowd was so great that I could not see the coffin till I looked in upon it; the people also all out of their houses and standing in the streets. I was told four Friends spoke at the grave side. In the meeting dear J. F. M. had a little time, and I think L. Neild; also a few words from H. Marriage, the sister of dear A. Jones. I should have named J. Milner spoke the first in the meeting in a very sweet and lively way, which rejoiced my heart, especially as I found he was expecting to start next morning to visit Warwick, Leicester, and Rutland shires, also Berk and Oxford shires, in his way to the yearly meeting, the first certificate he has had. But oh! how greatly will he miss this dear mother in Israel, also dear John Harrison, for *they* appear to have shared so *very largely* in her company and counsel! I saw some sweet expressions of hers during the

last ten days, penned from memory by J. Milner, uttered in various opportunities with Friends who came to see her, all indicative of deep humility, and that she had nothing to trust in but the free love and mercy of God in Christ Jesus, and that she was an unprofitable servant, and had come short of what she should have been—at the same time avowing her unshaken belief and holding of our ancient and Gospel principles and testimonies, and that if she had ever done anything that was right it was in endeavouring faithfully to uphold them, and to testify against all that would mar them—also looking forward to a brighter day amongst us. . . . The last words (only twenty minutes before the close) were, "Bring the chalcedony and the precious stones." . . .

Do not give up the yearly meeting. Why dost thou shrink from it? No matter how weak and crushed we may appear, our suffering countenances may help some, and the exercise of our spirits may do good, and if we suffer aright there is joy in it. . . .

Farewell, with dear love.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Reigate, 1*st of* 5*th Month*, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I was much pleased that the good overcame what was *doubtful* in thee on fourth day, and that thou wast thereby made willing to accept the call of the Church to come up to her help in a simple yielding to the Lord's tendering power, whereby He will more and more quicken in thee a true sense and sensibility of what is for Him and what against Him and His precious cause of truth; yea, and with a degree, however small, of true sight and sense, will not fail to come also in His *wonderful* goodness and compassion, a degree of heavenly wisdom and strength to do what thy hands find to do for Him and His cause, so that thou wilt be enabled to rise up, in the true zeal and in humble faithfulness, to act for Him, not daring to keep silence for Jerusalem's sake, trusting thy all, the keeping of thy spirit too to Him, who knows what thou hast need of and is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think, and to bless with the hundredfold His dependent little ones who have none in heaven or earth that they desire in comparison of Him and His peace-giving favour! Then mayest thou cleave to the Lord's tendering, humbling power, and seek after it day by day in thy private retirements—let the lifting up of thy soul and the desire of thy heart

be continually, even at any spare moments, unto Him, to the remembrance of His name, and the feeling after His seasoning, strengthening influences; thus wilt thou increasingly be made *strong for Him*, though weak and humble in thyself! and verily His own works will praise Him *in thee* and *through* thee. So I hope thou wilt not faint in thy heart at what is come upon thee. Look not *out* in any wise so as to be discouraged by any of the enemy's lying vanities, his vain reasonings, lest thou should be thereby forsaking and hindering thy own mercies; but look *up* unto the Lord over all, and trust in Him for ever, for in Him is everlasting strength and wisdom, and He will ever preserve the simple and the faithful!

Farewell very affectionately and in tender sympathy. I remain, with dear love to thy wife, thy friend very sincerely,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

Forest Place, 23rd of 6th Month, 1846.

. . . [Alluding to the prospect of attending the general meeting at Aberdeen] Nature, I need hardly say, shrinks often, but yet I seem carried above all, and am kept in quiet as to the future in a way that has been marvellous to me, so that my soul has often been as it were melted within me into resignation and praise.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To P. R.

Forest Place, 24th of 6th Month, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I fear you will have thought me very negligently silent towards you, dear R. especially, after her last kind sympathetic letter before yearly meeting. Yet thou, dear P., knowing what is and has been on my mind, will be prepared to make all allowances. I have now in the inclosed letter ventured to inform dear R. and M. of my prospect of going *to sit* in the general meeting at Aberdeen, and the other two meetings thereabouts. . . . Thus am I now prepared as it were to cast my bread as upon the waters, trusting that all will be wisely and goodly ordered for me and that I shall as heretofore be abundantly cared for. I do hope and trust that my dear —— and myself will be guided in all these things relative to our future settlement, if we endeavour to follow the pointings in our own minds in

simplicity, and not to lean to our own understandings or the reasonings of others. Speaking so, reminds me of yearly meeting. I do and have felt great regret in having leaned to other people's fears or discouragements, and not borne my simple testimony against the sending an epistle to New England—not that any good would have resulted, but I should have felt clear on the subject. Ah, we should not be looking at consequences, whether at trying rejoinders or at the no apparent good likely to result, but simply to do what seems required, leaving all else. This is a blank to me, in looking back at yearly meeting, believing that had I yielded in this instance it would have opened my way for a further testimony in a doctrinal way which pressed for several days upon my mind. May I learn experience from the suffering, slow as I am to do so. What a favour it was, in the midst of so much suffering, to be preserved in such calm resignation, whilst the proud vaunting waves were rolling over our heads with overwhelming impetuosity! nay, it seemed as if the precious promise was graciously fulfilled, that as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so should also His consolations, and there seemed joy in suffering, as one of old said. . . Surely these things ought not so to be with us, and they will only tend or chiefly tend to open the eyes of even the dear youth, for they know full well that by "their fruits ye shall know them." On the other hand, in my *silent watchings* at my lodgings, I saw the necessity on the part of the suffering ones to guard against their own spirits getting up, and so anything *savouring* of a party spirit or a feeling of bitterness towards those who are the cause of their suffering, creeping in; perhaps it was more the *danger* of the thing striking one than the *reality*. . . . Oh, that I may be helped to let the day's work keep pace with the day; this is all I long for, and to be preserved to the end. . . . We had a trying monthly meeting, but I was enabled to leave my burden, and oh, that I may go clear of the blood of all. In looking forward, nature shrinks many, many times, and many fears rise up, but, through mercy, I have been marvellously preserved in quiet, and carried above all, to rest my all on Him whom I desire sincerely to serve. And I hope dear —— will be thus helped. Ah! "he that forsaketh not father and mother," &c., "for my sake, is not worthy of me."

Farewell very affectionately. How sweet was our intercourse and union of spirit! Oh, that it may be increased rather than die away. I remain, with dear love, thy truly affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To H. M.

Aberdeen, 6th of 8th Month, 1846.

My dear Friend,

. . . I may now inform thee, I trust under some grateful feelings, that we were favoured to arrive here in safety last second day week, about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, after a *very* quick passage of only forty hours—the captain said he had only once had a quicker passage in his life! We had a fine calm day all First day, so that we passed it mostly on deck, except at our meals, and we found a snug corner at the end of it where we had our little quiet meeting together, without any interruption, in the forenoon to our comfort. On second day, however, the sea was covered with white breakers, and there was a heaving swell that made us feel very poorly, and we were obliged to go down below and lie on the sofa a few hours, till the joyful news of "land in sight!" hailed us, brightening the countenances of our still more sickly comrades who had never once left their berths all the voyage, and rousing us up on deck again to see the approach to this port. We had lost land for twenty-four hours which to me occasioned not a few solemn reflections. We had 120 passengers, and 59 crew and servants, and we were distressed to see the latter so hard worked all the First day, with serving our different meals, amongst which was a grand dinner with all sorts of luxuries and varieties, even to pine apples and other fruit for dessert! We spoke to the captain about it and also the chess playing; he agreed to all we said, but said he was only servant to the company and could not do as he would! He seemed an agreeable man, and acknowledged his belief that all mankind are at one time or other visited with a sense of what is right or wrong in the Divine sight; and —— rejoined to him the responsibility and awfulness of resisting such convictions! We had the Bishop of Aberdeen and wife with us; he seemed a jolly fat man that troubled not himself with the care of others, though we thought he should have *overseen* the flock better than to have allowed chess playing! G. B. met us here and took us to his hospitable home. . . .

I had intended and *arranged* to go out to Kinmuck meeting on fourth day, to stop over their preparative meeting next First day, but I was taken so ill on third day that I was obliged to give it up; and perhaps it was all for the best, for I was helped and enabled not only to totter along to this meeting yesterday, but also to stand some

little time to the relief of my mind! so it is all good to be restrained as well as constrained. I hope to be able to go to K. on First day if I am well enough.

It was quite a cordial to my mind, on coming to our little lodging last week, in a very low drooping state of mind, to find a kind encouraging letter from dear D. D., and, amongst other things, saying how he rejoiced to *hope* that I should go to K. on a First day, for that they had not had a stranger on that day for more than twenty years! It was like balm to me, and my drooping was turned into melted praise! I was mercifully helped to have a very close and relieving time here on First day last, and am hoping to have got through my business before the *great folks* come, though I think too I am resigned to be humbled anyhow among them! The Lord, the good Master, help His poor weak worm, and give me to glorify His great name as He sees best! And now, dear H., I may say that the sweet and peaceful, the quiet and confiding, covering of my mind ever since entering this lodging, in looking at a still more close and bitter sacrifice, has been very remarkable to me, and what I cannot describe—"it is the Lord's doing and marvellous in my eyes" truly!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To M. R.

Reigate, 18*th of* 9*th Month*, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I want to hear from you, feeling love to flow very strongly towards you, and that strengthening union which is not dependent on personal intercourse, nor yet is broken by distant separation. Ah, I know I have had your tender sympathy when far off, and shall do still when the tent is removed there. I cannot describe the solemnizing and tendering and calming feelings I was favoured with when on the water, both in going to and coming from Aberdeen, and the language was consolingly revived each time within me, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee," &c.; and the awful answer seemed begotten, "Here am I, send me." Nothing short of the Divine power could have enabled me to bear the deep exercises, plungings, and conflicts that awaited me there, and nothing less than Divine and unutterable goodness could have clothed me with such peaceful quiet and humble confidence as was mercifully permitted at seasons. And since leaving Aberdeen, although wave after wave has

seemed at times to overwhelm, yet has there also seemed a secret standard, lifted up by the Lord's Spirit, which has stayed and supported.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

Reigate, 14*th of* 11*th Month*, 1846.

My *dear* love to ——, and tell her I want her to love the truth *above all*, even to love to feel it in her *inward parts*, *that* is where God requires it to be in us all, even that the Spirit of Christ, who is the truth, should be uppermost there, should be *loved* and *honoured* and *obeyed* and *trusted in above all*, *then* Christ becomes *truly* our King, our Lord, and our Saviour, and *no otherwise*, and we become really and truly His. I have had three proofs of Patrick Livingstone, and it is *so very* sweet and savoury, I long to share it with you; but I *may* be taken from it, as my dear brothers were both from their good works of Thomas Shillitoe and S. Neale. It is as the Lord wills, and His will is ever good.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To P. R.

Reigate, 30*th of* 11*th Month*, 1846.

MY DEAR PRISCILLA,

. . . Ah! how sweet it is when we feel the bond of affectionate union more and more strengthening! When this is the case, no matter even if we have the prospect of further separation to a vast distance, *that* remains that is stronger than death itself! I say strengthening—I mean after an *inward* manner, from a deepening and strengthening in the best life, not a mere addition of *outward warmth* as it were. And I think I may say it has seemed so to me in reading thy kind notes of late, I have felt that which has knit my heart to thine; and I do long that I may be more and more rooted and grounded in the one true love, which I apprehend must be by Christ dwelling in the heart by the true faith, through the quickening, strengthening efficacy of the Divine Spirit—then shall we not only be enabled to comprehend the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, and be filled with all the fulness of God, but also shall love one another with a pure heart fervently. Thy last kind note touched my heart, as did the one before, especially thy allusion to Daniel. Ah, that chapter is a peculiar favourite of mine; and I think thou

quoted it in allusion to myself in a way in which it has often been secretly opened to me by the good Remembrancer! How strikingly sweet and instructive and strengthening is almost every verse, or one in connection with one another! So, dear P., it was reviving to have it revived. And now, in allusion to what thou so diffidently hints at in thy last, I would have thee rest under the Divine power that can clear and make way for, as well as melt into acquiescence with all, and do not let in reasoning or doubting so as to nip any tender buddings, but yield to the heavenly touch which gives faith and makes willing, and then power will spring all-sufficient! . . .

L. A. BARCLAY.

TO THE SAME.

11*th Month*, 1846.

. . . I wanted to tell thee that I have just seen a nice letter from T. B. Gould, clerk to the sound yearly meeting in New England, a very valuable friend, who, speaking of their yearly meeting last 6th month, says how very strikingly dear J. Wilbur was engaged in the different meetings at that time; he had never heard him more clear and lively and powerful—so much so, that he could not help fearing that the close of his valuable life was drawing near, it seemed so like a taking leave or evening offering. I was struck with one passage in dear ——'s letter. I cannot repeat the words now; but it seemed to me almost to convey that *only since* our blessed Saviour's outward sacrifice had He been a Saviour! Now, this I *can't* believe was dear ——'s view—it is too modern a one for him. But I have supposed either that it was an oversight of expression, or else that he alluded to His first being given for a Saviour when the promise was made to our first parents; for we may imagine that as He was in the beginning with God, and was God, so the language was applicable to Him then, "Lo, I come to do thy will," &c., when the gracious promise of His bruising the serpent's head was made to Eve, and we may say He was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, both in allusion to His precious sacrifice on the cross and also His being slain in His spiritual appearance in the hearts of the disobedient!

Our visit from dear —— and —— was very sweet; but oh, it is not like where we see eye to eye in the things most dear to us—the things of the precious truth. Some think that text about seeing "eye to eye when the Lord shall bring again Zion" means another state

of being, and so content themselves with a want of unity; whereas I felt it to refer to the right state of citizenship of Zion even in this life.

Dearly farewell.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

11th Month, 1846.

. . . Perhaps some might argue from A.'s remark, that I sought to cast all into *my mould*, which is *far from my* thoughts I assure thee; for my aim is solely to direct and bring all to the dear Master, that they may in no *wise* be looking outward, whether to fear anything or person, or to follow or imitate any one, but simply to follow the Master in all that He commands or forbids.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To H. M.

Reigate, 23*rd of* 11*th Month*, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I received thy kind note on seventh day, and hasten to inform you of the decease of our dear friend, Susanna Dann, who peacefully and quietly breathed her last on sixth day morning!—had the privilege of sitting up with her on the night of yesterday week, and which was a sweet time to her, from the flow of heavenly expressions, and the feeling of peaceful praise that attended during that season. Once, after one of her *very distressing* attacks of retching, she sank back in the bed quite exhausted, but, with heavenly brightness beaming in her countenance, ejaculated, "for all I praise thee—most for the severe!" At another time she broke forth, "O how I love thy law! you know that I have always loved the heavenly law!" appealing to those with her. Another time, called on them to join her in praising and glorifying the Lord. From fourth day she wandered much, and was unconscious of all around her, except her son whom she knew to the last. He was very assiduous in coming. It was so very sweet to go into the house as we came home from meeting; it seemed as if on entering the parlour there was a sweet and precious odour met us! It was very sweet to be with her (my last time) yesterday week; she sent messages of love to all her friends. Our loss is great, but it is her everlasting gain! She was as a mother to dear ——, who deeply feels it, as does also dear J. Dann.

Oh, how I long that this second trial may but arouse —— and ———, and not prove as the early dew, soon vanishing away! If I might but see a prospect of any bending the right way and likely to uphold the testimonies of truth, oh how it would gladden my poor heart, and I should depart in peace!* Not that if it be not so, it would rob me of my peace, for I have endeavoured to do my best and must leave all! And though I am sensible of many, many shortcomings, and very great weakness on my part, so as to suffer discouragements to prevail and hinder, yet I have at times a humble hope that the gracious testimony, "she hath done what she could," will in tender mercy be pleaded for me, by Him who is our precious Mediator and blessed Intercessor with compassionate goodness itself!

And now farewell. With dear love to you both, I remain thy friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Reigate, 5th of 12th Month, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thy kind open letter felt very cordial to me, though I assure thee I had not been looking for any acknowledgment from thee as to the part I had taken in thy help, and it is a pleasure in any small measure to help those who are earnestly endeavouring to help themselves, which, by thy account, appears to be thy case. I was very much pleased to hear of thy attending to the pointings of the Divine power—the "truth in the inward parts"—in regard to those matters in thy business; I may say it rejoiced my heart. And I do hope, my dear friend, that thou wilt let nothing and nobody dissuade or hinder thee from such an exercise of mind and faithful conforming of conduct, no matter in how small a matter; for I believe that our individual safety and preservation, as well as growth and strengthening in the *life* of true religion, which is far beyond the mere form or profession of it, depends on our simple obedience in what is secretly revealed to us, and for which we shall each be accountable. I am so pleased thou wast enabled to make such a stand at the *onset;* for it is harder work to retrace our steps afterwards, if we have made a wrong beginning. Don't be afraid; He who takes care for the poor little solitary sparrows will never forsake nor fail those who are sincerely endeavouring to acknowledge Him in all their ways, even to show

* Alluding to her prospective removal to Aberdeen.

forth, without being ashamed, that they desire to love and seek His favour above all, and that they are under His government. He stands bound by His blessed promise to help them in every time of need, and He is not a man that He should lie or change His word. David says, "Great peace have they who love thy law, and nothing shall offend them;" and this remains to be a precious truth, confirmed in the experience of all who have tried it; for nothing shall hurt or harm those who love the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, which is revealed in the secret of the heart—even their very "enemies shall be at peace" with them, and all things, however trying, shall be made to work together for their good. And *more than this*, for the Lord's presence and power will be near and round about and in them, to support through all trials that may be permitted for their proving and strengthening in the true faith, so as to make hard things to become comparatively easy and bitter sweet; and when the Lord speaks peace in us, who then can bring real trouble or make afraid! Therefore, don't be too much looking outward for advice, but cleave to the Lord's power within, mind the dear Master's voice there, don't be afraid of trusting what He says to thee, but *believe Him*, and *thy reward shall be sure*—He will guide thee in safety to an hair's breadth, and His commands will ever come with a clearness and authority (not like the scribes), and attended not only with a sweet assurance of peace, but also with a sufficient measure of *power;* for His word is still with power inwardly, as ever it was outwardly formerly. Then I believe, my dear friend, as this is thy humble and sincere endeavour, outward things will be all *necessarily ordered aright* —there will be a consistent conduct, industry, diligence, order, and uprightness in business, and strict economy and justice in all that is used—and there will be the Divine blessing experienced upon the "little meal in the barrel and the little oil in the cruse"—a blessing on the "basket and store."

I am quite of thy mind in regard to those who have abundance of this world's good things, and think if these were less devoted to self there would be more to help the needy. I often feel tenderly for those in business, for these are times when it is hard for conscientious persons to get along; but, alas! too many of our Friends are following *the multitude to do evil*, instead of standing in the testimony of truth against it, even in the true nobility. But the Lord's power is as able as ever it was to direct, to strengthen, and to preserve, as well as to bless those who cleave to it; and it is far better to stan

solitarily for the Lord than to enjoy the treasures of sin, even for a season, with the multitude.

Farewell, with much true love. I had not intended writing so much, but seemed led on, and must now remain thy sincerely well-wishing friend, desiring thy encouragement in that which is good,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To B. B.

1*st Month*, 1847.

I count it a privilege and favour to be permitted to feel a degree of that precious fellowship with the living in Israel, whatever may be their condition in this life, which not only unites them one unto another, but unto Him who is the God and Father of all the human race, and whose tender mercies are over all His works in every corner of the habitable earth. Ah, how sweet and strengthening is this precious fellowship, like a cordial in our many bitter trials and sore conflicts with our spiritual enemies—to feel a gentle flowing up as it were at times of that precious life of Christ, wherein is the fellowship and cement that unites us to the faithful and just of all generations, whether in the body or removed out of it! I thought I was sensible of it in reading thy letter, and I have felt a near sympathy with thee and others in the loss you have recently had—and perhaps in looking at home you may be often ready to say, Oh! my leanness! my leanness! But, dear friends, the Lord is near to sustain under every stripping He permits, to comfort under every cause for mourning, and to strengthen and animate under every sense of our own weakness that He proves or favours us with. Then it is we cling all the closer to Him, the source of all good and all effectual help; so that at times we are enabled to say with the poet, "for all my soul shall bless Thee, most for the severe." I trust dear —— and —— are rightly united, and desire to travel together in the way everlasting, which is the way of the cross. I have had it on my mind for years to move my tent to a far distant spot, but nature has sadly flinched. I must give up to it. Thou knowest there is a power of Divine grace that is superior to nature, and able to overcome all difficulties, and lay low the mountains, and make the hard things easy, and the bitter comparatively sweet. And I am trusting this blessed power will sustain amidst all the trials which I know await me largely.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To G. H.

11th of 3rd Month, 1847.

DEAR GEORGE,

I cannot tell thee how very kind I take it of thee to offer to help and superintend my packing, and still more to go with me and see me in my new house at Aberdeen. I feel it as the offer of a *kind brother*, and if thou art able to do so, I shall gladly accept thy kind services, hoping that nothing will occur to prevent thy doing so for me, and that all will go on well during the week of thy absence. I feel much obliged to dear S. for giving thee up so kindly and freely. . . . Dear G., I know thou wilt feel for me in coming to this meeting to-day; it was like going into the lion's mouth almost, and so it was yesterday at ——. But there is a power that can shut the mouths of the lions and take away all fear but the one good fear of disobeying the dear Master—and He did help me, blessed and praised be His holy name, for He hath done for me great things, lifting me, a poor beggar, as out of the dunghill, and setting me among the princes of His people, and making me to sound forth His testimony without fear of them, and gave me peaceful quiet after, though some have shunned me and stood aloof of me. Do thou crave my preservation in deep humility and watchfulness, and that I may be made faithful and bold for my Master, and then I shall flee away to Aberdeen with sweet peace.

Farewell. With dear love to you both and your dear mother, from your affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

Aberdeen, 3rd of 5th Month, 1847.

MY BELOVED ——,

I again sit down to inform thee, I trust under a grateful sense of Divine goodness and mercy, and which I was constrained on the bended knee to acknowledge here after breakfast, in thus having brought us poor unworthy servants in peace and safety to the desired haven here on earth, and to crave His continued renewals of might in the inner man, that we might be enabled to war a good warfare, to bear a faithful testimony for Him, and to suffer with patience such trials as He might see best to prove us with, whilst sojourning here; that thus His good work might be carried on in us, and that good perfected which concerneth us, whilst time is allotted us here, and that when

time to us here shall be no more, He might be pleased, in the riches of His grace in Christ Jesus, to bring us to the desired haven above, the port of everlasting life, rest, peace, and joy for ever! when His high praises might be fully consummated in us, which now are but feebly begun! Oh, my dear K., all seems melted in me in thankfulness, when I tell thee we arrived here at half-past four this morning, forty-two hours from port to port. We felt the fresh breezes on the river quite reviving to us after our great fatigue and poor nights, and kept up well till half-past eight, when we went down to bed; and early next morning, on getting out to sea, the heaving began, though it was said by the sailors to be very calm, and then we became very sick and tried to get better on deck, but it rained very hard, and after becoming damp and cold in bearing it from seven till nine o'clock, we then went down finally to bed, which we have kept till five this morning, not raising our heads an inch, lying all three of us like logs; and, as the last meal we took was tea and toast on seventh day evening at six, thou mayest judge of our weak and ill state this morning. . . . How sad it was to part, and I felt as if I had not half thanked thee enough for thy great pains and labour for me and mine, but there is One who can reward thee openly and will do so!

Thy very affectionate and truly obliged friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To Ann Conning.

Aberdeen, 8th of 5th Month, 1847.

My dear Friend,

I fear thou wilt be impatient to hear, in thy kind affectionate anxiety; I could quite fancy how thou wouldst feel that windy day, as thou sayest in thine yesterday. I may now tell thee, I hope with grateful feelings to that Divine power who has hitherto helped, that we left the docks at half-past ten this day week, in the morning. It was a sorrowful parting with dear J. and H. M. and C. S., who came to see us on board, and who watched us till we were out of sight; and landed here on second day morning in safety. . . . We were kindly taken in by dear G. and E. Brantingham till fourth day, when I was anxious to get to my own house, though far from comfortable yet. I cannot tell thee how great was the comfort of having G. H. with us, and it was a favour that he was not at all sick, so that he was able directly to get to work for me, and very active and

skilful he has been both at R. in taking down and packing up the things, as well as here in putting together. He desires his dear love to thee. I have just parted with him reluctantly as the last relic of the South, and he is to leave by the packet this evening, at six, for home. . . .

Oh, let us seek after the streams of that river of God's love and life that shall never fail but ever make glad, though the earth be removed and the mountains be carried as into the sea, and the waves thereof roar and be troubled. General meeting begins to-day at Edinburgh, and our yearly meeting the week after next. It will be very strange to be away; my mind will, I trust, be with them, and so will thine. Let us breathe for the arising of the pure life to support the poor little remnant, even under an unusual depth of suffering; they will need the prayers of their friends.

With dear love, I will remain thy very affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ——— and ——— and ———.

Aberdeen, 10*th of* 5*th Month*, 1847.

My beloved Friends,

. . . I enjoy looking at the waves breaking on the shore; it reminds me much of my room at Marazion. But the house is very small and inconvenient, no accommodations like the South—in short, there is *great self-denial* in the daily comforts and even almost necessaries of life required; but our nice North-country Friend servant seems disposed to make the best of everything, and we must all bring ourselves down to our circumstances, and learn more self-denial still. Last night was my best night for several weeks; . . . it is indeed wonderful how I have been helped through! This sea air is quite reviving, but we have a great deal of mist often. The language is so different, we need an interpreter to help us at the shops. Dear G. and E. B. are like a kind brother and sister in helping us every way and every day.

And now, dear friends, you will want to *hear* how I feel. I was favoured with a season of solemn worship and praise and renewal of desire to be given up to do and suffer the Divine will entirely yesterday morning, in my silent sitting in this meeting, and was blessed with a sweet covering, like the fulfilling of the gracious promise made me at Reigate, one time when I was greatly tried with the prospect, viz., My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee peace!

So now, what wait I for? my only hope is in the Lord, even in His mighty and all-sufficient power, and in the tenderness of His mercy and the excellency of His goodness, that it may still be extended; for without it I shall fall any and every moment, but with it I shall be able to do and suffer all things permitted or required. . . .

With dear love to you all, from your very affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

13 *Spital, Aberdeen*, 17*th of* 5*th Month*, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . My mind has been much with you to-day at general meeting, and breathing, I humbly trust, as I have sat at my needle, for the arising of the pure life whereby at least the tried, oppressed remnant might be enabled to still struggle on after patience and faith, to wrestle for them as it were in the night season of dismal darkness that may be felt, wherein is perplexity, if not somewhat of death. Oh, to be enabled by the Divine life and power to keep the word of patience, the word of faith, so as to endure all things by the former, and to move in the right time and way in faithful simplicity by the latter; for faith overcomes all and shuts the mouths of the lions, and out of weakness makes strong, strong in and for the Lord. My beloved sister, my heart seems poured out for the faithful remnant, but must not linger, having another note to write; yet feel inclined to allude to thy touching remark as to the incumbering lawful things hindering the true exercise of this awful annual assembly.* Ah, there is indeed a need of constant watchfulness and endeavouring to dwell deep, out of the many words and talking about things; feeling is better than talking; and above all, breathing upward will bring down all-sufficient strength, as well as all-important humbling of the creature, and the fear that is clean and keepeth clean; therefore, oh, let us not get out of a breathing state of mind, whether in or out of meetings! Alas! I fear my own mind has been buried in outward things these last two weeks; but now I am resting on my oars a little, and to-morrow we start to our monthly meeting at K. It is sweet to have dear S. H. with us to-morrow, and next day our meeting here, though I only heard a few words here and there on First day, and was most deplorably dry and stripped myself of all good. I thought it was good to sit beside her, and feel the testimony of truth go forth with life, though I feared

* The Yearly Meeting.

I must almost be a clog in the way myself; but such a stripping was good for me, if it were not merely caused by my bodily weakness. Do tell dear —— what a comfort her letter was this evening, and how glad I am she and —— were so helped, and dear —— also! Oh, they must increasingly come forward, and eventually, through faithfulness, possess the gates of all their enemies, and know a bow of steel to be broken by their arms! oh, it is humbling to me that way was so made for my exercise at ——! It is the Lord's doing and marvellous in my eyes.

Farewell, dear love.

L. A. Barclay.

To a young Friend.

13 *Spital, Aberdeen, 23rd of 5th Month*, 1847.

My dear ——,

I desire, my dear, that thou mayest carefully treasure up the little fragments of good that thou mayest have been favoured with during yearly meeting, not merely under what thou hears, dear ——, but also under that precious soul-melting feeling often permitted graciously in solemn few minutes of quiet. Ah, this used to be so peculiarly sweet and precious to me, I remember, when thy age, and still it continues so, with the greater ability to wrestle for it. I trust, and oh, may it continue to be so choice and sought after to the end of my time here. And now, my dear, thou must excuse a short note; but my desire is as strong as ever that thou mayest come down to the power that is *super*-excellent, and is within thee, though not of thee, and will be as a refiner's fire and a fuller's soap to purify thee and enable thee to offer an offering in righteousness to the Lord, and as thou fears and bows to this blessed name or power revealed within (in the cross to nature), the Sun of righteousness will arise to thee and in thee more and more, and enable thee to grow up as a tender and well-favoured calf of the stall, ready to be offered as a whole burnt-offering to the Lord, thy mighty and good one. May this be the case is the earnest desire of thy truly affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To Friends of Reigate Monthly Meeting.

5th Month, 1847.

Dear Friends,

Being now favoured to arrive here in safety and a degree of peaceful quiet, I feel it best to request a certificate removing me

to this monthly meeting; and, in doing so, it seems with me to acknowledge that during the last eight months since this removal has been settled on, my mind has been greatly led at times to dwell on the state of our monthly meeting; the weak, low state thereof has been spread before me in the light of truth, and whilst we know that all weakness is owing to a departure from a close attention to the power of truth on the part of individuals in a meeting, and that therefore there can be no other way to wax stronger than for each one in uprightness to cleave to the secret leadings and restraints thereof, revealed in their own minds—yet have there been two or three little steps opened to me, as, I trust, in that light and wisdom of truth which is profitable to direct, whereby you may, as a meeting, be in some degree helped, and which I feel constrained thus to lay before your weighty consideration. One of these is the further junction of P. meetings; for, in looking at the state of these so as to judge aright how far the testimony of truth can suitably be exalted in the holding of a meeting for discipline, we should not so much look at the number of members in such meetings, but should rather look at the standing or condition of the members of them *in the truth*, how far they will be competent faithfully to uphold the standard thereof. It has frequently appeared to me that there might be a service in joining Reigate with Dorking, and Ifield with Horsham and Capel. And it is very desirable, in a weak monthly meeting like ours, that P. meetings should not be held all on the same day, that there may be opportunity for them to be occasionally visited, whether by the rightly exercised members of our own monthly meeting, or by strangers who may feel drawn to travel amongst us. Where we have a disrelish for the kind visits of others, it is a sure sign that our weakness wants to be searched into and helped out of, for none are so weak as those who do not know their weakness. Another little step that has appeared to me might be helpful to the state of the monthly meeting, inasmuch as it would be helpful to the burden-bearers in it, is that there be once (or more, if thought well) in the year a committee of overseers held, to which also such might be invited as are concerned for the right exercise of the discipline, who should read over the list of members, and confer together relative to such cases as may require care and tender counsel—this would be more truly answering the end for which the rule was made enjoining the reading the list of members (which was that overseers should be stirred up to diligence and zeal in their several duties, and especially

in the tender care over the dear youth) than the mere formal reading that list over as is at present done before the meeting at large, which entirely precludes that interchange of feeling so desirable; for though the rule of discipline may *allow* monthly meetings to follow the latter plan, yet it is evident the former is *enjoined* at first and the reason or end is given, see Book of Discipline, page 187. Our overseers lie scattered in our different little meetings, and thus would there be opportunity for their hands to be a little strengthened by unanimity and a development of exercise for the good of the body.

And now, dear friends, having laid upon your shoulders what I have long felt as a little burden, I am relieved, and believe the gracious testimony will go forth, "She hath done what she could." Yet still there is a parting testimony required of me, even for the wisdom and power of Christ, that it may arise and prevail in your meetings for discipline—for oh, Friends, especially my brothers, count me not as an enemy (though ye may receive me as a fool) because I tell you the truth. There is a spirit gone forth in our camp, in our meetings for discipline, which is opposed to the pure and humbling government of Christ, and hath long had sway and oppressed the true burden-bearers, and hath thought itself strong and able to speak and act in those things which concern the dear Master's kingdom, and so hath been busy, up and doing upon all occasions; whereas it knows not His heavenly control nor humbling qualification even at home, in its own house or heart, and therefore can never act aright for Him, how busy soever in its own will and wisdom, striving to have things its own way. Now this spirit must be brought down into silence and subjection to the humbling power of Christ, or else blasting and withering cannot fail of coming upon whatever meeting it prevails in. Oh, therefore, dear friends, let us be willing to come under this baptising power of Christ revealed in each one of our hearts, which will bring the silence of death upon every spirit and feeling in us which is opposed to His righteous government, and then will His pure life arise more and more in us, and give us a true feeling and a true sight with and for Him and His blessed cause or kingdom. And then in our meetings for discipline we shall each one be concerned to wait for the renewal of this precious sight and feeling, which is not at our command, but is a gift to be continually sought after and faithfully occupied with or exercised. We should not then be always ready to speak or act, neither should we be desirous of talking about and reasoning about subjects out of meeting one with

another, but we should each be as servants in waiting on the good Master in the meeting, and yielding in simplicity to His humbling and strengthening power, should be enabled to step or to refrain from stepping according to His bidding, and, in either case, should be doing our little best to promote the cause by keeping to His Spirit; then whatsoever we did in word or deed, being done in His name or power, would be to the glory of God, and the reward would be sure both to the doers and to the forbearers, even the peace of His approving favour.

And now, dear friends, I salute you in the love of the everlasting Gospel which seeks the gathering and strengthening of all, and in which you are at this time individually brought very near to me in spirit, though outwardly far separated—and, desiring that "grace, mercy, and peace may be multiplied unto you," through an individual faithfulness to what you know and feel to be of and from God, that thus ye may escape the corruptions that are in the world through lust, become inheritors of God's exceeding great and precious promises in Christ Jesus, and be made partakers of the Divine nature and of the happiness of heaven for ever and ever!

I remain, &c.,

L. A. BARCLAY.

P.S.—Let this be read in the fear of God in your men's and women's meetings.

To R. R.

13 *Spital, Aberdeen*, 31*st of 5th Month*, 1847.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

. . . We know *who* can make a way of escape even where we poor finite creatures can't possibly see any, and then indeed it will be seen that man's extremity is God's glorious opportunity for the display of His power and the magnifying of His name, when the creature is utterly laid low! Oh! how renewedly the call is reiterated as with fresh force to cease from man, from looking to him, or leaning on him, as thou says, whose breath is in his nostrils, and to draw nigh unto God, who will draw nigh unto such to help them freely! I hear there are very glowing accounts from various quarters of the love and harmony and condescension at yearly meeting, but I can't but fancy they spring from mere superficial feelers; that the love and condescension is but a mere imitation of the true thing, an image which they can't give life to! and the harmony is the reign of

oppression caused by man's will and wisdom, and bringing forth a kind of self-complacency, which is far from the prevalency and humbling of the Divine power! . . . I have seemed much mentally with them at yearly meeting, and breathing at secret moments, even while my hands have been much occupied, for the little arisings of the pure life, whereby the faithful and oppressed remnant might be preserved in patience and faith a little longer, even that patience whereby their souls will be possessed in peace, and that faith which will overcome all things, and enable to endure the fiery furnace and the lions' mouths! I have felt well content with my allotment away, believing I am in my right place, which is a comfort. . . . I could indeed believe thy recollection of thy feelings at Hastings from thy letter; and how true it is, that when the most tried then the most helped! for yesterday week, after a trying night, . . . I thought I should have a very unsettled meeting and could not get quiet; but even then was mercy again lifted up on me in my distress, in the solemn and sweet season of the silent meeting here, for heavenly help needs not outward words! There is a sweet covering over this meeting which is so very precious! There are four or five not members who come and sit solidly with us, and two of them even on a fourth day. There is much openness for tracts here, and we spread P. L.'s among work people and shopkeepers generally. We are much stared at, and I often think of the service there was in dear T. Shillitoe's walking along the public walks, and trust we are desirous to be consistent spectacles in appearance and conduct. . . .

My dear love to M. and P. How sweet was your trebly dear joint packet before we left Reigate! How preciously strengthening and cordial is the true fellowship, and, in the sweets of this, I affectionately salute you three dear sisters, and remain thy and your truly affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To J. B.*

Reigate, 8th of 3rd Month, 1847.

. . . And oh, dear friend and sister, may we who are already in such awful stations be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, daily waiting for and yielding unto His blessed power, and suffering it to humble, lead, and restrain us as it pleaseth Him, that we may truly be His faithful servants, labouring for the advancement and spreading of His blessed cause of truth. I do feel more and more

* This letter reached the compiler after the letters of the same month were printed.

the necessity and blessing of a season or seasons of retirement and waiting on the Lord for His feeding or humbling, His emptying or filling, His magnifying or quickening; for without His life daily manifesting in our mortal flesh, what part shall we have in His glorious and dearly bought salvation! And in looking fearfully forward to the great trial and sacrifice which is before me in the going into another land, the words to Baruch, who was in great fear and grief, have been often made comforting to me—"Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not, for I will bring evil upon *all* flesh, but thy life will I give thee for a prey!" Ah, whatever He may be pleased to pluck up and to break down in us of the fleshly mind, and however He may prove and tryingly lead us, if His precious life be but given us in ever so small a measure in the places whither we come, it will be all-sufficient and an unspeakable favour. It is coming nearer and nearer to me, and I feel greatly desirous to be enabled to leave these South parts clear of the blood of all, and hope to be shown how before long, and to be enabled to do the Divine will, however in the cross to nature, believing that He is all-sufficient to strengthen the poor weak ones to plead His cause and testify for Him, that He and His poor servants may be clear.

Farewell, my dear friend; and when it is well with thee, remember for good thy poor but affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Spital, Aberdeen, 1st of 9th Month, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It seems pleasant to take up the pen to thee, though I believe our friendship and love for one another does not stand in mere outward communication, but in the mutual feeling that we are each endeavouring to yield to the blessed Spirit of Christ in what is inwardly revealed to us thereby, and thus in our little measures are in Him in degree, and longing to be yet more and more so, and to partake increasingly of that most excellent communion and union set forth by Him in these words, "I in them, and thou in me." The occasion for my now writing is, that I have two days ago heard of the death of W. H., . . . and feeling tenderly for his dear widow, I thought I might ask thee what she is thinking of doing under her present circumstances. I know not when the event took place; perhaps nothing has been thought of yet; but I thought no doubt some of

your feeling Friends would feel her case of affliction one to claim your *care* as well as sympathy. How will she and her dear children be supported? as if any thing is raised for her, I would willingly help.

I may I trust gratefully acknowledge that I am now comfortably settled, and feel peacefully quiet respecting my removal, though I still GREATLY feel the trial of the change, both as regards the climate and the accommodations I am used to, and nature is very often pinched in it; but I remember the milch kine of old lowed after their calves left behind, when bearing the ark of the testimony into another country. This is a low spot as to truth, as many others are, and trials abound every where; but I desire the seclusion may lead me the more to seek unto Himself, the alone source of light, life, strength, peace, and comfort! I can say, "My soul follows hard after Him, and His right hand has hitherto upheld me" in mercy from sinking as into the mire! . . .

Thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To S. B.

Aberdeen, 17*th of* 9*th Month*, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I fear thou hast thought me very long in taking notice of thy kind letter. . . . I now enclose a post-office order for five pounds, which thou wilt ask dear —— to accept of. Please give my kind and tender feeling to ——, and I greatly commend and admire her strong and laudable desire of doing all her best to get a living *unshackled.* I know she is a very executive one, and I have felt greatly interested about her and her husband. I hope she continues to be faithful when anything is required of her in meetings. There is no good advancing either temporally or spiritually without faithfulness; and I hope she will neither fear nor seek the favour of man, nor let a gift or kindness blind the eyes, but speak the word faithfully for her Master; for those who honour Him in serving Him faithfully, He will honour and cause nothing to harm them! I expect it is doubtful if the dear child is spared to her, but children often struggle through much; but if not, it is in mercy, though a touching stroke; and if taken away in its innocency she will have cause to bless the good hand! . . .

It must be a comfort to thee to have dear S. H.'s and J. Allen's company at monthly meeting. Ah, when we are really

baptised into Jesus Christ, we shall infallibly all speak the same language, the pure language of His Spirit, and what a precious oneness is there then! the Lord being one, and His name or power one, His children and people must be one too in spirit! There is a great talk about keeping "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," and that text in 2 Cor. 13, 11, is often quoted, but it is too much lost sight of, that it is subjection to the lowly appearance of the Spirit of Christ within us that is the key of all these good things; and if we have this it will make us perfect and upright towards God, of one mind and speech and testimony in all we do, it will speak the true peace to us, yea, cause it to rule in our hearts, filling us with good comfort, not a false encouragement, and the God of love and peace would be felt to be with us. Ah! the spurious love and unity that is among us! may the Lord break down the beautiful image in His own good time, for the worship thereof has truly drawn from the true worship of and uprightness towards Him! . . .

Farewell. I fear I have wearied thee, and did not expect to write so much. I remain, with love to Thomas, thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To R. R.

Spital, Aberdeen, 18*th of* 9*th Month*, 1847.

My Dear R.,

It is long since I took up the pen to thee, and long since I heard from *any* of you; but as I expect you are waiting till after quarterly meeting, I am inclined to supersede you. It is a time that my mind seems much with you, as they always must be seasons of deep exercise to the faithful as well as of suffering; but if we cannot *do* anything for that cause which is very precious to us, we may be enabled to *suffer much* with and for it, and this is accepted, and is a favour to us poor creatures. I sincerely hope you will be enabled at that time to feel and act what is best in regard to that committee which is likely to be appointed—that you may faithfully and fearlessly oppose what is likely to be against the truth, and honestly and simply stand up for and testify for what is likely to promote it, that so there may be no cause for regret or sorrowful feeling afterwards. . . . We keep much to ourselves; indeed I am convinced it will be most for *my* strength, and then if there is to be a coming out and forth it will be with most effect. . . . I have adored the wisdom which has shut me up, believing it was good both for others

and for myself. . . . Ah, the good Master knows what emptyings and humiliations are for our good, and in His own time will bring us forth more like gold purified for His use; and what a mercy He should deal thus *excellently* with us poor worms of the dust! I desire that patience may have her perfect work in all the deep baptisms needed, and then, when a word is given, wisdom and power will also be given to come forth in increased purity in it, whether it be as a new sharp threshing instrument to thresh the mountains of high profession, or as a hammer to break down the stout opposing wall of *self-conceit* and pride hereaway, or whether it be as the genial sunshine and gentle showers from heaven to quicken and raise up and nourish the tender, lowly seed of the kingdom.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 22*nd of* 10*th Month*, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I fancied you at H. on fourth day, and can feelingly enter into sympathy with thee, dear ——, in being united in that committee. I do hope thou wilt let nothing hinder thee from being faithful to the sense and savour of truth, that thou mayest be favoured with, in which thou mayest be a strength to —— and ——. . . . Ah! I long with thee that you may be able to get down deep, beneath all the cogitations and reasonings of man, into the nothingness, the humility, the simplicity, and true dependence on and seeking after best wisdom and might, direction and preservation, and thus *alone* may you be made helpful to the body! Things are indeed low with you; but it is only as we are baptised in Jesus Christ, by the one Spirit and holy fire, that we shall be enabled to feel them so *rightly*—that is, that we shall by union with Christ see and feel them as with His eye and feeling, having His heavenly mind; and *so* feel them, and consequently suffer with Him under their state, as to be willing to put forth our hand in simplicity and faithfulness at His bidding, and in His name, to help them up a bit into a better state! For it is not enough to mourn over the state, but the true mourning will seek to help the state by each one's faithfully labouring as before his house for the public good. And however poor and weak we may feel in ourselves, let us remember the *daughters* of Shallum assisted their father (and he was a *prince*, a *ruler* of the half of Jerusalem) in the good work of repairing the walls! . . .

My dear love to ——. . . . I have been expecting to hear from her for some time, but expect she is in a low spot. Remind her of the few smooth stones picked up in the valley of humility, and slung in the Divine name, that were effectual for what was required—and brought down the mighty Goliath! I am pleased you think of sending some of those tracts to Australia. I have *such* interesting accounts from dear —— of a dear young man at ——, who comes from ——, and appears under convincement! also a similar account of ——'s sister, who is passing through much in coming towards Friends; also of dear —— who is not a member; he seems in a sweet and tender state of mind, and thoroughly coming back; it would glad thy heart to see a letter of his that —— has just lent me to read! So I have my little ups as well as downs, in this remote and solitary feeling corner; and though far off, am not debarred from the feeling of things, the things of the dear Master, whether they cause mourning in secret or the inward shout of praise. Oh, to be enabled to be, and permitted graciously to be, a sufferer and testimony-bearer, and labourer for the precious truth, is all I desire, and far beyond all earthly gettings, and it is no matter then, how hidden or solitary I may be, for the Lord "knoweth them that trust in Him."

Farewell very dearly. I fear this is hardly worth sending, but it will assure thee of my dear love and tender sympathy, in which I rest thy faithful friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Spital, Aberdeen, 17th of 12th Month, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND,

Having heard indirectly, through dear ——, that thou art still tried in business, I thought perhaps a mite might be acceptable, though it may not help thee much. Times have been very trying in trade, and thou hast my sympathy in thy uphill travel, and my affectionate desire that nothing may move thee from the pure testimony of the Spirit of truth in the faithful witness within thee, which will unfailingly guide thee aright and in the peaceful way, though for a time it may be in the way of trial and of poverty; yet that is better than to sin against thy conscience of what is right—for a little with a peaceful heart is better than much riches with the worm that dieth not. I shall be much interested in hearing a little how thou gets on,

or what tries thee, if thou art free to tell me. I long thou mayest be helped to be faithful and watchful in all thy steppings, and not fear the jeers or reproaches of man, nor yet bow to any man or his reasonings, but let thy bowing be truly to the Lord's power, and let His Divine fear be ever before thine eyes, and then I cannot but believe thou shalt hold on thy way and be blessed by degrees in basket and store. We poor finite creatures don't know what degree of trial and of proving is good for us, and we think it is hard to be proved at all; but the Lord, our tender Father, knows our weaknesses and what we most want to purify us, and He will not prove us beyond what He will enable us to bear, if we look to and lean upon Him alone; and as we yield up our all unto Him, so He will do us good in all His dealings towards us, and enable us to bless and praise His name for all, yea, "most for the severe." . . .

Thou would greatly feel the death of thy dear sister W. And thy poor brother-in-law, how I do feel for him! Has he any one to attend to his dear children? I long he may be more devoted to Him, who called him, I do believe, "out of darkness into His marvellous light," and that he should not bury the talent as under the bushel of worldly gettings and cares, but set the candle mercifully lighted as upon the candlestick.

Farewell, dear friend. With feelings of desire for thy help every way, and preservation from every snare, I remain thy sincere friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Spital, Aberdeen, 3rd of 1st Month, 1848.

My dear Friend,

. . . We want more examples of consistency! And I am much pleased to hear thou feels no regret, but on the contrary peace, in the sacrifices thou hast made for principle, as well as ascribes the power and the glory to Him who is the blessed Strengthener of His little humble ones, to do what He requires and promises them peace in! *Truly He is* good to them who seek His favour above all, "to them who trust in Him *before* the sons of men!" . . . I have often felt for you in your very small meeting—but, dear friends, the Lord's power gathered and strengthened us at the first by *ones and twos* in solitary and trying places, and He is as good and mighty as ever to help us all to be faithful unto Him, and thus to be

instrumental to hold up the standard of truth and be a blessing to many others, whilst receiving the blessing ourselves!

I remain thy sincerely affectionate friend and well-wisher,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Without date.

. . . How wonderful is thy dear sister's state, that she should thus have such intermittent feelings of renovation and relapse! Is this intended as a further purification, by proving her resignation to the Divine will? for it must be indeed a great trial, after the mind is brought into an awful resignation, and a humble worship in the prospect of being taken from this state of being, to have that prospect changed by the probability of recovery! What unwillingness must there be to return to this lower world, and what fears of how future temptations and trials may be borne! But how excellently does infinite wisdom and love see what we need to perfect that which concerneth us according to His astonishing goodness; and how tenderly will He apportion all to this blessed and glorious end, purifying and bringing all within into the pure worship and holy praise of heaven; and when this is the case, will say, it is enough, come up hither and thou shalt see by closer union than thou canst now, the bride, the Lamb's wife, and partake of her blessedness!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

5th of 1st Month, 1848.

. . . Ah, "the faithful fail from among the children of men" may it not be said? yet I believe there is a goodly number of the younger and middle aged who are desiring to be so, yet, alas! they fall short of what they should be, and so are too much settling down as dwarfs and stumblings. Oh, that these might be aroused to be up and doing for the Master, and thus show their love to Him in whatever little way He may be pleased to point out and gently press them towards. And I am aware there is a doing or working for Him by suffering as well as by greater activity, yes, by seeking after that daily dying unto the old nature in us, whereby the new nature, His own pure life, comes to be raised up and strengthened in us, which effectually gives to feel *with* Him and consequently to suffer with and

for Him, as well as enables to breathe forth continually the langua[redacted], "spare thy people O Lord, and give not thy heritage to reproach t[redacted] the heathen should rule over them!" Oh, how availing is this hidden life, working example as well as precept when called for, and this hidden prayer, ascending even in the midst of tribulation for the precious cause sake! The present is indeed a dismaying time, and afflictions seem increasing upon us, the furnace waxing hotter and hotter. Surely never was the enemy of all righteousness more specious in his devices to lead astray and beguile from the dominion of the Saviour, though under the appearance of *all righteousness* and all that is sweet and lovely! Therefore, never was the danger greater and the trials deeper to the faithful; and the time seems hastening on when, according to prophecy, both ancient and new, the house of Israel shall be sifted as corn is sifted in a sieve, and they shall be left so few in number that a child may tell them. But there is a precious consolation in remembering that not one grain of true weighty wheat shall be lost, and that "the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His." And "will not God avenge His own elect which cry day and night unto Him? I tell you He will avenge them speedily," was the gracious answer. And let it encourage us to lift up our heads in hope, and seek for ability to possess our souls in patience; for if we faint not in confidence towards God, if we fail not in faithfulness and deep humility before Him, we shall surely reap in due time, even obtain, through His mercy in Christ Jesus, the crown of life which ever awaits such as love and yield to His inward appearance in the soul. Oh, then, may He keep us so to the end of our little time here, for we cannot keep ourselves a moment, but let us cast ourselves as it were into His tender and powerful arms, even suffer His power to rule and work in and for us and we shall be safe!

L. A. Barclay.

To the same.

12th of 2nd Month, 1848.

. . . Well, my dear friend, the Lord is taking away all our creature comforts one by one; He is handing us one bitter cup after another; but oh, let us still kiss the hand that afflicts, and may we increasingly learn to lean only on Him, and to let Him only be our Rock and our Refuge, to trust in Him at all times, and pour out

ur souls before Him. May He be with us, and support us both in he breaking down of these outward tabernacles, and in the breaking own of our friendships, or rather the outward comforts of them; for the inward union and strength of the true friendship is not severed or weakened by death—it is of an enduring nature, like Him whose life is the soul of it as it were. More is the need for us who have watched the path of the upright as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day, to put on fresh strength in the name of the Lord, to buckle on with fresh alacrity the whole armour of light, that we may be enabled to withstand the wiles of the enemy, and to live the life of the upright during the remainder of our days, that we also may be prepared to die the death of the righteous, praising and glorifying the name of the Lord, by whose grace they were what they were. Surely it is because we are not yet ready that we are left a little longer, and what a mercy that is! Oh, how much have I yet to break down and to be purged out! but He is of power to carry on the work of faith in us, and perfect that which concerneth us, if we do but yield up our all to Him, and suffer His Divine power to work in us His Divine will. Ah, *this* is what is wanted in individuals in every church almost, and then there would be no lack in our borders, but a blessed revival, indeed beauty and purity. . . .

This is indeed a reading and writing age, and we have need continually to recur to the Divine balance to guide in both, as also to recur supremely to the Divine word to season our minds therefor, to instruct us thereby, and to preserve us from harm therethrough.

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Spital, Aberdeen, 24th of 2nd Month, 1848.

My dear Friend,

Thy letter the other day introduced me into sympathy with thee under thy various trials. . . . I feel much for thee at this trying time of trade. It must be hard and anxious work to get along, or rather to bear up against the overwhelming tide, shall I say of encroaching and covetousness, which the worldly spirit leads so many into in their trading, to the hurt of their more moderate and honest neighbours! But I often remember how it was with our dear early Friends, when they first were called upon in secret to make a stand against the world's ways in these things, how they seemed at first as if they should hardly get their bread, and especially when so seized

upon for tithes and rates to their great spoliation! But, in process of time, as they persevered in faithfulness to known duty, their character became so established for integrity, uprightness, and thorough good dealing, that the people would inquire where was a Quaker butcher, baker, tailor, &c., and their trade greatly increased, and they were blessed in all they put their hands unto! And so I have faith to believe it will be yet witnessed by the faithful; and even if deliverance and blessing should not come as quickly as they would desire, that in the meantime the Divine presence and power will be their support, whilst proving, as to an hair's breadth, and His peace will be more worth to them "than thousands of gold and of silver!" . . . Mayest thou be enabled from day to day to seek after and obtain that fresh "help from the holy sanctuary and strength out of Zion," whereby alone we may bear up amid the trials and temptations of our day, and be qualified to glorify the great Name in our lives and conversations before men.

I remain, with love, thy friend very sincerely,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Bregsell's Farm, 19*th of* 6*th Month*, 1848.

My dear Friend,

I should have liked more of your company. I seem often, as I go along thus, to have the query arise in my mind and sometimes to be uttered, both for my own searching and possibly to stir up my dear friends to the same—How far we have grown in the truth, and made strait steps in the heavenward path since last we saw each other? And, in looking back at my visit to you, I have feared lest there has been a standing still and a shrinking from that going forward in simplicity and upright-hearted faithfulness to which you have been called. The kingdom now, as ever, cometh not with observation, is not known to increase in our hearts by looking out at others, either at what they say or how they do or think and feel—this is too like a seeking a sign from heaven, as the adulterous generation or spirit does in every age;—but it is to be known within as our eye and ear spiritually is turned to see the pointings and hear the words of the good Shepherd, the true Husband—and not only hear and see, but the heart given up to obey. Oh, there is too little of a minding of inward impressions and conviction amongst us, and until we know a closer watch unto all obedience to them, we shall

not progress truly in grace, in the truth, and the heavenly kingdom not only come but set up and increasing within! A little clear conviction in secret, in the silence and coolness of our own spirits, in regard to men and things around us, is worth a great deal that we can hear from this or the other dear and valued friend—it is truly a sign from heaven sealed to each one of us, and will not deceive us! Yea, may I not say that the revelation of the Spirit of Christ, in and by which God and His will, Christ and His preciousness and blessed rule is made livingly known to each of us, is the Rock on which the true Church is ever built? I long you may both be building on this sure Foundation; then it will be no matter what becomes of men and things, for you will have the seal that the Lord knows you to be His. Then will you be kept more loose to the worldly spirit in your business and in all you put your hands unto—faithful testifiers by example against it, and your hands will be kept clean and hearts upright for your dear Master's use, and what ye do will be seen and felt to be for His pure service and to His glory.

Farewell, in dear love to you both, from thy very affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To R. BARCLAY, OF URY.

Stonehaven, 9th Month, 1848.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I have been staying here a fortnight, having returned here after our dear friends who had the meeting left us, and have been pleased to meet with a few serious people of various denominations, as well as have enjoyed the scenery round this most interesting spot to me, I might almost say *classical ground* among Friends! yet my reflections have often been of a sorrowful cast, as I have remembered the faithful worthies of old times, our honoured ancestors who lived and walked in the Divine fear and service in this neighbourhood, and have felt how greatly many of their descendants are departed from that pure light and life which shined and lived in them, and made them faithful in every good work, and enabled them to endure hard sufferings for conscience sake! Yet the Divine Being remains the same as ever, mighty and willing to redeem from all the evil and weakness of our fallen nature, and to gather out of the darkness thereof into His marvellous light, into His pure life, into His precious love, into His enriching and enduring peace, all those who are willing

to yield to the secret touches, reproofs and leadings of His Holy Spirit in their hearts! Yes, He spares long and visits again and again, even as at the eleventh hour, those who have long been rebellious, striving to bring them away from those pursuits and pleasures, which, in times of cool reflection, they are convinced will not give them peace on their deathbeds! How, then, can they with impunity refuse so great and tender salvation! how can they refuse to sacrifice aught that He requires, that they may obtain that precious gift which our Saviour came and died and ascended on high to purchase for them, even that the Lord God might dwell among them and bless them! I have, since being here, been once within thy park, and could I have walked so far as the house, should have called on thee, as my deafness precluded my partaking of the conversation with thee when I called with the above Friends; but as I could not do so, I hardly felt easy to return home to Aberdeen without writing thee these few lines, and asking thy acceptance of two little tracts as a token of my sincere love and desire for thy best welfare both here and hereafter, which I hope thou wilt receive kindly, and believe me to remain thy affectionate cousin,

L. A. Barclay.

To ——.

Aberdeen, 14*th of* 9*th Month*, 1848.

My beloved ——,

How very sweet it was to see thy own hand-writing again, after being brought down to the very gates of death! . . . My dear girl, what a great blessing thou must feel it to have been thus spared and even raised up again! Surely thy heart must be often melted in looking at the goodness and mercy which have followed thee day by day, and gratitude, I hope, is the clothing of thy mind, although thy note does not convey any feeling in this way. What canst thou render, yea, what canst thou *not render* to Him who has dealt so tenderly with thee but renewed love and dedication and subjection of heart, yea, praises (shown forth in conduct) out of a humbled and devoted heart? I feel penetrated with grateful feeling whenever I look at thy recovery. . . . We have been much taken up with company at and since our general meeting, then we went two weeks to Stonehaven for a change, and to spread Friends' books and tracts, there being much openness for them, and we met with a few sweet Methodists who sat with us on a First day evening,

also a few others, and it was a favoured time, and it felt hard to break up; ——, their preacher among them, who pleased us much, came another evening to tea with his wife. I left two sets of books with one or another of them for lending there. We used to take long walks, sitting down by the way, and generally brought our little tract bag twice back empty daily. One favourite walk of mine was up a hill south of the town, from the top of which, looking southward, we looked down almost perpendicularly into a pretty little wild bay encircled with rocky cliffs, beyond which were the ruins of Dunnottar Castle jutting out as upon a pinnacle of basaltic rocks into another little romantic bay—in the dungeons of which castle many "gude souls" were immured during the wars of the Covenanters. Then turning our faces round (where we stood) to the north, we looked down as steeply into another more placid little bay; at our feet lay the clean, airy little town of Stonehaven, in a snug corner near the rocky promontory, with its busy little pier and harbour; beyond this were other bays and rocky capes towards Aberdeen; westward were the lands of Ury, with its white castle embosomed in fine woods, the park extending for miles over hill and dale. Thou wilt judge this was a favourite spot with me, and I spent many hours there, meditating on the faithful worthies who used to live and walk there, as also on the degeneracy of their descendants. Captain Barclay was very kind to us; showed us over the place and the mausoleum, when I went with —— and ——; took tea with us at the inn, and sat beside us at the public meeting. The place is going to be sold; I am hoping some one of the family will buy it, as it is a place generally visited by Friends who come here. . . .

My dear ——, I am much hurried to finish this; but cannot help saying I long that proportioned fruits may be rendered by thy grateful spirit to Him who has restored thee to health, &c.

Believe me to remain thy truly affectionate and sincere friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ——— and ———.

Aberdeen, 25th of 9th Month, 1848.

My Dear Friends,

Your kind letters did indeed touch my heart, and had I had time I should have written for you to get at Dorking; and moreover it was as a brook by the way to poor me, or like a little oil of joy in the midst of grief—for I found your two kind epistles on the table on

returning last fourth day from our monthly meeting at Kinmuck. Oh, the sweets of precious unity and true love! truly it is like the holy ointment poured upon Aaron's head that descended to his beard and the nethermost skirt of his garments, and as the dew on the mountains where the Lord commanded of old His heavenly blessing! And, dear hearts, it made me glad that you were going forth together as fellow-helpers and workers together for the Lord, your good Master, and the feeling and desire was and is, "The Lord be with you;" and no doubt, also, the feeling and desire that lives in your hearts, whilst sensible of your own weakness and inability of yourselves to do any good thing, is, "The Lord prosper the work He gives us to do, and preserve us to Himself and His glory!" My mind has been daily with you, and oftener fancying to whose house you were bending your exercised course now and now; and especially as I have been dressing in the morning, which is often a time of sweet meditation and of feeling with and for my dear far distant friends. I hope you will let nothing hinder you from delivering the whole counsel Divine, but that you may be so enabled to go down deep into baptism with and for the dead and buried, who are too many amongst us, as well as the defiled, as that you may be qualified to minister true judgment where it is due, and rightly divide the word wherever you come; and though many are and will be the low and plunging seasons to pass through, yet I trust and believe the everlasting Arm will be underneath to support your (sometimes perhaps) fainting minds, and to hold up your heads above the waters of conflict, and that a little drop of heavenly peaceful comfort and calming quiet will be permitted you in mercy from day to day.

I suppose this may reach you at ——. . . . I hope you will have been helped to search out the evil that lets and hurts and dims there, and to encourage to that yielding to the mighty humbling power of truth, whereby comes the true honour as well as the blessing to the church. . . .

Desiring for you heavenly strength and preservation day by day, I remain your nearly united friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To S. B.

Aberdeen, 15*th of* 10*th Month*, 1848.

My dear Friend,

. . . I think I heard that latterly dear —— had but seldom given up in meeting at R., which induced me to query of

thee how it was with her now. I think thou wouldst do well to help her what thou canst, she may have been discouraged improperly or let in the enemy's reasonings, and if that was a right calling, perhaps this affliction is sent to call her again to faithfulness! *I do* feel tenderly for such and desire their encouragement, yet above all things, long for a pure offering, that what is offered may be *of* and *for* and *to* the Lord alone; and no matter the few stammering words—for the few smooth stones from the lowly valley slung in the pure name of the Lord, brought down the mighty giant. I do long for the servants and plough-boys to give up in these days of man's arts and parts so universally prevailing, that no flesh may glory in the Lord's sight. Oh, how many a precious gift has been hurt by being drawn out after others, after the opinion or example or favour of man, instead of keeping close to the pure Divine gift, and inward in spirit, that we may watch and wait for it, and feel its arising! I have had great peace (now during my own long shutting up as to words) in having printed and handed that tract of Job Scott's on this awful subject, and it has been comforting the approbation of many and their comfort in it, although I have met with the reverse. . . . I was pleased to hear our dear —— gave up in the last quarterly meeting at ——. Ah, the dear Master knows what good He is about, in shutting as well as opening either for our own good or the good of others, and let us bow to Him. . . .

Ah, my dear friend, it is a mark of our degeneracy, the little care and feeling one for another that there is amongst us; it was not so at the beginning, when if one member suffered, all suffered with it, and if one was honoured, all rejoiced with it. It is because we are not really baptised into Jesus Christ, and if we know nothing of this, our profession without the form is as bad as that of others with the form; it avails us nothing, yea, the greater is our condemnation for making a more spiritual profession. But, dear friend, let us who feel these things, increasingly seek after the daily true baptism and true supper, that we may be in true fellowship with our dear Lord, even in His grief and sufferings, and then He will not fail to show us what we can individually do to help up a bit in these days of degeneracy, by putting our hand to what He points out in secret, and if we are faithful (no matter whether we are or are not in station) we shall receive an increase in heavenly good, and be rewarded with soul-satisfying peace. Therefore, dear friends, may you be faithful where your lot is cast, and you know not how it may stimulate others to their duty.

With dear love to you both, remembering the pleasant times I had with you in days of old, I remain thy very sincere friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To M. C.

Aberdeen, 24th of 10th Month, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It seems long since I had any communication with you, and I feel inclined to take up the pen. And I salute thee and thy dear husband in renewed love, though I have little to tell you that will interest you; yet sometimes to know that our friends think of us is cheering by the way; for I dare say you find with me, that many are the low spots and the rough stony places and the clogging swamps that we have to pass over in our journey to a better country, and the mountains seem sometimes to rise higher and higher, and we feel but poor weak solitary creatures to encounter difficulties and the enemies that surround and would hinder our progress! But oh, dear friends, help is still as ever laid upon One who is mighty, and He can, out of much weakness, make to be strong in Him and in the power of His might, yea, can make a little one to chase a thousand, and a feeble one to be valiant for the truth! Therefore, I desire that you may not faint or improperly fear, nor let go your hold of that which you have ever felt to be right and required in the secret of your hearts, remembering that it is "he that endureth to the end that shall be saved!" Oh, dear friends, we are poor weak creatures, and unless we daily seek after the Lord's heavenly quickening power upon our spirits, how dead shall we become to the things of His cause and heavenly kingdom, and so there is danger of our suffering our earthly cares and enjoyments to overcome us and prevent that aspiring of the soul heavenward, whereby comes the true spiritual food and strengthening to fill up those places in the Church militant to which we are called! I have greatly longed, that as you are favoured with an increase of family and consequently of necessary cares, that your souls may in proportion be the more earnestly lifted up to Him, the Lord your blesser! that He would keep you more and more alive unto Him in a daily exercise, for His quickening guidance, strengthening, and preserving throughout each day, that you may be kept alive to His cause, and enabled to put your hand to the Gospel plough for the promotion thereof, for unto this are we every one called, more

or less, and are favoured with many precious visitations in order to persuade and encourage us thereunto! I long that thou, dear M., may more honestly and nobly come forward to the help of the Lord against the mighty, in any little way that may be pointed out in thy mind, and that thy dear J. may, in the like manner, in true uprightness, stand by the good cause, and be willing that the power of truth should humble him anyhow for the purpose, that so he may become a firm pillar in the Lord's house, for the support of the burden of the Lord's testimony. Ah, if we thoroughly yield to the Lord's humbling power, it will draw us out of all self-saving and self-seeking, self will be laid as in the dust, and the Lord's honour and cause will be more dear to us than anything of our own or any saving of ourselves from exposure to what others may say or think! Oh, this true nobility, this honest uprightness, this going straight forward is what we so very greatly want as a people! and I believe, if we yielded to the gentle drawings and teachings of the Spirit of truth, it would not fail to bring us into this good state. And then the Lord would be conspicuously with us to bless us, and the savour of our spirits would gather others unto Him, and not a dog could move his tongue against us; for "the righteous shall hold on their way, and he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger in the heavenly might! and the Lord will show Himself strong on behalf of them who fear Him above all!"

I hope thy two dear *bairns* are going on nicely, growing in stature, and I hope beginning to be well trained in giving up their little wills. How very soon is the evil seed noticeable in dear children, and how easy is it to be nipt in the bud!

With love, I remain thy and your sincere friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

12*th Month*, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Having so few opportunities alone with thee I thought I would take up my pen, and in sisterly love tell thee that I was made sad a few days ago, by hearing that there was a paper or card up in thy shop or window, saying that pale beer was sold there! Is this really the case? I have no doubt the present must be a trying time for trades-people. I sympathise tenderly with such as have large families, believing they often have many difficulties to contend with,

and thus are induced, by plausible motives, to add one little matter or source of profit after another to their business. But oh, my dear friend, we who make so high a profession (and especially such as occupy stations amongst us) have need to ponder well all our steppings, to consult the pure and faithful witness within, to weigh things in the balance of the sanctuary, and see whether such steps are in the Divine ordering or not, whether they have the Divine sanction, and we can ask the Divine blessing upon them as being such as will serve Him and His heavenly cause, or whether they are more likely to serve the enemy, to lead to the injury in various ways of our fellow-creatures, and thus in various degrees to mar the Lord's glory. I have frequently felt pained in looking at thy business, under a fear that thou hast suffered loss by yielding to such motives of expediency, and hast looked at things too much in a worldly light or spirit, instead of cleaving close to the gentle intimations and hesitations which the true light, the pure life of Christ, would give thee to feel respecting this or that, and which, as simply obeyed, would lead to a cleanness (and *consequently* strength) of hands, a clearness of sight, and an uprightness of heart for the Lord; and if we are not clean-handed ourselves we cannot plead for our good Master with others, nay, we rather may be strengthening their hands in other inconsistencies. I cannot help believing that if thou hadst withheld from, or hadst put away from thee the selling of tobacco, snuff, and intoxicating or fermented liquors, thou wouldst have witnessed more peace, more strength, and wouldst not have fared the worse for it even in a pecuniary sense, for the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and He can bless or blast all our endeavours; and surely those who so sadly and peculiarly witness the pernicious effects of smoking and drinking, have peculiar need to discourage all in their power such bad habits, and of all people should not feel easy to derive a profit by the promotion thereof. Oh, my dear friend, I entreat thee to consider the subject even in the true light and deep exercise of mind, and the Lord make thee willing to search into all that thou puts thy hands unto, and enable thee to wash them in innocency in these respects, even though it be by a temporary sacrifice, not looking outward at what others may think, say, or do, nor yet fearing the consequences, but sanctify the Lord of hosts Himself, and let Him be thy fear and dread, and follow thou Him and His pure testimony, so shall the arms of thy hands be made strong by and for "the mighty God of Jacob," thy example will be strengthening to others, the barrel of meal shall not waste, nor the

cruse of oil fail, yea, the Lord shall give that which is good and His soul-enriching peace shall be thy crown.

Desiring thou mayest receive these lines of sisterly faithfulness and sincerity in that love in which they are written, and mayest above all things seek after the true nobility and the true stability, in which I desire to be thy companion, I remain, while sensible of my own great weakness and need of watchfulness, thy faithful and affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 21*st of* 6*th Month*, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . My dear love attends you all. I very often think of you and other dear distant loved ones *always* on a First day afternoon. I last First day had a sweet afternoon; it was a brilliant day, and I had been once again helped in this meeting, and in mercy favoured with peaceful quiet after it. And I strolled out into the garden after my siesta, and walked and sat there, and enjoyed the scene. The sea looked so deep a blue, the waves dashing up upon the light-house rocks; there were lights and shades over the undulating landscape, caused by the clouds alternating the bright beams of the sun. There had been some nice showers after a long drought, and all nature seemed to rejoice and look refreshed. . . . I felt solitary; none to whom I could say, "How sweet it is!" . . . and yet I seemed surrounded by you and other kindred spirits, and felt that the Lord was good, and that the earth was full of His riches, and it seemed enough and far more than such a worm is deserving of; and if He be near to support and sustain amidst sufferings and trials, what will it matter what we go through, so they do but work the good designed, and all draw us upward and inward!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 26*th of* 6*th Month*, 1849.

Thy account of the yearly meeting was very acceptable. . . . It's no matter, however, such an exercise might not please some, or even excite ridicule or derision, —— was Divinely led, Divinely strengthened, and blessed with Divine peace, and *this* none can give or take away. Ah, they who don't like going into what they

call little things, they do not remember that it is said, "he that despiseth the day of small things shall fall by little and little," *and thus* have many among us fallen gradually and imperceptibly till we have got into the very low spot we are now in, of mere outward profession like other people, with but little of the power of godliness amongst us really to be felt and seen by our fruits. . . .

I have been very poorly the last ten days, and I feel often very low, yet it has been sweet to remember my dear friends in the south, and to hold sweet communion as it were with them in spirit, and whether we ever meet again, I trust we shall be united by that precious bond which death cannot sever, and by subjection to the Spirit of Christ we all have the same mind and are of one accord, drawing heavenward and Christ-ward; and so *may* we be kept even to the end of our little time here, that He may take us to Himself hereafter. And though we be reduced still more as a people, and be given to suffer more bitterly, yet the Lord will be sufficient for His little faithful ones, and in due time will plead their cause, and bring them forth as gold seven times tried, and He will set His mark on the sighers and the weepers, and, when He sees fit, will gather and save them, and will set them on high as the precious stones of a crown to His own glory, and no flesh shall glory in His sight.

Farewell, my beloved friends, hoping we shall be enabled to bear one another on each of our hearts, and to breathe for each others' help, strength, and preservation to the end, and thus may feel the help of each others' spirit, and, when able and free, write to your truly affectionate and united friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To R. R.

Aberdeen, 8th of 7th Month, 1849.

My beloved Friend,

Once again do I salute thee from my northern home, which continues to be dear and sweet to me, notwithstanding the trials and privations that attend it. . . . Ah, my dear friend, I have often remembered and saluted you in dear love since I have been returned home, now three weeks last second day, whose cravings the short opportunity of being together in London has not satisfied, and it has been sweet to remember the solemn and precious time in silence first, and then in expression, . . . cementing and strengthening, encouraging and solacing even amidst much to cast down and to

. . . *Such* sort of opportunities or meetings together with dear ones, may be *looked back upon with peace*, and with praise to Him who gives every little brook that we get by the way. . . .

L. A. BARCLAY.

To R. R.

Aberdeen, 30*th of* 11*th Month*, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

How pleasant, cheering, and strengthening is our intercourse together, at least to poor me! . . . Well, let us take comfort in the reflection that the good Lord thinketh upon such. How tender and kind to do so, and just at our moments of need! Oh, the preciousness, *because* the *exactness* of His holy help, can our souls say! Then may we more and more entrust Him with our all, and, as thou sayest, not shrink from any sort of disciplining that He may judge best. Ah, it is, as it were, easy to desire to do so, but when it comes to the *pinch*, the proving with us, *then* we find it hard work to be resigned, to believe, and to suffer patiently what is permitted.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 1*st of* 12*th Month*, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . Since I saw thee, I have visited my old friends and home in Cornwall. . . . Ah! what vast changes I witnessed! changes by circumstances, by growth of years, by death, and, worst of all, by a departure more or less from the truth and launching into the world! It had altogether a melancholy effect upon me. I think there were twenty removals by death in the —— and —— families only, in the twenty-three years since I resided there! But I was comforted, in the midst of tribulations and exercises for the cause sake, in feeling that the tender good hand of Omnipotence is laid upon divers of the younger class, and that some seem sweetly bending under it, chiefly in —— and —— meetings; and to meet with these dear creatures seemed like a little brook of refreshment and cheering by the weary way!—meeting seemed most forlorn in prospect, and was a place of deep exercise to me. I expect your situation in —— gives thee much quiet seclusion, which perhaps may be congenial to thy feelings as well as helpful spiritually, for the spiritual life is hardly strengthened and nourished in bustles and excitement. To dwell alone and keep silence, bearing the yoke of the dear Master,

and laying the mouth as in the dust of self-abasement, seems peculiarly desirable at the present day, there being but few whose society and example is strengthening to us, but many, on the contrary, who may have a tendency to draw us out of a deep dwelling and close watch, wherein alone we may know the true seed to take deep root downward and bring forth fruit upward. Still, man is a social being, and should not shut himself up from *his own flesh*, as it were, but seek after that watch wherein he may, in his intercourse, glorify his Maker and edify his brother in the *true* love to God and man. I have been tried many ways with spiritual afflictions, . . . with outward trials and straits, . . . as well as with various deep baptisms, buffetings, and conflicts, for the trial of my faith and the purifying of my love, known only to the great Searcher of hearts, who wisely and tenderly hid these things from my prospective view, or else I should doubtless have refused to have yielded to such humiliations. But, blessed be His good name, He hath through all hitherto sustained and helped, and, in moments of extremity, so lifted up the light of His glorious and soul-cheering countenance and given a little feeling of peace thereby, as has exceedingly comforted me in all my afflictions, and stimulated to still trust in Him and not be afraid, or to doubt His power and goodness. So, dear ——, having received such large mercy, I still am enabled to hold out and to press forward in hopes of reaping, through adorable and unmerited grace and redeeming love, the prize of our high and holy calling in Christ Jesus. Yet, again and again, after such little glimpses of heavenly good, in order to cheer up and preserve from fainting, am I reduced and stripped naked as it were, shown my weakness and vileness in myself, and made to abhor myself as in dust and ashes! These are the Lord's tender ways with the workmanship of His hand, and most pilgrims can testify thereunto, and declare that He is "very good," a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that trust in Him. . . .

And now, farewell. I am, in much love, thy affectionate friend.

L. A. Barclay.

To ——.

Aberdeen, 4th of 12th Month, 1849.

My dear Friend,

Thy kind and sisterly letter deserves to be soon answered and gratefully acknowledged, for it was truly acceptable and refreshing

to my lonely and afflicted spirit. I do believe if we attend to little pointings in epistolizing our dear friends, we shall be instrumental to their help and strengthening when we least expect it, and even when perhaps we are feeling ourselves as *very* poor weak creatures, more in want of being ministered unto than fit to minister unto others. And at such times, the few smooth stones fetched up as from the depths of self-abasement, slung in the Divine power and in simple faithfulness, will be available to the bringing down these reasonings and discouragings, which the enemy is apt to raise up so very high as to overwhelm our dear absent friends; and then how sweet it is for such to mingle together, and praise the Lord together, as it were, with one heart and mouth, though widely separated. My heart could respond to all thy remarks, especially in regard to the past experience of suffering being only as "the beginning of sorrows." For surely things are getting worse and worse, and the enemy's deceptions are so very specious, and the appearances so plausible looking, that even the very elect seem to our view almost ready to be deceived thereby. Never was there more need amongst us for the dwelling deep, low, and inwardly on the watch as thou describes, for it will not do to look *out* at the feelings or opinions of any, nor yet even to put confidence in a brother beloved. But there is comfort and encouragement in the reflection that the depths of Satan, the mysteries of ungodliness, as well as of the heavenly kingdom, will still be revealed to the simple babes, and the meek and humble will be guided in the path of true judgment; yes, concerning themselves, and all things without them. The texts thou quotes are very animating—yes, He can and will make the depths of the sea a way for His ransomed ones, and He doth comfort His afflicted remnant from time to time, and He will be glorified in them and their deliverance, which shall come in such a way as that no flesh shall be able to glory in His sight, but all crowns be laid at the feet of Him who sits upon the throne judging righteously, and of the Lamb for ever! . . .

As the year wears away, I begin to look with longing eye to the pleasure of meeting many dear ones, but we know not what a day may bring forth. I have no doubt thou art with me sensible of many infirmities creeping over thee, and the mind partakes in degree of the weakness of the body. But what a favour to be able to say, we feel as much alive as ever in desire for the upholding and promotion of the blessed cause of truth! "Oh, to grace, how great a debtor!" —is there not such a line somewhere? and we do feel it so! . . .

I think I may say my soul has seemed at times, as it were, *wrapped* up in sorrow. But Divine goodness has, at some moments of extremity, immediately and powerfully helped me when thus brought low; and having found such grace in the needful time, I am enabled still to hold on and to look and breathe upward unto Him, who alone can keep us from falling, and present us with acceptance before the throne of the Majesty on high!

I have written much more than I at all intended when I took pen, and have run on in the freedom of old friendship, I hope not to the multiplying words without knowledge, being favoured through mercy to know in precious degree that whereof I affirm. And now, dear Friend, farewell, with dear love to you both, and your sisters whom I by no means forget—and in the feeling of much sympathy and unity as burden-bearers and fellow-sufferers for the truth, I remain thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 17*th of* 12*th Month*, 1849.

. . . May these considerations lead us more and more into a close searching of all our ways and our spirits, and to cry mightily unto God for preservation, and to cleave the more closely to the Spirit of Christ, whereby alone we can be guided, strengthened, sustained, and preserved to the end in uprightness for His pure testimony. Surely never did we need more of true discernment, and never had we less of it amongst us! It seems as if the devil were trying all his powers against the pure truth; and oh, to lie low and cleave close to the little seed of life and light! here will be our preservation alone. It requires great care how we let our feelings or fears out before our dear young people. . . . Ah, the pure truth will stand though all forsake it, and though we as a people be scattered and brought to nought, yet a remnant, a poor and afflicted people, shall be preserved, faithfully upholding the pure testimony thereof, and eventually they shall be raised up with power to declare and promulgate it.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 27*th of* 12*th Month*, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My feelings will hardly let me be long without writing thee after thy kind, long, interesting, and affecting letter, and I could have

answered it directly had it been suitable. My dear friend, thou wast the first to give me the sorrowful tidings of the sad disclosure at ——. . . . This, as well as all other evil and weakness, springs from the one evil root, viz., a departure from the pure and simple pointings and restraints of the Spirit of Christ, the principle of light, life, and truth in the secret of the heart. For I most assuredly believe that there is no evil but has been made manifest and restrained from, and that with the restraint and manifestation comes power all-sufficient, if we will but suffer ourselves to be led thereby in the true faith and simple obedience. And I cannot but believe that this has been the cause not only of poor ——'s fall, even by little and little, but also of the erring in vision and stumbling in judgment of the others—they leaning to affection or esteem naturally, or public opinion, instead of dwelling deep to feel the judgment and pointing of truth. It is a weakness we are liable to fall into at burials, and therefore it requires a double watch and quickening to guard against it. . . . But, my dear ——, there is no need for us to be greatly moved or shaken by these tidings of evil—the upright, it is said, shall not be so. I hope our hearts are fixed in a firm belief in the unchangeableness and all-sufficiency of the Divine power of the Word that was in the beginning, the quickening Spirit from everlasting to everlasting, the Rock and Foundation of God that standeth sure, the blessed Truth that remains the same though all men forsake Him, the Christ of God, our Redeemer; and that consequently as all-sufficiency and unchangeableness is with Him the fullness, so also there is no variableness, no want of sufficiency in that measure of grace and truth, that manifestation of His Spirit, that talent of light, and life, and pearl of great price, and leaven of the kingdom, which we have all received of Him, and in and by which He and His Father are to be known, believed in, and obeyed; and that as we are engaged in humble, faithful obedience thereunto, we *may* truly "trust in God" in all these times of shaking and sifting and treading down. Oh, therefore, that all these things may the more drive us closely inward and deep, to cleave to this blessed principle or power of an endless life in all the secret revelations thereof, and gentle restraints, wherein alone is the way of life and peace and preservation to the end. Oh, here, my dear friend, we shall find all-sufficient strength to resist every temptation and snare of the enemy, to bear us up and sustain us under every trial and proving, and to enable us to perform all that is

required of us, so that I want us, however tempted or tried to an hair's breadth, to endeavour to turn our eye away from the temptation, away from poring at the trial, and to endeavour to gather inward and low to the tender quickening of life within us, which will clothe us with the true childlike spirit that is willing to be led and proved and governed as our Father wills and permits; and as our minds are thus stayed in humble trust, we shall be kept in perfect peace and praiseful quiet. Ah, He knoweth our frame, and tendencies, and weak sides, and what proving is for our good, and His tender mercy will not suffer us to be tempted or tried above what we shall be able to bear with His holy help; and when we are brought into unity with His will and power in any dispensation permitted, and thereby answer the design thereof, and receive the good mercifully intended thereby, *then* will that dispensation be changed to us, and our mouths shall be renewedly filled with His praise and with His honour.

It is very comforting to me thy allusion to Shackleton's Letters; and if you have not got the book in possession, I should be pleased to make you a present of it. It is so desirable to lend to young people. What a good service it might be for one of *thy leisure* to pick out some *choice scraps* from P. Livingstone for tracts! I had four small pieces printed as tracts for this neighbourhood, which no doubt thou hast seen; but there are others that might be culled from it. I am now copying out and preparing J. Conran's journal, and very instructive it is. W. and A. Ellis is very good, and I am much pleased that J. B. could bring it forth. Oh, there is nothing of the modern works like those of the faithful worthies of old times, so clear and cogent, plain and practical. . . .

Thy allusion to my visit in Cornwall was truly encouraging and humbling, and I desired, in reading it, that it might strengthen my hands in future, for many are the plungings that we are often tried with, though unknown to others, and such little lifts are very acceptable, and designed to stimulate to fresh dedication as well as humble in renewed grateful praise. What a sweet account thou gave of the poor woman near K.! Was it Clara Popplestone? That is a sweet tract, but wants a little more testifying for Divine grace and the work thereof.

Thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To H. M.

Aberdeen, 16*th of* 1*st Month*, 1850.

Thy dear J. F. M.'s kind letter to me was quite strengthening, and will be still as I read it again and again. On second day I had five letters from dear friends including thine, and was melted in gratitude to Him who thus favours me with such precious lifts; and I craved that I might ever be kept so in unity with the blessed principle of light and life from Christ by subjection thereto, as that I might be preserved in that precious unity with His faithful servants every where, which emanates and proceeds from the true fellowship with the Father and with His Son Christ Jesus, and which blessed fellowship will only be fully consummated and everlastingly enjoyed in an eternal state! . . .

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

17*th of* 1*st Month*, 1850.

. . . I send thee another copy of J. Scott's tract. I sent them by post to all the select meetings in Great Britain—that is to one, two, or three individuals in each, desiring them to spread them. . . . I had letters from divers disapproving of them, and amongst others from ——, who queried by what authority that had been published which wise judicious Friends in America had withheld? with much about want of love and unity, and discord and jealousy, &c., &c. I was helped in humility, I trust, yet firmly to testify to ——, that these extracts were such as the wise Friends he alluded to no doubt judged not so fit for a book for the public eye, being more adapted for ministers and elders, and, for that reason, I conceived there might be a service in *printing* them *peculiarly* for that class, tending to strengthen the hands of some and to help others out of weakness and mixture; and that I humbly trusted that the same good Spirit which had led Job Scott to write them had laid the concern on me to reprint them, and in which little work I had had great peace, as well as the testimonials of many valuable and faithful Friends as to the good service and the need for it—at the same time saying, that, on reading his query, I had comfortingly remembered how my dear Master had been thus queried of by the wise Pharisees of old, and I desired to be made like Him in suffering all things meekly. I also desired to know what he alluded to as to want of concord, unity, love,

&c.; for I thought that to do what little we could, and when and how directed and impelled by the Spirit of the dear Master, was the way to be preserved in the true unity, love, concord, &c. There are some things in those two volumes of J. Scott's Works, which I also have got and greatly value, though *edited by a Hicksite!* which are too mysterious or deep for all to comprehend, and which might be taken in an improper sense, as if not so highly valuing the outward coming and sacrifice of our blessed Saviour, as I fully believe dear J. Scott did. There is quite sufficient in his works to show that he did highly value and only look for remission of sins by that precious offering. On this account, and because the book was edited by a Hicksite, I never let it be about my parlour, nor introduce it to any who are not spiritually-minded. These deep subjects are mysterious now as ever to the wise and prudent of this world, though preciously revealed in adorable mercy to the babish spirit! It is a book I highly value and enjoy, and the letters are so sweet and beautifully poetic, and how nice and lively they would have been in the journal scattered about. . . .

I am pleased to hear thou art on the committee for elders in —— monthly meeting, and greatly desire thou mayest be favoured to seek after and obtain right feeling in regard to any names proposed, and strengthened also to speak consistently with that feeling, nothing doubting and no man fearing—for if we have not faith in the little touches of the Divine power, *where are we as a people*? I don't know who there *can* be there, who are rightly anointed and baptised for the station, and they had better have none than such as are not thus qualified. There is no must in the case, either for the committee to name names or for the meeting to appoint them; and sometimes the mere consideration and exercise on the subject, when none are felt to be suitable to name, may be beneficial, and what if I say not impossible to go far towards a helping *some* into the seeking after and yielding to the qualifying power. . . . How striking is Paul to Timothy on bishops, which is applicable to elders! and oh, the need to have such as are clean-handed, as well as upright-hearted and clear-sighted, for lamentably is it true with us as a people that the leaders cause us to err! . . .

[Referring to the interment of one whose conduct had brought reproach upon the truth, she writes]—Ah, if there had not been a leaning to the own understanding, to creaturely affection and esteem, or to public opinion, instead of to the pure light and life Divine

revealed within, there never would have been such erring in vision and stumbling in judgment, to the hurt of many. Those who speak at burials have need of *double* clearness and quickening of life Divine, ere they allude to the character, &c., of the deceased, for nature is so easy to be warped aside as above. Oh, how are we killed all the day long by these sad things, but may we be warned (and, oh, that all our elders laid hold of the subject to warn all) to cleave closer than ever to that pure gift, the principle or power of light and life from Christ, which like Him, the blessed Fullness, is unchangeable, though men may, by unfaithfulness thereto, become forsakers of the truth, which is all-sufficient also to guide us safely, to strengthen us mightily, and preserve us faithfully to the end. . . . The idea of meeting again many dear ones in the summer is truly cheering, if favoured to get so far south, but the prospect is accompanied by many awful feelings. All things are in good hands, and may we be given up to do and suffer all He permits and requires, and then peace will be our portion whatever becomes of us.

Dear love from thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To W. H.

Aberdeen, 30*th of* 1*st Month*, 1850.

For what are we but poor worms of the dust? and what is family name or pedigree? How little will it avail to be descended from or related to the truly great and good, while we are out of subjection to or despising that power whereby they were made what they were, faithful servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, and valiant for His precious cause on earth! Surely the more will be our condemnation, if, while we have their example and their writings as it were before our eyes, and their blessed end also, we should not be walking in their footsteps, nor manifesting forth the same life that lived and moved and acted in them, and preserved them to the good end that crowns all.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 13*th of* 2*nd Month*, 1850.

. . . I was much interested in thy account of that meeting at Westminster. Dear —— I know well; he has long

appeared, and again and again been silenced while in —— quarterly meeting. I expect there was a cause there, but how it has been in —— I know not. Oh, how sad it is that there seems often more desire to silence than to help a dear creature into a better way, and thus, by this neglect or rather hardness, many have been as it were driven into the enemy's snare and lost to the Church, who might otherwise have been bright instruments in her! Dear —— is another; but I fully believe his ancient views are the sole hindrance to him. The faithful are too often rejected, and the weak or forward are approved of. Ah, my dear friend, it is a privilege to be of the tribulated ones, and the little lifts we receive from merciful goodness, from time to time, surely are enough to make us thank God and take courage! How sweet is the feeling of union and communion with the faithful, whether in meeting together as thou didst the other day, and often may with dear ——, &c., or whether inwardly in spirit with those who are absent, even when we each draw near to the Fountain of good, and of all true unity and love, at the place where prayer is wont to be made, an inward retirement and subjection of spirit before God! How close and strengthening is the union! Then we seem to breathe the same air and drink of the same cup together, being quickened by and drinking into the same Holy Spirit, and feel animated thereby to press onward and not to faint. Yes, are we not *then* as it were ashamed of our doubting and distrust, our weariness and fainting under the exercises and trials of our day? we feel it is ungrateful to Him who deals so tenderly with us. I think thou art of a very sensitive make; the enemy tries to move such from their own stedfastness all the more; but thanks be unto God who hath laid help upon One that is mighty, and His power is able to quench all the fiery darts of the enemy as it is yielded to in the true faith; and it can in a moment calm the troubled waters and quiet the boisterous winds, speaking peace in the soul. And the more this power is yielded to, and suffered to spread its mantle over us, the more will our sensitive natures be properly regulated and quieted, and made subservient to a good purpose of heavenly praise. I trust we shall each think of one another for good, for I have great need indeed to be remembered and breathed for. But the Lord will not forsake His poor weak worms, but help them still, and be their guide even unto death.

Farewell very dearly says thy affectionately interested friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 22nd of 2nd Month, 1850.

My dear Friend,

. . . I am pleased to hear dear John and H. Marsh were at your monthly meeting this week. You have often such cheering little visits, and I hope it helps you on your way in struggling after holiness, without which we are told in Scripture none shall see God. Well, dear friends, go on in this struggle, in this journey heavenward, cost what it may, and bring with it what it may of trials and reproaches; yield to the power of Christ which touches and calls you, and will strengthen and preserve you as you cleave close to it in the secret of the heart, and nothing shall harm you or pluck you out of His tender and good hand. How wonderfully those dear friends were preserved when attacked by those wicked thieves; surely they felt a secret power in the house which chained them. It is a comfort that none of them were not the worse for so fearful an attack. I feel much for them, but they are so sweet and so helped.

I remain, dear S., thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To H. M.

Aberdeen, 26th of 2nd Month, 1850.

My dear Friend,

I sit down to scribble thee a few lines in haste, and in much poverty and weakness, and yet with a degree of calmness and awfulness which is not at my own command as I believe. It was our monthly meeting to-day, and at it I was liberated to visit the meetings and families, where required, within the compass of Dorset and Hants general meeting. This is what I alluded to in my last, but I felt afraid of letting it out further then, as I have never before felt such a sense of the uncertainty of all things, and whether it might be taken from me or I from it. I know I shall have your feeling, and I trust also your breathings as you are enabled, for never poor creature needed them more. I suppose these humiliating baptisms are necessary to baptise me for visiting the "poor and needy." Do you hear of any one going that way? I have for many years seen it would be required of me, but it often happens with me, as with the poor impotent man formerly (and I am very impotent I think), that while he was making ready another stepped in first. I expect to leave home this day fortnight. . . .

And now, my dear friend, farewell. I am very weak in mind and body. . . . But it's no matter where the poor body is laid, if it be but in the way of duty. Blessed is that servant who shall be found ready and distributing the due portion of meat to the household as required. In dear love to you both, I remain thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 2nd of 3rd Month, 1850.

. . . I am now on the eve of departure southward, an exercising journey to visit Dorset and Hants. I am much pressed in body and mind, yet a humble hope clothes me with calm that the Divine power will be near to strengthen for the duties, and to support and comfort under the trials allotted, and that *mercy will compass me about.* And so I desire to be given up to be led about, humbled, and instructed anyhow, and to bear the little foolish looking testimony that may be given me to bear, whether in silent exercise, secret suffering, or vocal utterance; only, oh to be preserved in the pure life, that *life may be over all*, as dear P. L. says, and keep me to the end. I cannot add more, being pressed out of measure, but yet would add thy kind expressions concerning such a poor weak creature, make me to tremble, but it is well that I should be given to feel my own vileness as a counteractor. Oh, let us cleave to that power which can work in us that which is well-pleasing in the Divine sight, perfecting in us the work of faith to His glory and our everlasting gain.

With dear love, I am thy friend truly,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Southampton, 5th of 4th Month, 1850.

We know the Divine power is all-sufficient as ever to quicken and clothe the very dry bones, and to raise up unto Himself children in the faith, of faithful Abraham, even as from the stones of the street, and nothing is too great for His goodness, nor too hard for His power to do, in and for those who wholly yield up unto Him. . . . I may inform thee I have gone through the chief part of the exercising service, if such I dare to call it, which I had on my mind, and in it have been most mercifully helped in a way I never experienced before, to my marvelling and humbling at times as in the dust, so that I am sure I

ought never more to flinch or to distrust, or to fear to be wholly given up to what appears to be required; but, oh, what poor weak creatures we are, and what would become of us were it not for daily and *momentary* mercy which is so tenderly extended. . . . I found dear W. Binns was thought to be sinking the day I got there, but he revived. He said his only hope is in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, and he greatly desired to be preserved in resignation to the Divine will, and from bringing the least hurt to the precious cause.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To P. R.

Bregsell, 23rd of 4th Month, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Once again do I salute thee from this interesting spot, where I arrived, last fourth day evening, from Godalming monthly meeting. . . . And though feeling very poor and empty, and as a dry stick, so that I doubted before meeting if I should take my certificate in my pocket, yet, through adorable and condescending goodness, I was made unexpectedly strong in a pleading testimony to my dear old Surrey Friends, and was helped also to supplicate for the few burden-bearers, and that others from the rising generation might come up to their help. I was also brought under unexpected exercise in both meetings for discipline, having to go into the men's meeting: so it was well I had my certificate and had not yielded to doubts. A. M. went with me and J. Dann, so that, my dear P., thou wilt unite with me in humble praise to Him who helps the poor and weak, and enables to magnify His name and exalt His pure truth when least expected. I was melted afterwards, in hearing that the visit to the men's meeting was remarkably opportune; so that, my dear friend, we poor weak ones have indeed cause more than ever to lie low and cleave close to inward and pure guidance that will lead us safely and wisely along!

I think in this journey I have been renewedly confirmed and strengthened in my desire to do so through mercy! I was very *sweetly* at S. and M. Lamley's, and the former kindly went with me to the Isle of Wight. . . . I was much comforted in being at ——'s at Newport, things were so much improved there, a sweet savour in the house! and there I had to inform Friends that I felt somewhat of the woe, if I omitted a little meeting with the serious professors at

Ventnor, and that the word within was, "go and I will go with thee; be mouth and wisdom, tongue, and utterance to thee!" and so, having previously obtained the sanction of the select Friends at Southampton, we went forward and got the British school next to the Independents' chapel, and their minister gave up his usual prayer meeting that evening—and gave notice to all his auditors of the meeting in the next room, and attended it himself. We had about one hundred, the room being quite full of "Plymouth brethren," Brianites, Methodists, and Independents—and, through merciful goodness, it was a solemn and favoured time, and a sweet covering seemed to be over us I thought, in time of silence, which was long. . . . Next day I paid two visits at Ventnor, and two on the road to Ryde, at Bonchurch and Brading, with serious people—one a female Brianite preacher, whom I had felt much drawn to eight years ago, and it was worth going through much in body and mind for a time of mutual praise I thought.

We sat with dear ——, wife, and daughter, next morning, and got into Basingstoke that afternoon, so as to attend the monthly meeting there next day, and, after some sittings with and calls on a few, to proceed to Alton—a very interesting spot to me. Oh, how, as we rode along there, I was reminded of some sweet seasons of favour when riding on my pony alone, along that road twenty-one years before, wherein I would stop the pony and sit still to enjoy the heavenly goodness!

My dear friends, I more and more feel the uncertainty of time and all things here, and that I am decaying fast, feeling unable to bear what I did, and do not expect to sit more than one sitting of the yearly meeting a day, except the select ones! But oh, how do all things here seem to sink in estimation, in comparison of the one precious fellowship with the Father, and the Son, and with the faithful, whether in the body or removed out of it; and which blessed fellowship is only attained or graciously permitted as we walk in the pure light Divine, and suffer the Divine will to be wrought in us by the Divine power! and this will is our sanctification, whatever trials it may lead into. But I have not time to enlarge further as is in my heart to do; you can feel me in that which is beyond words, and needs not words to depict it. Oh, what a favour and mercy to have been helped over what I felt as a duty in this journey! and oh, to be continued to be helped a little from day to day all my remaining journey through this vale of tears, and to be preserved to the end in

humility and nothingness of self. Crave it for me, my beloved sisters, and that I may never bring the least reproach on the holy cause! Yea, let us crave it for each other, or seek ability to do so!

Farewell dearly. Thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Dorking, 29*th of* 4*th Month*, 1850.

. . . My dear friend, I am melted when I look at the goodness and mercy that have been extended to me in this journey throughout, and how, out of so much weakness and poverty and strippedness of all good, I have been enabled and filled with a testimony for my good Master as I humbly trust, which has proved that it was His doing and marvellous in my eyes, so that indeed I have cause never more to shrink or to doubt or to distrust, but increasingly to yield myself to the touches and drawings of His blessed and blessing power, for His mercy endureth truly for ever; and what great mercy to make use of such a poor weak worm of the dust! My heart is at times filled with praises and with the gentle flowings of peace, and my whole desire is to be kept humble and prostrate, cleansed by any refining means Eternal Wisdom sees best, that flesh may be abased, and He alone be glorified and magnified in and by me. This is more about *self* than I at all intended, but somehow my pen has run on, and perhaps it may encourage thee too, dear ——, to stretch forth thy arms, and let the Lord gird thee and lead or carry thee as and where He will, even into the simplicity and quieting of the weaned child, for of such His heavenly kingdom is composed.

Farewell, very dearly. I am thy very affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

5*th Month*, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I hardly feel easy to leave these parts without dropping thee a few lines to make up for the deficiency which I have often felt, by acknowledging that I have, at different times, felt much tender sympathy with thee under thy solitary circumstances hereaway, and especially last autumn, in hearing of the decease of two of thy dearest and oldest friends; and I have no doubt thou often hast very low times in looking round and seeing that thy cotemporaries are nearly all, if not quite so, dropped off from beside thee, and thou

mayest feel like a solitary beacon upon the top of a hill! And in such low seasons thou mayest not see any good that thou art of in being thus long detained here, and mayest often be ready to fear, lest thou shouldst be anything of a stumbling-block or hurt to that cause which I do believe is precious to thee! But, dear friend, it may be well for us to be thus proved and tossed in mind, and the Lord has a good design in thus permitting it and in stripping us as on every hand, even to refine us more thoroughly, and to poise our spirits more entirely heavenward, and to lead us to cling the more closely unto Him in whom are all our fresh springs both of life, of support, and of consolation! Ah, I can indeed feel for the solitary and the tried, being thus situated myself; and I have said in my heart, during this late little labour of love, when meeting with such stripped ones, surely it has not been in vain that I have been when at home baptised into their state and for them! And I earnestly desire, that we may be more and more drawn inward and upward, even to an inward daily waiting for the quickenings of life from Christ, whereby we may be kept alive unto God and upright for Him, faithful and fruitful unto Christ, and savouring of Him—and then I believe, our breathings will continually ascend heavenward for fresh and fresh guidance, counsel, support, and preservation, under the remaining temptations and trials of our day—and being preserved hereby from casting away our confidence in the sufficiency of the Divine power and light, shall, from season to season, be rewarded, even amidst the many tribulations of the present day, with those precious consolations which are in Christ Jesus, and are graciously permitted to the soul that is brought into union with Him through the one true baptism. So, dear friend, I long that thou mayest not yield to the buffetings or temptations of the enemy, however brought low, but mayest hold fast this blessed and holy "confidence which hath great recompense of reward," cleaving close to that which thou hast known and felt, and heard in the secret of thy heart, and then, though solitary or surrounded by such as may have a weakening tendency, thou wilt be preserved in the true integrity to the end, and be a helper of the upright and a gatherer under the sacred influence of Christ, and His holy life springing up in the soul will make up for all trials.

In dear love, farewell, and desiring to be ever kept in remembrance that the good seed is only to be obtained by persevering in cleaving to the good power.

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

14th of 6th Month, 1850.

My dear Friend,

I did not feel those few minutes before meeting relieving to my mind on the subject of thy business, viz., the selling of wines and spirits, however thou mayest plead that thou only sells for refreshment and in moderate quantities, yet surely much will lie at thy door, for thus encouraging the use of such beverages, and thereby begetting the taste and habit, which in after life may lead to serious consequences to body and mind. . . . How important it is that Friends who are called to be promoters of all that is good and pure, and discouragers of and testifiers against all that is of evil tendency, should look well to what they put their hands to or encourage by example! And, my dear friend, thou mayest fancy thou art easy with the practice, and seest no harm in it or no requiring to leave it off, but I believe thou hast been stifling the voice of Christ in thy conscience, and would none of His counsel, under the plausible plea of providing for thy family by this means, forgetting that the Lord can bring a blast upon all thy endeavours in a moment, and though thou may gather a heap, if He blow upon it in displeasure it will vanish away, and should He permit it unto thee, there may be as it were a worm that never dies at the bottom of all thy enjoyment of it! Ah, how apt are we poor erring mortals to say we don't feel this or that required as a sacrifice, when all the while we are shrinking from the pure light of Christ's Spirit, or hiding our eyes from seeing with it what is our duty to do, for fear of the consequences! and when we become hardened by long resistance, we may fancy we feel easy, but is it not the ease of the enemy which ends in spiritual death? Now, my dear friend, I would, in sisterly tenderness as well as earnest concern for thy best welfare, entreat thee to look well at the subject; yes, to lay it as before the Lord, to be weighed in the righteous balances of the sanctuary, and examined in His pure sight—be willing to come and sit as a little child before the Lord, waiting for His holy counsel and heavenly guidance, and then I undoubtingly believe thou wilt be given to see that He hath a controversy with thy continuing the practice, and calls thee to wash thy hands in innocency of it, now that the time is come that thou art unshackled by others; and He requires thee to set a noble and humble example in this respect—and if thou art willing to come down in thy mind to let the Lord gird

thee with His strength, and guide thee with His counsel, and carry thee where thou wouldst not (into the denial of self), herein thou knowest not how thy example might be followed by divers serious persons of other persuasions; for I have known many such instances of faithful Friends thus leading others by their example out of undesirable practices similar; on the other hand, if thou neglect this opportunity by persisting in thy old course, when thou *might* step properly out of it in true faith and faithfulness, I fear the loss and consequences will be sad and great to thyself and to others, and sorrowful indeed would it be if thou train thy sons up to such a practice; oh, *do* take care how thou lays snares before these dear tender young plants committed to thy charge, but train them in the *pure* way of the Lord, and set them a good example, for thou wilt be answerable before Him in a day that is hastening on us all. I hope thou wilt not think this close pleading unkind, for I have nothing but dear love in my heart to thee, and must be faithful as a mark of it. Oh, I cannot tell thee how much my heart has yearned over thee ever since I knew thee, believing that thou wast brought in mercy to the knowledge of the truth for a good and blessed purpose to thyself and others; and I have feared there has been that which has let and hindered it, there has not been that humbling submission to the Lord's holy power, whereby thou might have been made a holy vessel for Him; but oh, that the stumbling-block may be removed out of the way, and the meek and lowly, and lamb-like spirit of Christ may be put on, that the light of thy good example may shine more and more clearly and brightly, so shall thy last days be thy best days, and the poor little church in —— yet have strength through thee, by the prevalency of the pure testimony of truth in thee, and thy peace would flow as a river!

L. A. Barclay.

To Ann Conning.

Aberdeen, 17*th of* 6*th Month*, 1850.

Now, my dear friend, to turn to thy kind letter, I may also say I felt more than ever in parting with thee this time. It felt probably the last time we shall meet together in this world. I could not suppress my tears even after we were seated in the railway carriage. I comfortingly believe thou art near to the haven of rest, whereas I may have many more painful steps along the rugged and "tribulated

path from death to life," as thou sayest S. Grubb says. May my eye be kept singly to the sure Guide, and my leaning be simply on the gracious Strengthener, and then I have a little humble hope He will bring me in due time out of all the troubles and afflictions, in wisdom permitted for the trial of my faith and patience, and give me an inheritance with the sanctified in Christ Jesus. Ah, I have much sympathy with thee in thy close provings and many downsittings and great strippings; but all is known to Him who will not suffer us to be tempted or tried above what we are able through His grace to bear, so let us cast ourselves at His feet as it were, but not cast away our confidence, but girding up the mind, hope to the end for that precious grace that shall be brought unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ. I think it is often the case that such as have been much made use of and favoured with heavenly gifts are deeply plunged at the end of their pilgrimage, as dear —— was, and others too; but this is a merciful and last baptism to prepare for the realms of bliss, and the girdle of the power of truth will keep the garments, even the clothing of the Spirit of Jesus, close around, that no nakedness may appear, and strengthen the limbs to press onward to the good end that crowns all and is peace. I unite with thy remark as to our meetings being similar in want of light and life, and the wading times this brings me are many, and I do feel solitary, inasmuch as there is too much of a disposition to let things go on as they are and have long been, instead of arising and labouring for an improvement, either inwardly in spiritual exercise, or vocally in testifying for the pure cause. I felt grateful for thy kind attentions and care over me, and it was sweet to be in thy house; I often felt so during the day, especially while walking up and down in the garden.

I remain thy nearly united and affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ——.

Aberdeen, 1st of 7th Month, 1850.

My dear Friend,

I was glad to have that little time with thee at my lodgings [in London], and should have liked more if I could have had it. I could well enter into thy trials as I thought, and can enter into thy feelings as expressed in thy letter. Is it not well for us thus to be proved and pinched with fears and a sense of weakness and dangers

around? Does not such a dispensation or permission tend to keep us more humble and watchful, distrustful of ourselves, and continually craving after best help every moment? whereas if we thought ourselves going on right and well we might get exalted, and so less careful and craving; certainty would not prove our faith then. I can so well sympathise with thee in these feelings just now, having, as it were, to sink down into trials, and had to return as to the sitting at the King's gate, divested of all the royal robes and best ability, and to be clothed instead, as with the abhorring one's self, and mourning over my many weaknesses and shortcomings. But this I can say, I do *look towards* His holy temple often in the day, and breathe for help and quickening; but this is not my own either, for He gives the eye that can and chooses to look thitherward. I am rejoiced to hear of your late quarterly meeting. I suppose the friend thou alluded to was dear ——. Yes, my dear friend, I never was so struck with the low state of things amongst us as when in and around London. Well, however we may as a people get worse and worse, more and more leavened into the worldly spirit, outward and superficial, yet there is and will be a little remnant preserved who have not bowed the knee to Baal, and such must submit to be trodden down and put into prison as it were, and lay their mouths in the dust till the time of their deliverance comes. But though things are getting so bad, and as I may so say rotten at heart, yet still some seem to think all things are well and like to make a boast. Ah, the enemy will not care what good works we set about, if He may but rule and govern within us, and so crush the tender buddings of the seed immortal which leads to inwardness, quietness, and humility, wherein will be our preservation, even in subjection to the Lord alone.

Dear P. R. I had a very sweet little time with, one morning after reading (she breakfasted with us); first in a *sweet* and *uniting* and *solemn silence*, and then she addressed me peculiarly to my comfort and help when outwardly much tried. Oh, these secret and deep and hidden times are better than all the outward *chat*, strengthening and refreshing, and to be dwelt upon afterwards with peace and with grateful praise. . . .

With dear love, and loving to think upon thee as one of my dear Lord's little ones, remain, craving thy preservation and help as of myself, thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

7th or 8th Month, 1850.

My dear Friend,

I know not where this may reach thee, but thought I would send thee a few lines, which I have long wished to do, expressive of dear love, and the breathings which have continually ascended within me for thy strengthening and preservation in thy deeply exercising labours of love in this part of the world, that thy eye may be kept closely inward to the pure and Divine gift of light and life, that so thou mayest be enabled to see all the various snares set by the grand adversary, especially in the way of such as are devoted to do their little best to pull down his kingdom in the hearts of their fellow-creatures—and seeing them, thou mayest be led to cry mightily to the Strong for strength, to the Wise for wisdom to avoid them, even to thy deeper humbling, and further strengthening, and greater filling with praise to Him who is sufficient and all in all to His devoted and dependent children. I have earnestly craved that, whilst supported under the sore exercises and deep baptisms which must be thy portion in thus visiting the seed that is in oppression in the hearts of the professors of the truth (who are too often crucifying the dear Son of God afresh, in His inward and spiritual appearance), thou mayest equally be guarded against anything savouring of seeking or delighting in the favour or approbation or applause of men, and which I apprehend may so very imperceptibly to ourselves creep over us when thus largely and continuously engaged in our Divine Master's service, as well as so insidiously be made use of by the enemy, thereby to draw us aside from that littleness and lowliness, that holy watch in the Divine fear, that pure inward dwelling whereby our eye may be kept clear from creaturely bias or affection, our hearts upright to and for our Master, our hands clean and strong to labour for His holy cause, and our feet preserved from every snare. However wily and strong the enemy may be to lay hold of our various weaknesses of flesh and spirit, for his own bad purpose, the Lord is nigh and stronger than all to guide, guard, strengthen, and preserve, as there is a low lying and a close keeping to and before Him; and therefore unto Him and the word of His grace nigh in the heart would I affectionately commit and commend thee and all my dear friends, with my own soul, who is able to build us all up, to preserve us to the end, and to give us an inheritance with the sanctified of all generations, to praise His excellent name for ever and ever!

L. A. Barclay.

[The following was addressed to one not in profession with Friends.]

9th Month, 1850.

DEAR FRIEND,

Writing to —— I feel inclined to salute thee with a few lines, to express the earnest solicitude I feel for thy best and everlasting welfare, and which I believe proceeds from that love which spreads over sea and land, and to all sects and names, and seeks not the gaining of proselytes to any mere set of opinions or compact of practices, but seeks after and rejoices in the spreading of the holy and pure truth, even the inward and spiritual kingdom of our blessed Redeemer, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and His dominion shall endure for ever and ever, and of the increase whereof, even the riches, the glory and the peace thereof, there never shall be an end. I felt indescribably for the short time we were together, believing that thou hast been visited by the dayspring from on high after an excellent manner, in tender mercy to thy soul; that God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in thy heart to give the light of the knowledge of His glory in the face or appearing of Jesus Christ; but it appears to me that thou art overrunning this pure and holy light—thou art as it were overlaying the Babe immortal that hath been quickened and brought forth in thee—thou art not little enough and low enough, silent enough, and enough willing to be a fool and to be nothing, do nothing, and appear nothing, that so that living birth might grow and spread in thee, that holy light and seed might increase in thee, so as to come over thee and overcome thee, and to bring and leaven thee into its own nature. But going forth after the enemy who raises up a dust of reasonings and plausible conclusions in thee, thou art leading away from that lowly nature, that little Child that should lead thee, even the Saviour in His lowly appearance within thee, and art entering into and sucking down reasonings against this, that, and the other, without thee, whereas thou hadst better dwell more inward and mind what is passing there, and what the Master says and bids thee either do or forsake, and not be so much looking outward and reasoning. The Lord seeks not a reasoning mind in us, but a feeling, submissive heart; and it is the meek and the humble (who *must* be silent to be so) whom He teaches His way and guides in true judgment, because in their humbling their own judgment is taken away, and they become wholly passive and nothing in His holy hand. Therefore, the enemy

will strive ever so to draw us away from this inwardness and littleness and stillness; and it is one of His surest devices to lead us from yielding to the drawings of the light of Christ, by inducing us to look at this or that person or people who have made or are making a profession thereof, to behold and reason upon what is inconsistent or wrong in them, and to lay it upon such a profession instead of upon the weakness or unfaithfulness of individuals. Thus many a tenderly visited one has stopped short instead of following on in the simplicity and humility of a little child, to know more and more of the Lord's holy will and precious leadings—and as they thus stop short, so the heavenly light is lessened, and dimness of sight and weakness of hands creep over them, they wander further and further in the mazes of the enemy, and get to call light darkness and darkness light. It is these who are going back again to Babylon, though they think they are come to Mount Zion, and they have need to remember our blessed Lord's language, "If ye were blind, ye should have no sin; but now ye say, We see, therefore your sin remaineth." Whereas, those who, without reasoning or looking outward, mind the Master's voice within, yielding to His blessed power that makes willing to be little and low, and to receive little and low instructions from Him, and to walk in the path of brokenness and humility—these thus following on to know Him shall know the goings forth of His power to and in them to be prepared as the morning, with increasing light, life, and strength; and the returning incomes of His love to and in their souls shall be as the latter and the former rain in its season, bringing renewed refreshment, nourishment, and fruitfulness with them to His praise and glory.

Oh, therefore, dear friend, receive this little word of exhortation in the love in which it is written—cleave close to the seed or measure of light, life, and truth revealed in the secret of thy heart, let that judge in thee and judge thee down, move in thee and lead and act in thee, and then thou wilt unfailingly be humbled and consequently strengthened, be brought to nothing in thyself and consequently made what the Lord would have thee to be; be emptied of all thou canst call thy own, and consequently filled with the substance, riches, and everlasting peace of the heavenly kingdom, yea, and be made an instrument for the gathering of others to the same.

I remain thy poor, weak, tribulated friend, and hearty well-wisher,

L. A. Barclay.

To a Young Friend.

Aberdeen, 14*th of* 9*th Month*, 1850.

My dear ——,

. . . How thou wouldst have enjoyed being at Ballater with us! It is a simple village situated in a rich valley by the river Dee, and is surrounded with hills and mountains rising like waves one behind the other,—some wild and craggy, and others feathered up to the top and amongst the crags with beautiful weeping birches, Scotch and spruce firs, and larches, oaks, and mountain ash, covered with red berries—and in the far south and west, highest of all, were the Cairn Gorum mountains, Benavon and Lochnagar, about 4000 feet above the level of the sea; the hollows of these were still white with snow when we first went—the latter is a very fine mountain with several peaks, and was always visible, the others we could only see by climbing the nearer crags. One of these, Craigendarach, was a favourite resort of ours, having so much variety,—steep perpendicular precipices, rocks jumbled about in all directions and shapes, with the clusters of weeping birches romantically growing out from these *debris*, with the other variety of trees I have mentioned, and the purple heath in luxuriance and brilliancy of colour that I cannot describe: the sheep scattered about, nibbling on the patches of grass interspersed, and a flock of pretty goats climbing the frightful rocks for the foliage among them; a beautiful landscape of hills and mountains, with the Dee winding like a blue ribbon through the valley rich with corn; and an intense quiet all around, save when a breeze rippled among the woods below or above us;—a lovely scene where I much enjoyed to pitch my camp stool, and —— occupied a rock on the heather. We never got tired of its variety—the height is 1340 feet and I only once got to the top. . . .

The weather was very fine, but the last week it became misty and frosty, and we had blazing wood-fires to warm us. It was a beautiful sight to see the mist rolling up the mountains, like drawing up *curtains in festoons* about eleven o'clock, when the sun got up, and it left as it were "hoary locks" upon all the heather and brushwood and smaller firs, caused by the gossamer being covered with strong dew or frost—and at mid-day it glistened beautifully in the sunshine. These mists considerably changed the colour of the foliage and ferns, and dimmed the dazzling brightness of the heath the last week. . . . We found the people were pleased with tracts, some of them.

. . . Well, dear ——, the same good and mighty Arm that raised up our forefathers and predecessors to be a people, to bear His pure and holy testimony to the nations formerly, is still able and willing to raise up counsellors as at the beginning and judges as at the first, humble valiants, and faithful testimony-bearers in various ways at the present day, if there be but a yielding to His humbling, crucifying, quickening, and strengthening power, which is nigh in every one of our hearts to visit and do us good, and all-sufficient for all. Oh, then, that thou and I may be of this happy number who are thus yielding and abiding in subjection and in waiting thereupon—so shall we be built up in the most holy faith, and receive an inheritance with the sanctified which shall endure for ever.

With dear love, I remain thy truly affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

Aberdeen, 20*th of* 9*th Month*, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I quite agree with thee thou canst not do better than remain as thou art, trusting in that Almighty power who has hitherto stayed the waves when they looked ready to overwhelm, and has kept up thy little bark still struggling on. Thy remarks are very just, and I only wish that many others of our young men followed thy example, but while they are turning away their ear from the alone sure Guide and leaning only to their own understanding, trusting in an arm of flesh, where is their consistency as Friends? where is there being testimony-bearers against the worldly spirit in their trade? where is their right direction, and consequently the blessing of heavenly peace? They may seem to get on well for a time, but their minds are buried in the earth, they are slaves to outward things, instead of being the Lord's free-men, are in anxiety and harass, instead of enjoying the true peaceful quiet of trusting in Him, and having His favour. I much commend thy endeavours about prices. I think many Friends err by seeking such great profits and really lose business by it. It is quite proverbial in some places. . . . We can't have too much of the dear Master's company, nor can we lean too much or pour out too much to Him, a never-failing and unfaltering Friend, that sticketh closer than a brother.

I remain thy affectionate and sincere friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 3rd of 10th Month, 1850.

My Dear Friend,

. . . Surely the messenger of sickness and death is going about awfully at this season, and the warning is a solemn one to us all! I expect you have known dear —— revive more than once as from the gates of death; still this seems a more near approach than any, and I tenderly feel for thee in the prospect of having to yield up this dear brother and object of thy very affectionate watching to Him who gave him and has spared him so long and unexpectedly to you all. Perhaps even before this note reaches thee, the severing stroke may have been given; but I trust that ere that takes place, you may have had the comfort of your dear invalid's more clear evidence of acceptance in the Beloved, *his* beloved! It is often in matchless wisdom seen meet to be withheld till a very late season; yet surely no true-hearted follower of the dear Lamb is forsaken at last, or deprived of that humbling and calming assurance which fills the departing spirit as with praise, though there may be a fear of much expression thereof. If he is still in the poor body, give my dear love to him, and tell him I trust, that whatever may be his provings of faith and patience, he is at times made sensible that the everlasting Arm is underneath for his support and help, or at least that, when faith is fainting, heavenly hope comes in to its succour, giving again and again to lean upon Him who is of power and tender goodness to His poor weak creatures.

I remain thy truly sympathising and affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Same date.

. . . —— and —— have just finished our families, and very acceptable and sweet has been their visit, as a brook by the way; so I feel I have had my little cake, and must prepare for a forty days' travel in the wilderness; but great is the mercy that helps us poor travellers along.

With dear love, and hoping you have had the like refreshment in —— and ——'s late visit, I remain thy and your affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Perth, 22nd of 10th Month, 1850.

My dear Friend,

. . . Thy thoughts are like my thoughts of myself. But in looking at these things, I have thought, that as we are drawing nearer to the end of our race, it is well, yea, a marvellous mercy, that we should be deeply humbled, and increasingly so as we advance, that we may more and more feel that "in our flesh dwelleth no good thing," and all that is good or right is only a loan for the purpose of the glory of the Giver, and to spread His blessed kingdom and the enjoyment thereof; and I think we see it to be so with all the faithful—they are deeply abased and behold their own vileness again towards the end of their day as when they were first visited. But there is this blessed exception, a quietness and assurance, a heavenly peace in and through the holy Redeemer, which is mercifully permitted in His free grace to be the work and the effect of the true righteousness, even that righteousness which is by faith in and of the operation of God. . . . Do not think of me above what I am, a very weak sister. How sweet are those words, "therefore I *take pleasure*"—that is, more than resignation in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake, for when I am weak then am I strong! These deep baptisms, as in the cloud and in the sea, often are preparatory for either service or suffering. . . . I long my little sojourn here may be sanctified to me, if no other good come of it.

Farewell, dear friend. Let us seek to be preserved on the sure Foundation that our work may stand the fire; let us seek that the Spirit of God may dwell in us, sanctify us, and clothe us as little children, and then it is said, all shall be yours, whether Paul, Apollos, or Cephas, or life, or death, or things present or to come, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

25th of 10th Month, 1850.

. . . I have had the great privilege of dear —— and companion's company nine days under my roof, and a most strengthening visit it was, and comforting, although she had *comparatively* little to say in either of the three meetings we sat together, nor had we *any* private sitting at all; yet there was such a weightiness and silence,

and *ingatheredness* in her social intercouse, and such a sweet savour attending her converse, as was better than words, however encouraging; it felt something solid and not superficial, reminding me of good old days thirty years ago, when our meal-times used to feel like meeting-times, in mingling with our faithful ministers. *But now* chattiness and fascinating manners have taken the place of this gathering to the one blessed Master, and a *formal* gravity has taken the place of the true and lively weightiness of spirit. I assure thee it was hard to us to part with them, and I do trust it was a comfortable and peaceful resting place for her. Dear —— is exactly the one to suit her as companion, so feeling and exercised, weighty in spirit, just what *our elders ought to be.*

L. A. Barclay.

To ——.

2nd of 11th Month, 1850.

My dear Friend,

I hope I am not too late in saying I rejoice in thy prospect, my beloved sister, and wish thee God's heavenly speed on thy way *most heartily!* In one sense, I do not see thou art so much to be pitied, for thou hast such a valuable helper in thy dear husband; but I know what thou means. Alas! those who go forth now-a-days at their Divine Master's bidding, have need in a *deeper* sense to be both pitied and prayed for, for they must be where their Master is in deep suffering, and, as it were, buffetted, and derided, and beaten, and crucified! but it is enough for them that they be as their Master; yea, it is their honour, and let them count it all joy thus to suffer with Him, notwithstanding that mourning and grief is their clothing on behalf of those they visit, that they should thus be crucifying afresh, as it were, the Lord of life and glory! But, my dear friend, never fear the sufferings, the despising, the reproaches, and evil reports, rather fear the favour and the flattery, or warm expressions of any, even when well meant. The Lord whom thou desires to serve in faithfulness and truth, will strengthen, guide, and preserve thee as thou cleaves close to His pure gift and only leans on Him, and He will help thee over all the close places, and hard pinches thou *must* bear and go through, if thou speaks faithfully for Him. And mayest thou not be dismayed, if low places and deep baptisms be thy portion; it must be so, if ever thou art enabled to minister aright to the true seed, or to bring up stones of memorial unto the Lord's power and

goodness. Oh, mayest thou never shrink from inwardness and silence in the social intercourse connected with this service, nor be ashamed of having nothing to say in little opportunities—but mayest thou, by example as well as precept, draw the professors of the pure truth into more inwardness, and silence, and watching unto the word within, which is sadly wanted amongst us. I was greatly instructed in seeing this godly example in dear —— and ——. . . .

May I, in sisterly freedom, suggest thy reading my little tract from Job Scott, addressed to select Friends; it may have a strengthening effect—I feel it has on me, and like to read it every year, tending to strengthen me in keeping close to the Divine gift, not to launch forth into the mixture by many words which deaden the gift, as so many do now-a-days. I hope, though thou may not visit families in other meetings, yet that, if thou feels anything on thy mind to any individuals or single families, thou wilt be faithful and let nothing slip by being left undone wherever thou art. I should like to have a little idea of thy route. I suppose beginning with home duties first; and I shall tenderly sympathise with thee, and, as enabled, breathe for thy help and preservation! . . . Thou wilt say perhaps I have reason to be encouraged in meeting with such tender-minded ones as the three here, whom I mentioned in my last, and especially so in their so rejoicing in my coming here *just now* with the object of encouraging them to sit down together for worship weekly, saying it was what they so desired, and it was *providential.* But what wilt thou say when I tell thee that one of these told us, that —— had advised their beginning their little meetings with the Scriptures? This dear young man told us *this* would not do, for reading the Bible was no *part of true worship!* But we perceive an inclination to it in the other two; I must do my best to counteract it, and try to leave them on second day week in as good a way as I can, recommending them to their Divine Teacher, who speaks as no man spake! . . .

And now farewell, in much dear love to you both. May the Lord help and preserve is the desire of thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

Aberdeen, 20*th of* 11*th Month*, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

When you have decided on your future abode I shall be pleased to hear of it, and feel much for you in the unsettlement that

you have so long felt, it must be so trying. If trials of this sort are not brought on by a want of close attention to the good and sure Guide, speaking and showing in the secret of the heart, then we may have a humble confidence that they are among the "all things that shall work together for good," and shall feel the supporting Arm near to sustain and comfort us; and if, upon a close scrutiny, we find that they are the result of this way of close care on our parts, then, although we may and must feel a degree of self-condemnation, let it lead us not to despair or discouragement on the one hand, nor to a doubting about or slighting of inward guidance on the other, but to a humble sense of our own deficiency, and a desire after a closer watchfulness, a simpler faithfulness for the future, with a seeking after best help therefor. And thus our very slips and the trials incident thereto may be made helpful, or rather overruled for good to us, in making us more watchful and humble. I don't know that these remarks apply to you, but as they came into my mind I simply pen them, and am myself instructed in doing so. . . . The present is a time when, if persons can possibly do on a little out of business, it is better, rather than to run the risk of losing all by seeking more. The present is such a time of running to and fro by some, and there seems such a vast deal of good afloat, that one longs to see more of good fruit and conversion result therefrom. It is a time wherein I am not (and shall not be) surprised, if the little ones, the true-hearted and deeply-baptised servants, should either be restrained from travelling, or else, if led out, may be required to be much in silence, as a sign to the empty professors of truth, who are too much clothing themselves with a fair looking covering, but not of the Divine Spirit. There is more of drawing folks, especially the young, to the creature instead of to their Creator and heavenly King, and the superficiality begets superficiality, so there is (comparatively, with all the many words and much labour) but little turning of the wicked from their evil way, or strengthening the hands of the faithful. See Jeremiah and Ezekiel. . . .

With dear love, I will remain thy very sincere friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To W. H., Jun.

Aberdeen, 26th of 12th Month, 1850.

My dear Friend,

Oh! how excellent is the true unity—surely as precious ointment that is healing and strengthening and reviving. And such

I seem to feel renewedly poured forth, in the reading of thy acceptable letter of 10th month last, to the melting of my heart in grateful praise to the great Giver of, and Strengthener unto all that is good. The feelings and the exercises, and even the trials of such seem to be like face answering to face in a glass, and seem by the sight or hearing thereof to animate one afresh to travel on and press forward, and look upward in and over all.

Thou speakest of the difficulty thou sometimes feelest in writing. I sometimes, when thus fearing my letters are poor and worth nothing, feel *the more* bound to send them, and appear as a fool and weak; and sometimes I have for answers an account of their applicability and helpfulness at that very time, which is an encouragement just to pen as matter opens on the mind, and without any reasoning or garnishing.

My dear friend, how well can I enter into and respond to thy expressions as to thyself! Surely it is a time to cry and breathe day and night to the alone Preserver and Strengthener of His people, to keep us from falling into one or other of the wily enemy's specious snares, and to strengthen us to be faithful unto Him, doing neither more nor less than He requires of us. And surely, seeing we feel ourselves such poor weak children, will He not condescend to take us as by the hand, and keep us close to Himself, yea, and answer the breathings that He puts into us? And, oh, saith my soul, on my own account, may He take me away, rather than that I should live to bring the least hurt or reproach to that cause which He has made so precious to me. My mind has been of late much pondering and exercised, I think I may say, on the state of things in the world at large, both on your continent and in this land, and also amongst us—a highly favoured yet backsliding people.

The Papists are *exulting* in their rapid increase everywhere, and in the hope of an entire subjugation of this nation to papal government. At one of the late meetings on the subject, the Dean of Bristol seemed to speak strikingly, showing the degeneracy that had crept over all denominations, and that there was wanting a purging from Papacy—not Roman Papacy, he said, but Anglo-Papacy, which had crept up amongst all sorts (alas! how true is this as it regards our Friends), and especially the clergy, and that this purging would come from the laity. And he quoted from one of the early Christians (Ambrose), that "there never was a heresy in the Church but it came by way of the clergy," &c. I was much struck with these views, and from such

an one, and it coincides with that text, "The leaders of this people cause them to err;" and I was reminded herein of Archbishop Usher's remarkable prophecy, mentioned in the preface of Sewell's History; also of another, supposed to have been delivered by Lawford Godfrey, a Friend, and minister of Exeter early in the last century. The last peculiarly shows the purification of the ministry, and is awful to think of. And yet there is much comfort in the assurance that the pure gold and the weighty wheat shall not be hurt, and that Zion shall arise and shine forth more brightly, and that "truth is stronger than all, and shall prevail," as dear old William Rickman said to me on his death-bed. So let us cheer up through all our tears and sighing, and hope for the glory of God through all and over all—and He will preserve the simple, the faithful, and the humble we know. And, oh, let us seek to be of such, by cleaving to His power, which can make us so. . . .

And now, my dear friend, I have written thee many words, but I fear a poor letter as to substance—it's the best my poor treasury can furnish at present, being in a very low and stripped spot; but sometimes am deriving a little comfort or hope from the full belief that I do love the brethren who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and manifest it by their faithfulness and humility. Thy writing to me as thou feelest a little gentle putting forth in love and life, not looking for great things, will be truly acceptable, and no doubt helpful and cheering to thy poor tribulated but affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 16th of 1st Month, 1851.

My dear Friend,

The re-perusal of thy kind letter a month's date ago, fills me with wonder that thou shouldst write of riches to one so miserably poor as I feel myself to be; it is like speaking about summer to one in the depth of winter, or about dainty morsels to one in a starving condition. It has been with me a long season of mental starvation, or rather, I should say, of apparent darkness and desertion; and what so afflicting as the loss of the precious company and converse of Him who is the beloved of redeeming souls, of those whom He has touched with His love, and given to feel that "sweet is His voice, and His countenance is comely!" I desire to be resigned to this winter season, remembering that man shall not live by bread alone (by that

which looks likely to nourish him), but by every word of God, even by the judgment of His mouth, the commands of His Spirit, the permissions of His will, however stripping, however crucifying, however close and hewing; even afflictions, and overcomings of the enemy, may tend in some degree to the strengthening the best life, by drawing us more inward—"by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit," said Hezekiah, when pushed sore. . . .

We have been favoured to have continued comfortable accounts of the little meeting at —— and ——; one simple man writes, they had had "a blessed meeting," on first day week in silence. I long for their help and holding on, and we write to one or another of them occasionally. I am having four tracts (two of P. Livingstone's) printed in the Gælic language, for spreading in the Highlands, either by myself, if spared to go there, or by any who come after me, perhaps at public meetings; but oh, the self-sufficiency and lukewarmness here! when will the truth arise and shine over all? . . .

I fear this is a poor dull scrawl, dear ——, but thou takes me for better and for worse. With dear love, I remain thy true friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ——.

Aberdeen, 21*st of* 1*st Month*, 1851.

My dear Friend,

I was pleased to hear from thee and of your quarterly meeting, at which time my mind seemed much with you. Thy former one of 10th month, informed me of the decease of thy dear uncle. It was sweet to me to hear of his apparent preparation and readiness to depart, like one going a journey. I thought it showed the work of the Divine power, that thus gave quiet and a humble trust. He was one of the hidden worthies who I believe endeavoured to do what he knew to be right, and I felt his loss for ——, for there are but few comparatively of the true Friends in it. Still I believe amongst those not of this fold there are of the upright-hearted or righteous in it, and we read that for ten righteous persons Sodom would not have been destroyed. . . .

I have been very low, truly of the poor and needy ones, and ready to think no one so tried and bad as I. But, dear Sarah, to feel a panting after the water brooks is a sign of a little life, is it not? and to be sensible of the darkness and distress of desertion is a sign of a

little light, for it is the light that manifests the darkness, is it not? So I travel on in fear, and hope for better days, and the language of my heart is—

"If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way."

If such seasons are designed for proving and refining, may patience have her perfect work, that nothing may be wanting that tends to the glory of the Creator and the utter abasement of the creature. We are variously afflicted, and the good hand is laid upon us, but all for our spiritual help; and, oh, that we may so receive the chastening, and abide under it as to obtain the help designed towards heaven. . . . Thy description of the enjoyment of your country was very touching to me, reminding me of past days in a south land. Still I desire to be resigned to the trials of my northern home as long as required.

Farewell. With dear love to you both, from thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To H. M.

Aberdeen, 29th of 1st Month, 1851.

My beloved Friend,

. . . When we feel drawn nearer and nearer to our friends by reason of losing others, and thus being reminded afresh how precious they are, we seem as if our minds continually were as on the wing to them, and communicating in a hidden way with them, and we want to tell them so. . . . Ah, thine was a touching allusion to happy hours in W., and I may also add P. and C. with you; but He who mercifully gave such good and precious times together, is as near *now* as ever to bless us and do us good, yea, to support us still under the troubles and tribulations of time, and to guide and strengthen us still in what He requires, and to comfort us in all our losses and afflictions and sufferings for His sake. Therefore let us still pour out, our souls unto Him, and He will be a sure refuge and peaceful little sanctuary unto us in the places where our lots may be cast, and under whatever provings He appoints—let us trust in the Lord Jehovah for ever, for in Him is everlasting strength, and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate—let Him strip us, as it were,

quite naked, only not take His Holy Spirit from us, nor suffer the enemy to draw us aside. . . .

I think I gave thee a hint in my last, how my mind had been attracted towards those who attend our meetings not members. I was constrained last monthly meeting to avow it, and was liberated to visit them individually, which, through Divine goodness humbling and helping, I have been enabled to do in about sixteen sittings, to the great relief and comfort of my mind. My bodily health was much stressed upon with the exercise, especially in anticipation, for it was a trial to me to avow it. . . .

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

Aberdeen, 12*th of* 2*nd Month*, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am much obliged for and interested in thy account of your German journey; it must have been very pleasant going together, and what a *great favour* you were helped through so well, and were preserved from all accidents and illness, for I had many fears about your being either of you taken ill! Surely it will be a time to be often remembered with sweetness, gratitude, and praise; and I trust desires will renewedly arise after greater degrees of love, trust, and dedication to Him who has thus been mindful of you to bless us. I was so pleased that ——'s two brothers were alive and glad to see him—also that you went to Oberkirchen to see that nice little company of whom I had heard, and towards whom I often felt much love! I hope you had a good supply of German tracts to spread. Ah, I wish G. would translate some real old-fashioned ones into German, to spread the ancient and unchangeable truth! I trust the visit may be as the prophet's cake of old, that helped him over a long wilderness travel. . . .

Farewell, dear ——. With dear love to you both and dear —— also, I remain thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To R. R.

Castleton of Bremar, 1*st of* 7*th Month*, 1851.

. . . I thought of thee and others too, last sixth day, at Dorking quarterly meeting, as I was rapidly travelling away from

England. . . . Home is home, however solitary and trying; the mind rests there in the place allotted us, if it be in right ordering. How super-excellent then would be the heavenly home, and to be made a pillar in the Lord's house that shall go no more out. . . . Yesterday we had a most wild mountainous ride here, in an open barouche, along the Queen's Road, winding up the mountain and in and out the many romantic gullies or dells—a *majestic* scene, and a *vast change* from the richer and softer beauties of Surrey; a narrow road, and nothing to prevent our rolling down the precipice, had our *ponies* slipped, or turned aside too much in their windings; and in the far distance there *really* is snow in the recesses of the mountains, and, as I sit, I can see them twenty miles off, and of a glistening or silvery whiteness by the sun shining on them. It is strange to see snow when we are oppressed with heat. But, whilst we were at dinner a little while ago, soon after admiring this silvery appearance, it changed to blackness, and a severe storm of thunder and lightning came on; it was a treat to me, though awful to behold, for we never hardly have thunder at Aberdeen. . . . This is a simple place of thatched cottages chiefly, including the shops and lodging-houses. . .

I much felt seeing so little of you, and oh, that we may seek daily after that life which is hid with Christ in God.

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

25th of 7th Month, 1851.

My dear Friend,

I have been thinking of thee much in Cornwall, which was once my home for several years, believing thou wouldst feel comfort in meeting with many dear Friends there, who would be very kind and helpful to thee, and my breathings have been many and great for thy strengthening and preservation from all snares, for many indeed, as thou well knowest, are the snares set in the way of poor travellers, and there is no safety but in a close watch over our own spirits, and a close cleaving unto His secretly revealing and strengthening power, who stands ready to help the humble and breathing ones in every time of need, and is almighty. And, dear friend, bear with my faithfulness if I say that, as I have felt that a peculiar temptation to thee is to give way to the affectionate part, so as to endanger the losing the position of the watch, where the true feeling for the Master is obtained, and the humble desire arises to be preserved in circum-

spect conduct and conversation—so I have the more earnestly craved that the good hand may continually guide, strengthen, humble, and preserve thee from day to day during what remains of thy required service, that so the affectionate part may be guarded against, which, if it creeps up in us, may greatly hinder our service and right feeling for our Master, as well as do hurt to His tender ones.

As I am not alone in my feelings, I am the more encouraged thus in tenderness and sincerity to impart a word of caution, and I much hope it will be taken in that true love in which it is penned.

L. A. BARCLAY.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Drumnadrochit, near Inverness, 16th of 9th Month, 1851.

MY DEAR ——,

. . . Perhaps thou wilt wonder into what *outlandish* place we are got, from the date of this. I was so *entirely overdone* with the general meeting, that we came to Inverness almost directly after it, and a most fatiguing journey we had of 106 miles, in a small and greatly laden coach, over a great part of Aberdeenshire, a very dreary and dull country, reminding me in degree of Derbyshire, but the latter part was through other more fertile counties, where the difference of soil was very conspicuous, producing fine crops of wheat, which Aberdeenshire does not; also fine trees, and hedges, and *oaks* too, which are rarities in our part. We stopped a night at an inn, and then procured agreeable lodgings on the banks of the Ness, where we stayed two weeks. My night's sleep is not fully restored yet, which has made me feel tired and feeble by day, and hindered my getting on as I could wish. However, it was a pleasant sojourn, and as we were *gazing-stocks* to the people, and spread also a great many tracts both in English and Gaelic, I trust the sojourn there was not in vain. We also found a poor solitary man who professes with Friends, and who was delighted to see a little of kindred minds; so he met with us, also occasionally an agreeable young woman, whose brother is "the high church" preacher there, and also came several times to see us. We came on here last sixth day by the steamboat, along the famous Caledonian Canal, landing by a little row-boat on the shores of Loch Ness, about one-third its length, which is twenty-four miles long, and then we started for this place on foot; but finding it too far for me, I mounted a little Highland cart,

which took our luggage, while C. walked with a kind fellow-passenger, dressed in the Highland costume, who was very polite. The above little carts are made of *open work* of lathes, so that the foot or anything small might fall through without care—they are made so for lightness, and are drawn along these mountain roads by one *small* horse, sometimes with a *straw* collar and a *halter* bridle! This place is a straggling village, scattered *up hill* and down hill for nearly two miles in a most beautiful glen, said to be the most beautiful one in Scotland, called Glen Urquhart, pronounced Urquart. We are at a cottage shop which is the post-office, a very simple lodging, without carpet, and everything very rustic, but such extreme hospitality as we have never had before. We can hardly understand one another, as Gælic is generally spoken, but all the people are so kind and obliging it is quite striking to us both here and at Inverness. I assure thee we are greatly pleased with all these dear Highlanders, and they are so pleased with our Gælic tracts, that we sent for more from home, and yet have not enough. The country is far more beautiful than thou canst imagine or I describe—we are out nearly all day. To-day we climbed up beside a beautiful burn, or water course, whose banks were rocky and woody, the weeping birches so elegant, and the woods varied by golden corn fields in every crook and corner which the plough can reach;—we clambered across the burn at the top of it, and then up a steep mountain, from the top of which we had a lovely view all round the lake below surrounded by mountains, except our valley or glen, and the glen dividing in two branches, varied by hills in every direction like waves rising higher to the mountains—the corn fields so richly laden, some not cut, and others in sheaves, haycocks in others, and green luxuriant turnips in others, and a little river or stream running winding along. After *lying down* on the soft turf for half an hour, we were favoured to get safely down again, though so slippery and craggy, and took our dinner at the side of the burn in the cool shade, having the water murmuring at our side, where we filled our cup, and afterwards washed our face and hands. And then we passed all the afternoon a little further eastward on the top of a craggy hill, among fine rocks, having a sweet view of the lake, and valley, and mountains—returning home to tea at half-past six. Was not this making the most of a sweet day? We longed for some of our southern friends to share such beauties with us. . . . I should have told thee, as an instance of the genuine kindness of this people, while we were sitting on the rocks in the

afternoon, a woman came out of a miserable looking cottage a little way off, for they are scattered all about the glen in crooks and corners, with a bowl of rich milk like cream to regale us, entirely spontaneously; we were so glad of it, the sun being so hot. . . .

And now, dear ——, it is near bed-time, so I must quiet myself for reading, and remain, with dear love, thy truly affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To R. R.

Drumnadrochit, Inverness, 21st of 9th Month, 1851.

Recollecting it will be your quarterly meeting, I suppose this week, and feeling thee very near in spirit, I take up my pen this evening to salute thee in dear love, and to say how sweet it is, up in this solitary yet lovely glen, as we sit on some craig, or to use a Scotticism "bonnie brae," to think of dear ones far away, who perhaps may be remembering us at this very time, and perhaps too may have been just now (seven in the evening), as we have been, endeavouring to lift up the poor flagging soul heavenward, to Him who knows the secret breathings and inmost sighs. Well, dear R., there *is* consolation in Christ, there is comfort in the true love, there is strengthening in the "fellowship of the Spirit," and oh, there is with our tender Father "bowels and mercies." He pities the infirmities of His poor weak ones, whom He hath given to desire to be His, and when the poor body seems to clog the soul, He is able to send help from His holy sanctuary.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Drumnadrochit, 22nd of 9th Month, 1851.

DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I incline to salute thee in love, by a few lines, and say you are not forgotten, but your welfare every way sincerely desired. And, my dear friend, I long that earthly things and gettings may not eat out the *best life*, which is far better than either clothing or food outwardly; for what will it profit us if we gain the whole world (or what the world calls good and desirable), if the soul be lost, or the life of God in the soul? I feel this little watchword, dear ——, for you both, for now you have a dear little son to provide for. It will be the enemy's snare to you both to labour for him and ——,

to care and be anxious for him, and thus he (the enemy) will try by the lawful things to draw you away from minding your inward condition and growth in grace *by minding* inward feelings. Oh, this inwardness, this minding inward feelings, it is beyond all outward gettings; and if our minds are rightly set heavenwards we may enjoy it (the feeling after the Lord's presence and power secretly, and the secret ejaculations or aspirations that spring therefrom), even when our hands and outward attention are engaged in measure, we may feel that which poises and preserves us. . . . I am far from well, but desire to be resigned to the Lord's will.

Farewell. With love truly to you both, from your friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

[The following is a postscript of the last letter addressed to L. A. B., by her departed friend, L. Chalk.]

Kingston, 24th of 9th Month, 1851.

. . . I hope thy late sojourn at Inverness, &c., will tend to recruit both body and mind after the season of *trial* thou alludes to. When we look around, how much there seems to weigh down and cause *sorrow* and *sadness*! Think not thou art alone in this respect. *We* have a large share *here*. May the great Head of the Church *be so near*, as to *help* and keep both thee and us in *our* places, when storms of persecution arise and threaten almost to overwhelm; and very sweet it is to think that in His keeping we are safe, as it is written, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." The prospect of having my dear sister added to us *here* feels cheering, and very, very comforting to me in my present feeble and uncertain health. We hope to be so near each other as to hold daily intercourse when desired. If I have omitted to answer any part of thy letter, please to excuse it. Farewell.

L. CHALK.

To W. H.

Aberdeen, 22nd of 10th Month, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The true fellowship is like the healing balm and odoriferous cordial. How excellent it is, and strengthening and reviving and

healing to the many wounds in the house of our friends, which are now our portion! And how precious to witness this true unity and love extending over the mighty deep to distant lands! Surely it is a beam from that same blessed light and life eternal whence flows the Gospel love that ministers one unto another, whether openly and vocally or secretly and silently, a blessing to us poor mortals. Ah, my dear friend, I expect you, with us, will have to endure yet greater trials, for these are but the beginning of sorrows. . . . I desire to be resigned to the Lord's will, whether life or death; and if I die, I believe I may, in deep humility, say it is in the faith once and still delivered to the saints. And if yet detained here, oh, may I be preserved therein to the very end.

With dear love to you both, I am thy true friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 27th of 10th Month, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I thought I would salute thee in this way, and assure thee I am affectionately interested about all your little company that meet at thy house, and desire that grace, mercy, and peace may grow and be multiplied among you; and this I believe can only be as you individually are subjected to the grace, accept the mercy, and suffer the peace to rule in your hearts to the which you are called, even of God and our Lord Jesus Christ. I feel an earnest desire and concern upon me that you may not grow lax, or weary, or lukewarm, in your sitting down together to wait for ability, heavenly ability, to worship God in spirit and in truth, for this is one of the enemy's devices to make you become so, in order that he may rob you of spiritual good and hinder your progress heavenward. But may you be stedfast in the Lord's counsel, immoveable in His fear, and "always abounding in the work of the Lord," in the waiting for His humbling power, in the feeling after His strengthening grace, "forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." And, dear friends, remember it is by this individual faithful and persevering labour that you will know a blessing to attend your little silent meetings, and it is thus too that any one of you may, by the further mighty working of the Divine power, be raised up to testify of the Lord's goodness, and speak in His name or power; therefore, see that

ye are not frustrating the Divine goodness to you, by a want of a deep inward exercise of mind, in your silent waiting.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

Aberdeen, 3rd of 11th Month, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thy last letter of 26th of 9th month interested me greatly, as I so well know all those parts you visited, and the Friends who reside there—except that I suppose —— meeting would feel an altered one to me, as several dear faithful Friends are departed to their heavenly rest since I was there. How you would have prized dear ——, a true elder of the old school, and one of the poor of the flock, though rich in faith! How sweet and heavenly it was to sit beside her in meeting! it seemed to help me on in my exercise (as all true elders will), and was healing to my wounded spirit. I did not know who she was, but felt such sweet union of spirit, that I, on shaking hands with her, proposed to take tea with her, and on entering her humble dwelling I felt that *that* was the place where I ought to have lodged during my stay there, and not at the rich man's, where my spirit was so oppressed and wounded, that I could have said soon after I entered his house, with Peter Gardner of old, "My Master is not here, I'll not go in."

I had a sweet evening at ——'s, and met there one or two seeking visited minds, and I was loth to part; and when I went into the bed-room to put on my bonnet, she said, with tears in her eyes, that the anecdote I had been relating about J. B. (a dear Cornish Friend) shutting up her shop to go to meetings, had been an encouragement to her, for she felt she ought to do so, but had withheld, fearing the loss, seeing that every shilling was wanted, but now she hoped she should be strengthened to be faithful—and she was, till she was obliged, on account of her health, to give up shop keeping. She was one of my yearly meeting lodgers for four succeeding years after that, and we loved her more every time we saw her; and she was faithful as an elder, *though a poor woman*, and I rejoiced that I had been the means of bringing such a deeply exercised mind to the yearly meeting. . . . I often long to go and see how some of my dear friends get along, in a spiritual sense, in those midland parts, but I seem so poor and weak I fear to do hurt to the precious cause.

I find dear —— has a few words to say in meetings now, which

does not surprise me, and I am glad of it; she has an exercised mind. It must indeed be a comfort to dear —— to have such a Friend near her as ——, whom she must feel like a father. Ah, my dear friend, there are too few now-a-days who refer to inward feeling, as thou remarks of W. G.; it is these who are true fathers; they would nourish up the younger Friends in the truth, or the inward kingdom of the Saviour, by encouraging them to a close attention to inward pointings and restraints. But this way is everywhere evil spoken of, as was primitive Christianity of old.

I am thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

Aberdeen, 4th of 11th Month, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I was much pleased to receive thy kind letter nearly two weeks ago. I often think of you, especially on sitting down in our meeting here, craving for the help of the ones, twos, and threes, sincere-hearted seekers after heavenly good, wherever they may be scattered; even that He whom they desire to love, serve, and humbly to worship, may be pleased to overshadow them with His mighty tendering power, bringing them down into true prostration and contrition before Him; and that the Lord Jesus Christ, the great and unchangeable Minister, may be pleased, after a most precious and immediate way, to minister to them and to teach them. And, my dear friends, how often is this the case suddenly and when we least expect it, when we feel so dry and empty and poverty-stricken, and think no good can come into us; yet if we abide on the watch, resigned to be poor and empty, yet waiting and wrestling in spirit for the blessing, and looking, as it were, towards the holy temple—on a sudden, when we have toiled all night and found nothing, the word may go forth, "Cast the net on the right side of the vessel," and an abundant draught may be our happy portion. So if we are brought into a low spot, let us be resigned to lie low before the Lord, yet wrestling in faith and patience, and not casting away our confidence, and we shall have a blessed recompense of reward. . . .

In looking over thy letter again, I notice what thou sayest about our "erring in ordering our expressions." I suppose thou alludes to expressions of sorrow or of gladness, &c., &c. I think it very true, and I have often felt restricted from using the common expressions,

"glad," or "happy to hear," &c. I think the word "sorry" conveys less to me than "sorrow," so I prefer using it or "regret." I am pleased thou made the remark, and I would encourage thee to attend faithfully to these little misgivings or secret intimations of duty, even about such little things as words, for it is said, "that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." "For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned!" that is, if we feel that certain words are wrong and go on persisting to use them against conviction, we shall be condemned! I do believe that many in our poor society are not as faithful in this respect as they ought to be to inward feelings, and that *this* has brought on us the weakness and degeneracy that so covers us—and that the way to know a revival amongst us is for there to be an individual return to first principles, to what we were at first convinced of, and thou mayest remember what John Crook says in that tract, which I sent to —— to lend you all three, what a holy awe and dread was upon the spirits of Friends in the beginning, lest they should be departing in their words from the pure testimony of truth, or the Spirit of Christ, and this awe and fear kept them careful in their words, having a bridle to their tongues! and I earnestly long to follow the steps of those worthies and my dear ancestors, though I am very sensible that I err sometimes through unwatchfulness. I am pleased thou seest the danger of the snares I alluded to, for it is said, "surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird;" although there may be circumstances which may have a controlling effect upon us, over which we have no power, yet if we are kept in a state of sensibility of seeing the snares that surround us, and our own weak sides and easily besetting sins, then we shall be stirred up to set a double watch, and to seek the more after the Divine counteracting help that we may be preserved, so that we shall avoid the snare, and even be favoured to gather strength in the proving! So that I long for myself and for those I feel interested about, that we may never grow callous or insensible and indifferent to our snares and weaknesses, which come very imperceptibly over us, often by little and little, but that we may ever be kept sensible and clear-sighted, watching and craving after best help to season and preserve us! . . .

I am glad thou feelest that a blessing has rested on your little meeting, and I hope it will encourage you to persevere faithfully in the duty; not growing weary in well-doing, and so hurrying over

the time, otherwise you may be robbed of the blessing attending the patient waiters on the Lord! . . . If the Divine power be with you, you never need be ashamed of silent meetings—and you know that it is by individual exercise of mind, a turning in to the Divine gift of light and life, that this blessing shall be obtained.

This is all I feel at present to say. I have no objection to thy reading some of this to —— and ——, as it in some parts concerns you all. With kind love to you all three, I am thy sincere friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 18*th of* 11*th Month*, 1851.

MY DEAR ——,

. . . I was so pleased to hear of your going to the quarterly meeting, and hope you will be encouraged to try again, and trust all for the cause sake; and may your hands be strengthened by the heavenly might to work faithfully for the good Master, in every good word and work that is secretly pointed out to you; for surely you are not, as dear —— said herself last third month, to be mere idle spectators of the desolations in our poor church, but to be up and doing your little best to repair them in the Lord's name or power, remembering that the smooth stone of despised little David was effectual thereby to the bringing down of the mighty giant, opposer, and defier of Israel's God. And, my dear ones, do not forsake or neglect the seeking after the Lord's humbling and quickening power from day to day, that your souls *may live*, and *living* may praise the Lord. For what, indeed, are earthly or outward things, however plausible they may appear, and even may assume the appearance of duties almost, compared with the increase and preservation of the Divine life in us, whereby all we have and are are sanctified to the Master's use and blest to our truest enjoyment. . . .

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——— AND ———.

1*st of* 12*th Month*, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

It was in my heart yesterday to pen you a few lines to tell you how I felt, in visiting you in your very nice new house. I thought much of you as we rode home, and I felt there are many snares for

you in thus launching out afresh, as it were, in a house that looks and is larger and more imposing in its aspect, more luxurious and complete to gratify self, and what danger of spiritual loss if those snares are fallen into; and if we put ourselves in the way of those snares there is more fear for us, as we cannot so trustfully hope for Divine help, and the enemy will be tempting us to make excuses in extenuation of these things, which the pure witness for truth in the secret of our hearts would find fault with; and when the balance of the sanctuary, if faithfully consulted, would pronounce us "wanting," even wanting in an *entire* love and serving of God in a *true* testimony for Him. But, oh, my dear friends, regard not the enemy nor his persuasions, but say to him, "get thee hence Satan, for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." And let your eye and your cry be the more mightily put up unto the Lord, that He would both show you the snares and also help you against them, and against the selfish nature on which the snares will work for your hurt. "Save me from myself," was my dear brother John's language mentioned in his memoir, and I often think of it, and that it is also the language of the sincere and humble servant of the Lord of all ages, who feels much in himself to resist and gainsay the pure testimony of Christ, the holy truth, in the secret of his heart. And such earnest breathings will not go unheeded, nor will they be in vain as it regards preservation and strengthening from the worldly spirit and the spirit of self-gratification. And oh, how do I desire that these few lines of broken hints, in tender affection, and I trust humble faithfulness, may tend to stir up the pure mind in you thus to breathe and to "watch and be sober," and "let your moderation appear unto all, (because) the Lord is at hand," who "will judge the secrets of all men's hearts, according to what has been made known, and will reward according to our works." I want you, dear friends, to come more forward to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and not to go more backward, or to so cripple your hands and weaken your minds, as to hinder your help and usefulness in a right way to this little church hereaway. For, truly, we are in a low state and want all the help that faithful individuals can give us; the bride, the true Church, saith "Come," and the Lord's Spirit saith "Come," in the secret of every heart; they that hear and are endeavouring to obey this call, say "Come," and help to bear the burdens and uphold the testimony; and oh, that you may more and more be willing to come and serve the Lord with full purpose of heart, in true uprightness, watchfulness,

and humble praise, and holy fear, is the earnest desire of your exercised and affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

5th of 3rd Month, 1852.

. . . I trust it will not be unacceptable again in my poor way to offer, as it were, the sigh and tear of affectionate sympathy and heartfelt mourning; for truly, while thou laments the loss of a tender father in an outward relationship, I do that of one whose fatherly counsel and tender encouragement has been made very helpful to me in times of deep trial gone by, and no doubt his loss will be greatly felt. . . . May we the more seek help from the Lord alone, who, for the oppression of the poor and the sighing of the needy, will arise in His own good time, and His words are truly pure and precious. And though He see meet to take from us those who have been as pillars and fellow-helpers, yet His grace is all-sufficient for those who are left in suffering, and in weariness, and in labour a little longer, and He can raise up of the children to uphold the same blessed standard of truth, so that one generation may praise His worthy name to another!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To W. H., JUN.

Aberdeen, 22nd of 3rd Month, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It appears to me that the friends of truth in one country should be open and communicative with the friends of truth in another country, seeing that they are deeply interested in the same blessed cause; and what touches *that* seems, as it were, to touch the apple of their eye mutually. And it is strengthening and animating to commune with one another by the way, even though we be sad, and have to tell of mournful things, provided always the Divine fear be before our eyes, and our communing be in the remembrance of His good name or power; and although it be sometimes necessary to mention names in our description of what has occurred, yet I believe there will be no lessening of the true love in so doing; our love is to the person, but our controversy is with the evil which the enemy of all righteousness raiseth in him. I believe there may be a carrying of that prudence of a certain class, with you and us, beyond the limits, or to the

hurting of the true love. But, perhaps, thou feelest differently; if so, do tell me, that I may be instructed.

Thou alludest to the idolizing of our leaders. It is too true, and among all sorts, even those who hold to the ancient way, there is too much of a looking to and leaning on them, instead of an individual faithfulness and deep exercise to be guided aright in judgment for the truth, and strengthened for the service thereof, so that when the few who take an active part for the truth are removed, it often makes me sad to think of the desolation.

The sense of coldness, barrenness, and almost deadness, seems like a dispensation peculiarly permitted to some of us of late; and my soul is ready to say, no matter how pinching the frost, and great the darkness of the winter season, if so be the life be but preserved in the root, and the necessary purifications and humiliations accomplished.

Farewell. Thy sincere and affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 21*st of* 4*th Month*, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thy kind and affecting letter surely deserved an earlier acknowledgment, but I have been so much engaged since then with one thing or another, and trials of various sorts have occupied my mind that it is now five weeks since I received it, which I am sorry for. Thy long account of thy dear sister's end and of her dear bereaved husband deeply interested me. She was not one whom I had known much of in thy family, but I can feelingly sympathise with thee in the vacuum that must now be left, and in the instructive lesson that such a dispensation has administered to you all, but especially ——, and greatly desire that it may not soon be effaced from his memory and heart, but that he may yield up his heart to the melting efficacy of the Divine Word, however operating upon him, for so will the good end be answered for which such affliction has, in wisdom inscrutable and in tender mercy, been permitted. I unite cordially with thy remarks on purification, and how one stroke after another is sent sometimes, if possible to compel to a thorough yielding to the good hand of power and love, leaving, as it were, no stone unturned, that there may be a coming and a tasting how good the Lord is to them that love Him above all. What a mercy it is that He does not leave us to *ourselves!* . . .

Every year strips us of some whom we have known or valued, and these strippings, I think, come more and more home to us in instruction and warning the longer we live, or the nearer we approach to the end of the race. I have been and still am much tried by the illness of my eldest sister, . . . and I have passed three very, I might say intensely anxious days, knowing not if all were over. It is such a vast distance off, I am not looking to attend the yearly meeting unless I am called up to my sister, when I might have a slice of it, but I believe otherwise my place is at home. . . .

With dear love to you both, I am thy true friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To H. M.

Moffat, Dumfriesshire, 15th of 5th Month, 1852.

[Describing her sister Susan's suffering illness, L. A. B. writes]—

However, in tender mercy, she lasted till next day, and then both M. and E. witnessed the end, which was very peaceful and quiet. She was remarkably sweet and patient throughout, and so very grateful to all, quite aware of her state, and sensible to a few hours of her close, often having the Scriptures read to her in the night, especially the thirty-fourth psalm, her favourite one: in short, she has left a sweet savour behind her, and her example will still, as it has often done, speak loudly to me and others. She was buried at Leytonstone parish place, where she *had pointed* out a spot likely to be her last resting-place, next to the Buxton's family plot. Most of the family attended, by which I *gather* that the *females* were *allowed* to go, and —— conducted it without formality. I cannot describe the trial and blank it is to me, and to have been at this distance, but mercy, tender and great, has been mingled with the bitter cup, both towards her, her attendants, and me. I wished to start and travel all night to get to her, at first hearing there was danger, but my family urged me not, for indeed she was a very dear sister, and I was greatly attached to her, and she used to write regularly every fortnight to lessen, as she kindly said, the vast distance between us. . . . How the attractions to the south are lessening! but I shall not forsake you, my dear ancient friends. Oh, may we seek to know a growth in the Truth and an increase in the fruitfulness thereof, even to the end of our little time here, that we may be guarded and preserved from every snare, and supported under every conflict and

trial yet remaining; and then surely, while we live, we must and shall be *full of* praise to the Lord. . . . It is a favour to feel better, and I ride out each day on a pony here; it is a beautiful country, and so retired and soothing to the mind. Heavenly goodness is near to help and support; and oh, that I may not cause an absence by want of watchfulness unto prayer.

Farewell, very dearly; may the Lord preserve us purely to His praise! My mind will be with you next week breathing for your help!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 27th of 5th Month, 1852.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

We returned home on third day, and I have had thy two kind sisterly epistles, containing "passages" during yearly general meeting time. How very kind it is of thee thus to gratify me! I am much obliged to thee, and have never before been thus favoured by any one. It really seems to bring you so near to me, and though, since I had the first account thou sent, I have been much occupied in going about and seeing many beauties, yet there have been times when my mind has, remarkably to myself, been, as it were, with you in a secret exercise and breathing, *more* so than I have *before* witnessed in former deprivations from joining in the assembly. I have indeed been imagining that you have had much to suffer and to deplore, much to feel *beneath the surface*. . . .

Things are sorrowfully ripening for a crisis; but why do I say sorrowfully? Surely we *may* and *must* rejoice, if way is gradually making for the furthering of the pure cause of truth, even if it be through intense suffering to the servants thereof, comparable to the fiery furnace heated seven times more than it is wont to be heated, and even if it be preluded by such apparent desertions and strippings of outward helps, as nature may shudder at the prospect of. But never let us fear, except for our own individual keeping close to the Divine gift of light and life; let us cast the lot of faithfulness into the lap of the Divine power, and trust our all, and all dear to us, yea, the cause *most* dear to us, in His hands, whose power is infinite, and wisdom unerring, and love unfathomable, and mercy everlasting. I believe not a hair of the head shall be hurt of the *true* and *humble* followers of the Lamb. . . . It is but very few who see through

things, and they are diminishing, either by drawing aside or by death. Nevertheless, "the Lord knoweth them that are His;" and He is turning His hand upon the little ones, and raising up such whose eyes He is opening to see the deceptions of Babylon. And oh, that they may keep close to His good hand, to His Divine gift of light and life that never did nor will deceive. There are some amongst us who are depending on instruments, leaning on man, instead of dwelling inward and trusting in the Lord, and these are open to the deception, if not mercifully preserved. . . .

I was mercifully enabled in peace to leave Edinburgh the next day, and go to Moffat, a quiet little-watering place among the mountains of the border country towards Carlisle, where dear J. and H. H. came to us, and we enjoyed a sort of feast of unity and sympathy and love, which was truly strengthening, as well as cordial and reviving to us. We took them to Glasgow to pass the First day, last week, and then, next day, made an excursion up to the head of Loch Lomond, and next day they went to the Falls of Clyde, while we endeavoured to do what we had to do at Glasgow, taking them up by an evening train at Lanark, and then went back to Moffat. They very much enjoyed the Scottish beautiful scenery, and so did we, and felt the better for the thorough change. . . . We left Moffat with much regret on seventh day last, and, stopping a few hours at the Bridge of Allan, that they might see the beauty of that sweet spot, we went on to Perth, and passed First day there to satisfaction, and I was glad of dear J. H.'s help and exercise among the little company there, in advising them for their good, so that it was a strength to my poor hands. There are seven now who sit down together, and I hope, as it is more known, that travellers will join them, *provided* they are of good example. We made a pleasant excursion on second day, to see three *wonderful* natural objects, called the Devil's Mill, the Rumbling Bridge, and the Cauldron Linn, formed by the river Devon rushing over and into some fearful chasms and precipices, well worth all visitors going to see, the sides adorned with beautiful trees and verdure among the rocks. We passed through the beautiful Glenfarg, a romantic glen of four miles; also visited (and I sat beside) Loch Leven, in an island on which Mary Queen of Scots was long confined. It was forty-six miles there and back, and we were twelve hours out, and returned to Perth much pleased, though *very tired.* We parted very reluctantly with these dear friends there on third day morning, they going to near Kendal, and we

returned home, I trust thankful for the help and refreshment we have been favoured with. . . .

Now, I must say farewell. From thy much obliged and dearly affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

7th Month, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I believe I cannot, in candour and faithfulness, leave this place without just dropping thee a few parting lines, which may perhaps better relieve my mind, or convey the exercise of it on thy behalf, than a verbal communication can do; for I have often found, since we have been acquainted, that I cannot rightly understand thy way of *reasoning*, neither can I express myself in a way for thee to understand me in conversation. It felt to me, last evening, as if thou shoved away what I wished to point out to thy *weighty* consideration in that passage from I. P., viz., that it is not the owning of the light as it shone in the *foregoing* ages, which will *now* commend any men to God, but the knowing and being subject to the light of the present age. This, I believe, applies equally to individuals as to churches, and therefore, however a man may have been blessed with help from on high in the use of such and such forms and ceremonies in former days, God mercifully being, as I. P. says, "pleased with the sincerity and simplicity of his heart, and winking at what he erred in," yet if further light goes forth from the Lord's Spirit to his soul, causing him to see further into the purity and spirituality of the Gospel dispensation, and he, instead of following on to know more of the Lord in the way of His further leadings and discoveries, should shut his eyes from the light, hold back his heart from the Spirit, and withdraw his shoulder from the yoke—the true simplicity would wither in him and another thing begin to live in him, and so he would settle upon the leys, and deadness would overgrow his performances, and then he may become so darkened in vision as not to be able to see what spirit he is of! Now it was this great snare or danger that I wished to point out to thee for thy guarding against it; for I verily believe that the Lord calls thee to come up higher, and has made discoveries to thee that thou art unwilling to follow, and art making divers *reasoning* excuses against instead of yielding to the gentle leadings of His holy hand, in the simplicity and humility of a little child, as was very

manifest by the way in which thou turned things off yesterday, and which I believed would not give thee true peace afterwards! Oh, what a favour it would be if, when the Lord's tender visitations in mercy should be neglected, He would yet extend the hand of His judgments over us, that so we may be enabled yet to sing of mercy and of judgment, "even to praise the Lord, to walk in a perfect way and with a perfect heart," and truly to experience Him to "come in unto us" with His overflowing peace!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Stonehaven, 22nd of 7th Month, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . Thy kind sympathy under my recent affliction was very acceptable. Dear S. was not a *professing* religious character, but her sweet amiable conduct and Christian spirit, in many respects, showed forth the *hidden* influence of the power of religion. She was a sweet example to me of self-thoughtlessness, and never thinking or speaking lesseningly of others without something being held forth to their advantage. I believe she had but little committed to her and endeavoured to act up to it, and it is a comfort to believe we shall only be judged according to what we have had. . . . I seem to have a humble hope that it is well with her spirit, through redeeming love and mercy. And greatly shall I feel, and do I feel the prospect of going next month to London, and not having her to go to! My health was so affected by the anxiety about her, that I thought it best to hasten away from home to Edinburgh, where letters came in the morning instead of night, and it was there I received the account of her death; and although the general meeting came on, I did not feel easy selfishly to give way to my sorrow, and shut myself up from my friends, but was helped, like David, to wash and anoint, and mingle with them, and it was a remarkable time of favour to me and to dear ——; it seemed as if there was an unusual door of utterance granted us little ones! praised be the great name. Our aged friend, Anthony Wigham, was too ill to get there, but wrote us an epistle which gave out a sweet and acceptable odour, I thought like a box of precious ointment! . . . I much unite with thy remarks on being disciplined, battered, and broken down. How much of this disciplining and instructing we require, we are such poor scholars! We are reading, with *much* enjoyment, Jaffray's diary, &c.; it is so excellent!

But the history makes us sad in beholding the difference in this part to what it was in those bright days. The same hardness and highness in professors at this time as then; but, alas! among the professors of the blessed truth too much joining and shaking hands with that spirit instead of leading out of it. All things here are uncertain, but all is wisely ordered and tenderly permitted.

Believe me, with dear love, thy affectionate and true friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

28 *Victoria Street, Aberdeen,* 10*th of* 8*th Month,* 1852.

My dear Friend,

It is very long since I last heard anything of you, and I feel anxious to hear, and I hope thou wilt write a few lines. —— will doubtless give us *facts* when he comes to our general meeting the end of this week, but he will not give us *feelings*, which are better expressed by thy kind pen, at any little leisure thou canst find, and which I shall be pleased to receive. I felt near sympathy with thee under the trial of J.'s illness, but how great must have been thy relief and comfort when she was so suddenly helped, and I doubt not thy grateful heart, as well as hers, was lifted up in renewed praise to the Orderer of all things, and the Giver of all good, and, I trust, also was melted in renewed desire after love and devotion to *Him* who had done for thee great things, in thus restoring thy beloved partner; holy and reverend is His name, and worthy of all our obedience, trust, worship, and thanksgiving!

I shall like to hear how your little meetings have felt of late, and if you have had any strangers, Friends or others with you. I hope —— and —— may come and see you some time in their way here or back; but I remember the latter is likely to stay a while at Perth, and hope it may be to your mutual comfort! Those who love the truth—that is, the inward kingdom and power of the dear Saviour, have always a good savour accompanying them, which is a savour of life to those who are quickened unto life, and a savour of death to those who are by disobedience bringing death upon themselves, in a spiritual sense, and what a leavening influence is felt with all with whom we associate, therefore let us guard against a *worldly* leaven, and seek after a *heavenly* leaven; yes, and also seek by obedience to what we know to be so leavened into the Spirit of our dear

Saviour, whose meat and drink it was to do the will of His Father, as that we also may have a good leavening influence in all our conduct and demeanour amongst those around us. I am far from well, and life feels very uncertain, but in good hands! I am expecting in about two or three weeks to go to the south of England, to see my dear relatives and friends. We shall be likely to stop a night at Perth in our way. I do not expect that dear —— will return back again with me from England; I shall feel parting with her, but trust the Lord will sustain and strengthen us both, and provide all things for us in an inward and outward sense, and oh, that we may be preserved unto His heavenly kingdom, is the earnest desire of my soul! And, dear friends, be sure you keep close to the pure gift and heavenly talent of light, life, and grace in the secret of the heart, and walk in obedience thereto, as well as be diligent in waiting thereon to be guided, taught, humbled, and governed thereby; and then there will be *no doubt* of your being true sheep and faithful subjects of the heavenly King and blessed Shepherd, at whose name every knee is to bow, and every tongue confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father!

With kind love to J. F., I remain thy and your affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

Aberdeen, 10*th of* 8*th Month*, 1852.

I feel free to leave it on record, possibly for the sake of some dear relation or friend when I am gone, that, on sitting down this evening in our little select meeting at A. W.'s, I felt sweetly gathered into a strengthening stillness, in which I felt and afterwards had to express it. How precious it is, in seasons of trial and temptation, of weakness and sorrow, and it may be perhaps when the sense of solitude and of being as it were cast off, pervades the mind, to know the Lord to be as a precious "little sanctuary" to us (Ezekiel xi. 16); and not only to know it, but to be favoured to retire into His light, life, and power, where we shall find comfort, quiet, and calm, support and succour in every time of need! After which, the language of supplication ran through my mind on this wise—O Lord, be pleased to draw and subject me wholly to the Spirit of thy dear Son, that I may be in Him that is true; and then, oh may it please thee, in thy free grace, to accept me in Him the Beloved; and then, after awhile, I was led, in resignation to the Divine will, to look at the concern, which I have several years felt, to have a public meeting

for the factory girls here, and if ought be required of me at the present time. But I felt easy about it now, and that perhaps the way may more clearly open for it in the winter, with the caution renewed, not to be looking at this brother or the other sister, but to look to and lean on the Lord Jesus Christ alone, who can abundantly strengthen and qualify His poor weak handmaids for whatever He may be pleased to require at their hands—blessed, and praised, and confided in be His holy name for ever! Amen.

To B. B.

9th Month, 1852.

. . . What a favour it is that we can commune together in spirit when separated in person, yea, we can, as it were, drink into the same blessed Holy Spirit whence comes all our springs of refreshment, strength, and comfort! It is a great comfort to me to visit my dear friends and take sweet counsel with them; but I am continually reminded this is not our rest, we must look higher, even to the Source of all good, and seek to be prepared for that happy home, where there will be no more sorrow, weeping, or parting. The low state of our society is deeply affecting, yet there is a remnant left, and let us hope they may be preserved to stand in their lots to the end. I feel as if I must commit all unto the Lord, those dear to me, and the precious cause, for He can overrule all trials for our good. However we as a society may be broken to pieces, yet the precious truth shall outlive it all, and emerge out of the very ruins, if it must come to that; for truth is stronger than all and shall prevail. I cannot help hoping for a brighter day, when the Lord shall have purged away the filth of the daughter of Zion, when she may arise again and shine forth in primitive purity and brightness; so let us wipe away our tears of sadness, and cast our burthens upon Him, and He shall sustain and give us to praise His holy name.

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

London, 18*th of* 9*th Month*, 1852.

My dear Friend,

Having a little time here before the train for Dorking starts, I thought I would pen thee a few hasty lines, to say I feel *much* thy

kind expressions towards me and wishing to see me. . . . I stayed a week at my sister Lucy's, and then felt able to come to my two dear brothers' houses at Leyton, where I have passed ten days, and left this morning, after having had an affecting interview in many respects; and as each day seemed to bring a renewal of excitement, trials, and duties, it seemed to bear down all I had gained by each night's rest. Still I hope I am thankful to say I have been slowly gaining strength, and have nearly lost the giddiness and swimming feeling in my head, like being on board a ship, and which arises from great weakness.

I am on my way to spend to-morrow at Dorking, and thence by Reigate to Wellingham for a few days, till their quarterly meeting at Horsham, next fifth and sixth days; and on the evening of the latter day, I hope to go to dear J. F. and H. Marsh's for a quiet rest of *ten days*, so as to get *fit* to bear the long journey home again. It is a very affecting journey altogether, and seems to me like a last leave-taking to some, and I feel especially to cling to the dear Marshs, for H. M. is, I fear, like myself, declining. But I trust we may be helped in the quiet together—and what is so healing and strengthening as true unity, even to the poor body! I don't know how to bear much talking, or turning rapidly from one subject to another, and it will be a comfort to get to my snug home again, if so permitted. I am obliged to give up some pleasant plans for stopping and visiting divers dear friends in my way home, which is trying; but we must be willing and resigned to be turned over and over, and even (like a *poor beetle)* right upon our back, if so it seem good in the sight of Him who knoweth and doeth what is best.

If our dear J. and H. M. like it, it would be very pleasant to me if we four could dine here snugly together on quarterly meeting day—would thou like it? It's a thought that just strikes me.

With dear love to you both, I remain thy truly attached friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Croydon, 7th of 10th Month, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . Dear John Harrison is no more! A valiant soldier in the Lamb's army, and a faithful servant of the Church, although in *no station* therein appointed. Oh, I feel it an affliction indeed,

although preparing for it ever since last 5th month, when I urged his consulting a physician at Glasgow, who pronounced it an incurable heart complaint. He was a beloved brother indeed to me, and his letters have been very animating and strengthening to me in my great solitude. His last is a *precious* one, giving me an account of truth gaining the victory, on the trying subject of grave-stones. . . . Oh, many of his letters have been very *encouraging*, in showing how that *one* faithful friend, zealous for the truth, though feeling a very little and a despised one, may be instrumental, by a well-timed and seasoned few words, so to help on other upright-hearted ones of *lesser courage*, though in station, as that a wrong step may be frustrated through their means, and the Lord have all the praise. Let us go and do likewise what we can, saith my soul. I also heard yesterday of dear J. Dann of Reigate being sinking rather rapidly. . . .

With dear love to G., I am thy truly affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To a young Friend.

Aberdeen, 25th of 10th Month, 1852.

My dear ——,

. . . I have a very warm feeling towards thee, and grateful sense of thy great kindness to me when with you, and trust thou wilt by no means lose thy reward, for it was much more than a cup of cold water. I have very often thought and talked of you all, and my sweet walks with thy mother are very cheering and animating to look back on, when we truly took sweet counsel together, and endeavoured to encourage each other in faithfulness to the best of Masters. And oh, my dear ——, that thou mayest increasingly be devoted in heart and soul unto Him, and thou wilt find Him so, and a rich Rewarder of the least little service thou canst do for His blessed cause, for there is none that opens or shuts a door for nought in His house. I expect they are gone to join the quarterly meeting committee in visiting the meetings, and my heart sympathises tenderly with them, and desires their encouragement and strengthening, for such visits must be attended with many trials and deep afflictions, by reason of the devastations of the enemy, who in various ways seeks to lead away from the Guide to true peace and blessedness; and we read, because iniquity abounds, the love of many shall wax cold; and this is painful to the true labourers, to see a falling away from

the true love to the precious cause of Christ. But there is a precious little remnant, and I long that our dear young people may come and join them, who have not bowed the knee to Baal nor kissed his image; and these, though but lightly esteemed of some, and hidden from many, are known of and unto the Lord, and He will confess and save them when He maketh up His chosen jewels. . . .

I have sent —— near a pound weight of Gælic tracts, for the emigrants from the Isle of Skye. I am so pleased she thought of it; poor things! my heart goes with them.

Farewell, my dear; and in the flowings of tender and grateful love, I remain thy tenderly attached friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 6th of 11th Month, 1852.

MY DEAR ——,

. . . Ah, how sweet is the influence that pervades the dwelling of those who are desiring, in sincerity and uprightness of heart, to serve the Lord, the great King, yea, the great King above all gods, or great men in other words! Surely He only is to be supremely feared, loved, worshipped, and obeyed; to be honoured, praised, and magnified over all; for He gives us these inexpressible sweets of the *true* love and unity which is beyond all the talk of words—a power and a life inwardly felt that strengthens our hearts and hands, and cheers our spirits, and confirms our faith and confidence in Him who is over all, and therefore so preciously helps us on our often weary and tried way. But why do I say weary and tried? Because that the love of many for the ancient and ever-living truth is too much waxing cold, and the afflictions of Christ, in His mystical body the Church, do greatly abound. Then I could and did greatly sympathise with thy dear parents; but their reward is sure. They who suffer with the dear Master shall certainly reign with Him.

Farewell, dear; and oh, that, by believing and walking in the light of the Spirit of Christ, thou mayest be brought into and preserved in this blessed unity of the Spirit, which is the bond of the King of kings and Lord of lord's peace, uncomprehended of the world, but known and preciously partaken of by the simple babes of the heavenly kingdom. With dear love, I am thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 16*th of* 11*th Month*, 1852.

My dear Friend,

. . . We are far too formal in our discipline: what is given in the book of discipline on such outward steps was never intended as a form *always to be kept to*, but only as a *specimen*. It reminds me of our Saviour's prayer, which was only given as a specimen in what manner to pray, becoming such a downright form among the generality of Christian professors, as if because our praying is in those words it must always be right! I have known an instance of a Friend and family, who had been a cause of exercise and labour to the overseers, and of exception to some of the queries being clearly answered, having had an *entirely clear* certificate in *the usual form*, giving them on removing, because it was thought proper to go in those words! and which I could not help testifying against as not being in the spirit of our discipline. I have seen many other such instances amongst us, and I cannot but feel that we are fast verging on to the fulfilment of dear S. Grubb's prophecy in 1820, when she looked up into the upper gallery, where I sat then, and bid the young people to note it down in their pocket-books. She had been showing us how the enemy of all righteousness had been laying and would lay snares for us, in the various good looking and benevolent schemes that were then or had lately been set afloat amongst us, and that we should be so taken in them, and become so mingled with the world in them, for want of keeping close to the leadings and restraints of the Spirit of Christ revealed within, as to get mingled with the worldly spirit, and by little and little almost imperceptibly should lose our zeal and uprightness in the testimony of the truth, and should begin to think there was no good in this thing or the other, no use in this query or the other, until, by degrees, our discipline once so excellently set up amongst us would utterly fall to the ground, and we should become mingled with the spirit of, and like the other various professors in the world! I have been watching ever since the very gradual approach to the fulfilling of this; and certainly, when I see the leaders of this people joining hands with this creeping degeneracy, some in their own conduct, and others in letting fall such expressions before others as to sanction a letting fall of our testimonies one by one, it leads one to suppose that the end of these things is not very far off!

I was much struck with some remarks in a recent letter I had from a dear young man, who is very faithful in yielding to inward feelings,

and on that account has sacrificed much in his business, in which, after speaking of the low state of things in their meeting, goes on to say, "as Friends we are numerically small, and I fear we may yet become smaller, for the younger members amongst us do not appear as plants growing up in their youth; but my faith is firmer than ever, that a blessing will descend upon the heads of those who are jealous for the true reputation of our religious society. One after another drops off; death and desertion thin our ranks, and then is the time for those whose faith in the power of truth is unshaken amidst the conflicts, to close their ranks under the leadership of a Captain never yet foiled in battle!" He is quite a diffident one, and has never opened so to me before.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

I feel much and affectionately interested about the Friends at R. still; my mind will be with them next First day. Dear —— greatly feels M. S.'s death. . . . I shall be pleased to hear of any improvement in my late monthly meeting, if your committee can report any. I long for ——'s help; had a nice letter from him, and have replied to it lately. . . . J. H. is indeed solitary, but I am ready to think it has been blessed to him, drawing Him closer to the alone Source of true help and comfort. I have thought his letters have evinced this, and also the pieces he has put into the *British Friend* show he is a true friend at heart; he often sits alone at the meeting, and is truly conscientious in his business. Ah, while I know the preciousness of that union and communion with one another, that thou alludes to as so much wanting amongst us, I cannot but think that, in these troublous times, it may be all for the best, and wisely so ordered, that we are bereft of this blessing and cast solitarily in the land, and it is consonant with "the prudent keeping silence in that day," and that it is good to sit alone and keep silence, &c. And this reminds me, dear love, of that sweet expression in dear John's letter to —— [after the words "saved as by fire,"] there must be the overflowing scourge to pass through "when the refuge of lies is to be swept away, and the sure foundation established and manifested, and when the Lord is about His work, His strange work." I am pleased you enjoyed dear ——'s letter and have written to him; I hope he will be guided in wisdom, and preserved in humility, and strengthened in faithfulness and patience, in this engagement. I expect he will not be received by

many in ——. So they would fairly, in their wrong estimation of the true love, that all sorts and sects should be amalgamated together as R. B., the apologist, so nobly *deprecates*. Surely if George Fox had followed such a view, he would never have been *instrumental* of gathering us as a people, from the other professors of the Christian name, who had so degenerated from the primitive simplicity and sincerity of the early reformers, and sank down into lifeless formality. . . .

Thy kind expressions as to faithfulness I feel I don't deserve, for I fear I am far from it. I thought verily all ministry was taken away if ever I had any, but to-day a few words sprang up which I ventured to utter; but perhaps they were not in that line. As to yearly meeting, I don't know anything about it; seem to be living a day at a time, though it often seems like *dragging on*. I desire to be found ready, whether the heavenly summons be to yearly meeting or to the eternal world, but how much is necessary ere there be a fitness for the last! I am feeling much about the seamen here, wishing to get them a life-boat and apparatus for casting lines over a wreck, with life-preserving belts complete, have had it on my mind all the winter, and now I hope it will be accomplished in a few weeks' time, and I have written to my brother and S. Gurney to assist me with money. has very greatly helped me in this; she has so much boldness and self-confidence, and unites with me in feeling for them; she has several times been surrounded by a crowd of sailors down on the quay. I am to visit the quay when the boat is near launching. . . .

We are greatly enjoying G. Fox; how *strikingly applicable* is his remark about Scotland on his first visit here! When will the great people come forth from hence? . . .

My dear love to you. Thy true friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To S. H.

Aberdeen, 6th of 1st Month, 1853.

Dear S.,

. . . I feel for the poor ——s, and must write to them when my mind is more relieved. At present it is much weighed down, and I feel in a very exercised and stripped state in the prospect of holding a public meeting here, on third day evening, for some of the factory girls in this large city, those who have lived more in our late neighbourhood, and I feel but a poor weak child, and truly have no might of my own. But I desire to look to and lean on Him

alone, in whom is everlasting strength and wisdom; and if He will but be with me, keep me from wrong fear, and close unto His pure gift of light and life, that I may not bring the least hurt to His blessed cause, but may be enabled to exalt and spread His holy name, and testify and direct unto His heavenly power revealed in their hearts, it will be indeed a great favour, and what I earnestly desire. It has been a time of deep feeling lately for the state of these high professing people, for they are wholly given up to revellings, drinking, and pleasures at this time for a week or more, not only men but women also and even children, lads and lasses drinking spirits sadly, even to intoxication; and I fear that many hundreds have the seeds sown annually of disease of body and misery of soul, which is shocking to think of.

Farewell, in dear love to you both.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 6th of 1st Month, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I am pleased to tell thee we were encouraged to hear that the intoxication and noise in our streets, the first three days of *this* year were far less than usual this time, so we must be faithful in scattering seed, as it were, and not withhold our hand, must we not? I admire dear ——'s courage following after the market carts along the four entrance roads to this city, to give the temperance tract, called "New-Year's Day in Scotland," of which we had 600 by post for the purpose; and this led to numbers of *foot* passengers in the streets running after her for more, and crowds of children for "*bookies;*" but she was well received every where, and feared no one! She is perseveringly teaching herself Gælic, and is already able to revise my tracts, so that I am soon going to press with three more narrative tracts, which I have long wished for. . . .

Now, I must say farewell, with dear love, desiring that we may be afresh stimulated, by the favours and mercies of the past year, in humble watchfulness and grateful faithfulness to the measure of the Divine gift of light and life in the secret of our hearts, that so we may be preserved from all evil, and strengthened unto that which is good and well-pleasing in the Divine sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

I remain thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Victoria Street, Aberdeen, 14th of 1st Month, 1853.

DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I quite united with thy remarks on the state of things amongst us, and it was a comfort to me that thou wast given to feel so, and I desire thy encouragement in yielding to inward feeling; for in our solitary moments, when we have none congenial around us, then is it often the case that Divine goodness favours us with heavenly refreshings from His presence, as well as reveals many things to us respecting His Church and people and our own states; for His secrets are with those who fear Him, for our instruction, humbling, strengthening, and comfort—and may we seek to dwell low with the revealing power and follow His counsel. I think thou art favoured in being so retired from the sight, and perhaps hearing of many trying things in our poor society, and I can't but feel and see that the real true Friends are becoming more and more solitary and tried by being stripped of helps, whether as thou sayest by death or desertion; but good is the hand of the Lord that is thus laid upon us, and all His dealings are for our good, and His holy "foundation stands sure, having this seal the Lord knoweth them that are His"—and knowing them, will sustain and strengthen them to the end, as they cling close unto Him and turn not aside from a steadfast faith in His secret power! . . .

With love, thy friend sincerely,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 5th of 2nd Month, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I was much pleased to receive thy circumstantial account in thy last letter; it was so clear to my unbusiness-like comprehension, and as *I had* laid out in my heart the enclosed sum, I send it for thy acceptance—it will be a little *forward* help. Thou knowest we must not withhold good when it is in the power of our hand to do it, not knowing what the future may bring forth. And I hope, my dear friend, thou wilt not have any uncomfortable feelings in receiving through me, for it is no more than my duty to the Giver of all good, as it is also a pleasure towards thee, believing thee to be one desiring to be of the number of the Lord's humble and faithful ones, serving Him in upright-

ness of heart; and oh, saith my soul, that thou, as well as myself, may be preserved to the end *to* and *in* that blessed principle of light, life, and truth revealed within, whereby and whereinto the Lord in His tender mercy and mighty power hath gathered us, that so we may be His for ever. . . .

I quite admire thy preference of keeping in a *safe little* way, as thou describes; far better to do so than to run risks of hurting thyself either temporally or spiritually, or both, by seeking to increase business imprudently. I believe Friends should be a *little* people, and not so vastly rich and grasping as they too often are now. Alas! notwithstanding all our high pretensions, we are no way hardly different from the world in our business dealings; but there *are* a *few* faithful ones left, and I long these may be increased and encouraged to persevere, that they may draw others to the same restraining and guiding, strengthening and blessing Power.

I remain thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To A. C.

Aberdeen, 9th of 2nd Month, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I return thee the Peace paper herewith; it is not a society that I have ever felt comfortable to subscribe to, although I greatly desire the promotion of universal peace. I think, with Robert Barclay, that until people are brought under the government of the Spirit of Christ, that they cannot see rightly into the matter, nor be enabled to stand and act faithfully and consistently with it. Nevertheless, I think it well that the subject should be spread by tracts as much as possible. . . .

I am made sad this morning at receiving an account of the death of dear —— of ——, a faithful elder and father in the truth, lively and savoury in his communications and exercise therefor, and who will be greatly missed. His poor wife was strengthened to express something at the interment. "The fathers where are they, and the prophets do they live for ever?" But the Lord is the never-failing refuge and strength of His true-hearted little ones; though the mountains be removed and the waves roar and be troubled, there is still as ever a river whose streams make glad at seasons the tabernacles of the Most High, however solitary they may be, and the subjects of deep suffering. These citizens of Zion shall know that God is in the

midst of her, and will in His due time help her, as they are concerned to seek after that stillness of the creature, wherein He alone may be exalted over all in them. Still it makes me sad at heart to think of the right sort being taken away from us at such a time.

My dear friend, thy sweet lines of encouragement and exhortation felt truly helpful to my tried mind, which is very low just now, and I long that I may have not only thy sympathy but thy prayers, as enabled from above, for my preservation and help to be faithful.

Our monthly meeting occurred here on fourth day, at which I was liberated to visit meetings and families as way opens for it in Cornwall, and to attend Dublin yearly meeting, with a few meetings in the way. . . .

In near and dear love, and hoping to hear again soon, I remain thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To W. H.

Aberdeen, 24th of 2nd Month, 1853.

My dear Friend,

Thy kind letter of 17th of 12th month was thrice welcome, and has many a time both cheered and encouraged me in my many and mournful downsittings this winter. I felt it truly brotherly, both in its freedom and confidence, as well as in a more spiritual sense; showing forth a being baptised together into one spirit—and I do trust and humbly hope *that* is by and into the Spirit of Christ; at least, it is the utmost of my earnest desire for my poor self. And oh, my dear friend, words fail me to set forth the fervent breathings that have been raised in me, this wintry season, for myself, and for the remnant that is left amongst us true-hearted to the ancient cause, wherever scattered, that the Lord may be pleased to be near, and to comfort us in all our afflictions, to strengthen us unto all He requires at our hands, to humble and preserve us amidst all the snares of the wicked one that may attend our path; yea, that He would be pleased ever to keep us to and in that blessed principle of light, life, and truth, whereby and whereinto His tender mercy and His mighty power hath gathered us; that so we may be kept His, and for Him to the end here, and may be graciously permitted to be His hereafter, to a never ending eternity. I say *wintry* season; for never, I think, have I had to pass through such a winter as this, both in an outward and inward sense; and the fear has been great of making shipwreck of faith and

a good conscience, and bringing any reproach on that blessed cause, which, if I know my poor heart, is truly precious to me—more than the natural life. Mind and body are sympathetic, and when the Beloved of the soul seems also to be removed, as into a far country, the enemy's buffetings and temptations are increased. Surely, then, we are in a pitiable and afflicted condition—a *wintry* season indeed. But why should I set forth such a low state to thee? except perhaps it may convince thee, at a similar time of trial, that thou hast only "neighbour's fare," and so thou mayest lay hold of a little hope, and cast not away thy confidence in His mercy, who, though He prove and pinch very sorely, and strip as it were entirely, yet will not forsake His redeeming ones in their lowest seasons, whom He is refining because He loves them; but His arm of support will be underneath, though in a hidden manner; and in His own good time He will say to the overwhelming waves, "Peace, be still," and to the furious fire, "It is enough." During this time of trial, I greatly felt the loneliness, the fewness of fellow-feelers, and the wound of dear John Harrison's death seemed again opened, and it was then that thy brotherly letter seemed so helpful and strengthening, through Divine favour. Still, I can with thee bless the Hand that took him away from the evil and temptation to come. Oh, far better for the work to be cut short in righteousness, than to live to dishonour the great Name which we have taken into our mouths!

Again was I afflicted in sympathy lately for dear John Wilbur's great loss [of his wife]; but had such a feeling, such a noble letter from him in allusion to it, and informing me also of the exercise of his mind towards the scattered ones in New York State and some parts of your yearly meeting, that my tears are turned into secret songs of praise to Him who supports His little ones so wonderfully, and strengthens in the midst of affliction to offer a meat-offering and a drink-offering unto the Lord their God! I hope thou wilt write me of his movements and reception while within your limits. My tender feeling is towards him and breathing for him, that he may be guided, strengthened, humbled, and preserved from day to day, and helped over the deep exercises and proving duties that must await him in such an engagement, and favoured to return with relief and peace of mind, giving God the glory. . . .

My dear love to thy wife; and I can feelingly unite in your grateful feelings to the Giver of health, life, and every blessing. And oh, dear friends, let us not be slow to offer the sacrifices of thanksgiving,

and pay our vows unto Him who is so tender and good unto us! what shall we not render unto Him? But what am I thus to open my mouth to a dear fellow-traveller? for, alas! I am but a poor *lag-behind*, and have a great need to be stirred up.

Last month I held a public meeting here for the factory girls of three of our large factories. It was, through mercy, a time of a little relief to my burdened mind, but I was much plunged afterwards. No matter how much we are humbled and stripped, if we are but *saved from ourselves*, as dear John used to say. We have been reading, with fresh enjoyment and instruction, his manuscript letters, which I have of my own. Ah, he had to pass through the fiery furnace continually; but the work was cut short in righteousness, and he was taken from the evil to come; for how has his testimony been trampled under foot, and how has our poor society hereaway greatly declined since then! His remarks on our state, and what we might expect, are very good and wholly verified.

And now, my dear friend, I must close this long epistle, which I fear has wearied thy eyes to read; and, with the salutation of endeared love, I remain thy sincere and affectionate friend, desiring that the Lord may have us in His holy keeping, support through the remaining tribulations and sufferings of our day, enable us to be faithful to Him to the end, and preserve us in deep humility for ever!

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

3rd Month, 1853.

[Alluding to the decease of J. H., L. A. B. writes]—

I know the Lord can raise up others in His life and Spirit, if He see meet, to lift up the standard of truth; and even if we, as a society, should be broken to pieces and trampled under feet, yet the blessed truth shall outlive all. It is my belief that, as the testimonies delivered to us to be upheld, are no cunningly devised fables, but the real testimonies of Christ, who speaks the same language in all ages, so should we go from them by unfaithfulness and let them fall, yet God will raise up others to uphold them in life, and power, and purity, to the glory of His great name! In this I rejoice and rest in hope, and reach forth in spirit to that brighter day coming, trusting in the Lord's tender arm for support, during the time of sifting and shaking, believing He will yet bring His little faithful ones through

all their tribulations, and give them to sing His high praises on the banks of deliverance.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To S. H.

Aberdeen, 17*th of* 3*rd Month*, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have greatly felt dear J. Dann's decease, though it is what I have long expected, and when I last parted with him I did not think I should see him again. It has been a great favour to him that he had so long a time to ripen for heaven; we do not know that we may have such an one. It is truly awful, and ought to be closely warning, the many deaths of late among such as we know, and some who filled conspicuous places. Last First day week there were four women Friends, ministers, lying corpses, viz., Ann Lucas, M. Sterry, Susanna Haworth, and Ann Priestman, and we know not whose turn may come the next. I wish that the loss of J. Dann may stir up some in your monthly meeting closely to see whose side they are on, whether the side of the truth, or the side of the world and the enemy, and to look well whether the call be not again going forth to them to loosen from the latter, and to devote themselves more fully to the former, and not to shrink from showing themselves, desiring to be on the Lord's side, by wearing His livery and serving Him faithfully, for it is high time for them to awake out of sleep, even the sleep of death, to gird themselves or suffer themselves to be girded by the Lord's strength and power, and to follow Him, otherwise He will cast them off for ever. And I earnestly desire also, that you, my endeared friends, may stir up the gift that is mercifully permitted, and be faithful for your Lord, and bold and valiant for His holy cause, in the simplicity and humility of a little child, fearing and looking at no one, but only your Divine Master, whom may it be your delight, your meat and drink to obey, and do not doubt about the little pointings of truth in your minds, nor yet reason them away, but believe in them and yield to them, trusting your all with and unto Him who never yet failed or forsook His little dependent and obedient ones, but His hand is full of blessings for them. . . .

With dear love to you both, as ever thy friend sincerely,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To a Young Friend.

Aberdeen, 22nd of 3rd Month, 185.

My dear ——,

Feeling my head a little better this morning, I incline to give thee a little affectionate greeting in thy mother's envelope, after thy kind letter last month, which contained much to interest us. It is a most wintry morning, the snow falling and driving fast, and I feel the blessing of having nothing to go out of a snug and comfortable house for on such a day, as also that we have coals now, for we were a fortnight lately *very anxious* about our fires, our coals were *very nearly* out and none to be had in the town. It was *then* we felt humblingly our entire dependence on a gracious Providence for all our blessings, and oh, how good is it to be *kept* as well as made so continually. The wind changed just as we were out, and twenty ships came in with coals which were eagerly seized upon the moment they came. One of our attenders of meeting, a nice *diffident* widow, was actually without a morsel of coal during two whole days of the piercing snow storm—she and her three children, one of the little ones just recovered from the scarlet fever and very delicate; it was *accidentally* found out, and a subscription got to send her a boll of coal directly. The poor here will never hardly make known their want, for fear of troubling. . . .

Last fourth day we set out with our dear old widow friends to go to our monthly meeting at Kinmuck, for the snow was but slight that had then fallen *here* and soon melted—but when we got to a mile and a half from Kinmuck, we stuck fast in a snow drift, and could not go further, to our great disappointment! It happened providentially to be not far from a farm-house, so the farmer and his sister came and helped the old friends to wade through the snow *knee-deep* to the house, and the driver took the horses to the stable, as much as he could manage to hold them, and A. G. and I sat still in the fly; then, with the help of the farmer, his spade, and his cart horse, they took off the pole, and turned the fly round with us two in it—and when our friends and the horses were brought back, we again travelled home, *minus our dinner*, but thankful that we had had no accident.

L. A. Barclay.

To H. M.

Aberdeen, 22nd of 3rd Month, 1853.

—— is a great comfort to me spiritually in feeling with me. I rejoice in her tract giving, and having often nice opportunities

of pleading for truth in giving them, striking times often; and she feels so tenderly interested about the seamen, as I do, and we are hoping to be able to get them a life-boat, with apparatus for casting ropes over wrecks. I have had it at heart all winter, and now hope it will be accomplished in a few weeks' time. I have got seventy pounds for it from divers, and it is to be at my disposal. I trust it will be a blessing to this port, and the dear sailors are so rejoiced in hopes of it. . . .

I am more inclined to take a journey into the Highlands this summer, and strew seed there by the Gælic tracts I am having printed, than to go to yearly meeting when my health is weaker, my ears more deaf; whereas I have *long* had the former at heart and been hitherto hindered; and now dear —— seems given to help me to get rid of the burden, and her heart is in it also, and I know not that I shall have another opportunity.

L. A. Barclay.

To ——.

Aberfeldie, 17*th of* 5*th Month*, 1853.

My dear Friend,

Thy kind sisterly epistle came very acceptably just before we left Edinburgh, and as thou expressed a wish that I would write thee while thou art at yearly meeting, I take pen this afternoon, as —— is gone out to distribute tracts from house to house in this nice little town, thirty miles north of Perth, and in the Highlands. Oh, how I seemed with you in mind this morning, between half-past nine and eleven o'clock, as I sat by the side of the very beautiful Loch Tay (six miles from here), embosomed in trees, and looking many miles up the lake at a beautiful mountain between three and four thousand feet high, and whose top is covered with snow, called Ben Lawers! my mind seemed to wander from these outward beauties to the site of Devonshire house in the heart of London, where so many are now collected of our highly professing people—many with the *appearance*, and many I trust also with the desire of attending to the affairs of the blessed truth, the inward and spiritual kingdom of our holy Saviour—but may I not add few comparatively, whose eyes have been anointed to see, like poor Jeremiah, the abominations and deeds of darkness that are doing by the elders of Israel. But I do hope, as these sad things become more manifested, that the eyes of many will be opened to see, and their hearts touched to lament them, and their

spirits stirred up to do their utmost in faithfulness and in deep humility, and in the meekness of heavenly wisdom to counteract these things, to stem the torrent, and to plead for Christ their Master before an evil and adulterous generation. May the Lord help you of the little faithful ones to do your part and preserve you from the fear of man, "fear thou none of their faces, neither be afraid of their words, though they be a rebellious house, and though briers and thorns be with thee, and thou dwell among scorpions." Oh, what responsibility rests upon us, if a sight and sense of evil is given us, and a call to sound an alarm or to reprove in the gate! Oh, may we be enabled to go simply forward, according to the Lord's pointings, and heed not the reasoning of the enemy, for there surely shall come a time when the terrible ones shall be brought to nought and the scorner consumed, and all that watch for iniquity shall be cut off, that make man an offender for a word, and lay a snare for him that reproveth in the gate, and turn aside the just for a thing of nought. "And in that day shall the deaf hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity; the meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel." . . .

—— took up what I said in our general meeting against the *exclusion* of servants in the third answer (which some of our members said only refers to such as are Friends), and so it was put in, and we both bore our testimony that the query refers to our promotion of religion, by example and precept, both among those who are Friends and not Friends under our care. I had a very exercising time, having to go into the men's meeting with a very close little testimony, and it was also to be borne in our women's; but I was mercifully favoured with peace, which was all I coveted, and more than gold or silver or praise of man.

L. A. Barclay.

To P. M.

Aberdeen, 10*th of* 6*th Month*, 1853.

Dear Friend,

I write to let thee and your other two friends know that J. L. is intending to visit our meetings. We expect him and his companion here on second day in next week, and they hope to be with you on fourth day, the 15th instant, at about six o'clock, and they wish to have a meeting with you in your parlour that evening; and if you

are inclined to invite a few more, they have no objection. . . . Of course you will name to M. L., and I was thinking that solid-looking Methodist and her husband would perhaps like to come; and, dear friend, don't withhold from asking any thy mind inclines to ask, that is, as far as you can accommodate with seats, for if we feel the preciousness of the principles of truth, we should be glad to invite others to come, and either *feel* or *hear* testify of them too. Could you not put a few chairs in the opposite room or the forms, in case of more being wanted? or even seats in the passage would do.

J. L. is a plain, simple country farmer, drives his own team. . . . A true friend, whose company you will enjoy. He is very deaf, worse than I am, and uses a large trumpet; he is weighty in spirit, and very inward in mind. They are to be my guests, and thou may judge of my grateful feelings that we poor *corner-folks* should be thus remembered and visited in our low and solitary condition, and I feel it a great privilege to entertain the Lord's faithful servants. I have not heard any outward ministry since last 9th month, when I was in London; and, if the Lord will, I shall hope to hear this dear Friend, if he has anything given him to say, because he has a loud voice and English accent. But, dear P., to feel united in spirit, and to partake in his inward exercise in our meeting, how sweet this will be and strengthening, though no word be spoken. Oh, the unspeakably precious baptism together by and into the one Holy Spirit, drinking into it, as it were! what a favour to be permitted unto us poor fallen creatures by God in His infinite compassion and mercy to us through His dear Son our Saviour!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 16*th of* 6*th Month*, 1853.

. . . I may say —— is a truly hard-working man and minister, being wholly devoted to, and fitted by his Master for His work, which he does in great simplicity and diligence; and, as a minister *ought* to be, is just like a tube, he gives his message or testimony and then departs immmediately, without seeking for any social intercourse, which often weakens things, and without fawning or flattering of any, which too many do now-a-days to get esteem and agreeable favour of folks. I could not hear a word that he said in meeting, but was highly favoured to have three private times in which I heard to my indescribable comfort and strengthening; and what he

said was strikingly adapted to my circumstances both present and future, which is indeed cause for grateful praise and prostration of spirit. I believe, my dear friends, that the time is hastening on when we must each be willing to count the cost, and to show ourselves on whose side we are; and oh, that we may be enabled, in humility and patience, to go both to prison and to death with and for our dear Lord, as all the faithful in old times were made willing to do. I believe things are waxing worse and worse amongst us, and we need not marvel at anything, however bad, neither be greatly moved. Oh, no; may we never be moved from that humble confidence which hath great recompense of reward, and which has been given unto us through Divine mercy, for it's nothing of our own. I am much obliged for thy continued and particular account of yearly meeting; it is better than scraps. . . . Ah! I think there is as much harm done by the neglecting even to utter a few words of unity and concurrence, with what a poor exercised one has had courage and strength to utter, as there often is by an opposing speech. The showing unity afterwards privately will not do; it should be done publicly when it may vastly help the cause and perhaps hinder a wrong step. . . . The accounts of thy faithfulness, my dear sister, have been truly heart-cheering and comforting; so we have need to think when nature shrinks from duty, how we shall cause the hearts of the faithful to rejoice and praise the Lord, if we endeavour to move in simplicity at the Lord's holy call, have we not?

L. A. Barclay.

To R. R.

Aberdeen, 4th of 8th Month, 1853.

My beloved Friend,

. . . My heart is with thee in a unity and sympathy which is beyond words, precious and strengthening, and bowing in the humble praise of Him who can "open and none can shut, and shut and none can open;" whose works only can praise Him, and they shall and must; and in the remembrance of His goodness and mercy, surely we may cry out, "While I live will I praise the Lord, I will sing praises to my God while I have my being." Yes, thou wilt have to go down to the bottom of Jordan. . . . But the Lord will be thy strength and song and become thy salvation, and He will enable thee to bring up stones of memorial to His praise as thy eye and thy cry is solely and closely unto Him. He is able to preserve

still in the hollow of His hand, to guide and to guard continually, and to water every moment; and I crave that He may do so, and bring thee home in peace, with the acknowledgment that thou hast lacked nothing. . . .

I have been tried at times, yet have felt the good hand near to sustain, strengthen, and comfort, and a degree of inward peace. How sweet it is, it makes heaven on earth and fills us with praise!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 27th of 10th Month, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I was pleased to receive thy letter last night, having been anxious for it. Ah, my dear friend, I told thee you would find many inconsistencies if you settled where thou wast looking at; and thou knowest well enough there are many amongst us who say and think they are Jews but are not, but do lie; and these, many of them, take part in the government of the Church, whereas they ought not to touch the ark with their unsanctified hands. It will be so with us whilst birthright membership, or rather birthright meddling with the discipline, remains with us contrary to the good old way, and the spirit of the world is suffered to prevail over us. More is the need, therefore, that visited minds who have been favoured with the knowledge of the blessed truth, or the pure inward kingdom and power of the Lord Jesus Christ, should the more cleave close to His inward revealing, guiding power, and the less to look outward at others how or what they do. Oh, then, my earnest desire and prayer is, that thou and dear J. may strive to keep your eye single unto the Lord and His guiding, strengthening power, yes, very single, in the true uprightness to Him and His blessed and glorious cause; thus will you be preserved from being stumbled at the failings of others, yea, their faults will the more lead you to cling to the *alone* and *never-failing* and *all-sufficient* Source of availing help—you will then not only come up faithfully "to the help of the Lord against the mighty," but also, to the help of the little remnant of faithful Jews amongst us; for you must perceive that there are such still in mercy left us, even the seven thousand in Israel who are not bowing the knee to Baal nor kissing his image; and you must believe from all you see and hear, that these are greatly grieved and afflicted, and, as it were, sigh all the day long "because of the abominations committed," amongst us, a so highly pro-

fessing yet a backsliding people. May you then, in unity and sympathy with them, be constrained to join yourselves unto them, that you may help to bear their many burdens, thus sharing with them and their Master in the sufferings incident to the narrow way, that you may also partake of the glory that shall be revealed in them by their dear Master, who is not forgetful of His faithful and suffering servants, but has promised to set His mark on them, and to spare them as a man spareth his own son, in the day that He maketh up His precious jewels. See Ezekiel ix., Zephaniah iii. 18, Malachi iii. 16. . . .

I think thou will be able to understand my original advice to thee, viz., that it would be better for thee to be content with a moderate income in the place where thou hast been called to receive the truth, and where thou art respected, and where thy faithful, watchful, and humble walk will be likely to do much good, and be to the strengthening of thy own hands and that of others, however solitary you may feel, rather than be seeking elsewhere for more getting, and where there may be a weakening influence or a stumbling one exercised over you by professors of the truth. There are trials everywhere, go where we will, and the old enemy sets his temptations and snares even in quiet comfortable looking corners. Farewell,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 23rd of 11th Month, 1853.

My dear Friend,

. . . I feel melted, I trust I may say, under a sense of abounding goodness and unmerited mercy, extended towards such a poor weak creature, and only desire that I may be more and more given up to anything that may be pointed out to me as a duty, however humiliating! I have at times a little faith, that He, the mighty One, will enable me, the weak one, to do whatever He requires —and was a little encouraged this morning in our reading in Luke i., about how two poor *handmaids* were condescended to and honoured, Elizabeth and Mary! and were filled with the Holy Ghost, enabling to praise and magnify the Divine name. . . . Oh, how well it is, dear P., to be faithful to little pointings, however humiliating, although we may be thought ill of for it! I have been led to look much at the low state of things lately amongst us as a people, and it seems as if we are more and more mingling with the sects of the world, and becoming a sect like them, and as the many horns that are pushing

against and opposing the kingdom of the dear Lamb of God! I am reminded of the outer court being measured and given to the Gentiles, and the true Church being called still more inward and deep as it were; and how the Jews were idolizing their temple and the testimonies given them to bear, crying "The temple of the Lord," &c., extolling them in the letter or by word, while they departed therefrom and lowered it and them in spirit! But so the Lord departed from them! But after refining and bringing His little remnant ("the third part") through the fire, He will deliver and redeem them, and gather them home to Himself, and He will show that He is their God and that they are His people truly.

There are two sentiments which I find are greatly gaining ground amongst us, viz., the discarding of birthright membership, and the discarding of our testimony as to a peculiar appearance. With the former I can quite unite; but I am not prepared to unite with the latter, although I allow there is a great formality and want of life crept up amongst us as to our plain dress, and too much of a judging by outward appearance. But truth will ever lead to a simplicity, and consequently to a peculiarity; for, as the leaven of the kingdom works inwardly, it *must* by degrees come outward, and thus manifest forth its working. I was much tried to see the girls' dress at —— school so altered—from the Friends' bonnets and simple tippets or shawls, to straw bonnets and the fashionable *jackets*, as I call them; and when pouring out my sense of its being an inlet to further encroachments and inconsistencies, to an *elder*, she told me that at —— and —— a similar change had been made! So I was doubly tried; but came home willing to be singular from all, and to feel and suffer in solitude. . . .

Farewell, with dear love to you all. The last few days of bright frost have helped me much, and, through mercy, I am well; and hoping you are the same, I remain thy affectionate friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 17*th of* 11*th Month*, 1853.

Dear Friend,

Thy sweet note in 3rd month last was very acceptable to me, as life answering to life through the goodness of God, and therefore strengthening and comforting in these days of grief for the precious truth's sake, because of the treading down of the testimonies

and doctrines thereof by many of the professors among Friends. Ah, how did I breathe to my God on your behalf while you were in our land, and especially near London, for your preservation from being stumbled by what you saw, heard, and felt amongst Friends, and for the opening of your eyes to see that all are not Jews who call themselves of the spiritual Israel—none but such as have been inwardly baptised and circumcised by the blessed Spirit of Christ! Ah, some of you dear simple-hearted ones may have felt the degeneracy there is amongst us, a highly favoured, preciously visited, but a backsliding people, not only in our practice and discipline, but also in our ministry —for "all is not gold that glitters," as an old proverb in England says truly. But the single eye and the simple heart of the true babes can taste and try whence words spring from, and they can perceive where there is a mixture of creaturely wisdom and eloquence with the words that are spoken, and their souls loath it in comparison of the pure streams from the Fountain of life untainted by the creature. Ah, my dear friend, it is only that which comes from Christ that can truly gather to Him, or be food for the soul, and then this will be sure to lead to His praise and the abasement and humbling of all flesh before Him. . . .

I am glad you went to see my dear friends, J. and H. Marsh; your visit was very refreshing to their tribulated spirits, being such as are grieved for the afflictions of Joseph, our blessed Saviour in His spiritual appearance in the heart.

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 30*th of* 11*th Month*, 1853.

My dear Friend,

. . . I expect these dear friends will be returning home soon, which no doubt will be to thy great comfort—nevertheless, put not thy trust in the sons of men, nor in the princes even, but lift up thy eyes unto the hills from whence cometh all sure and availing help, even from the Lord who made heaven and earth.

I have *felt* a *letter* to thee often in my heart since receiving thy last, but have been so much occupied, I may say pressed upon, and so poorly part of the time, that I was constrained only to be still and to breathe for your encouragement and help and preservation in the path of tribulation, which you both know very well is, and ever was the path to the heavenly kingdom, the path of the ransomed and

redeemed of all generations; for they that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution, it is said, and we have no reason to expect an alteration in this permission, for if there were, the faithful would not be manifest. . . . Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself, and let *Him* be your fear and your dread; dread nothing so much as to lose His favour and approving smile; fear nothing like the omission to follow as He leads you step by step. Keep close to what the savour of the pure life in you dictates, not looking at consequences, and then will the Lord be unto you a precious little sanctuary indeed in all trials, safe and sweet, quiet and peaceful. The time is coming when we must each show ourselves on whose side we are, and, oh, may it be on the Lord's side and His holy truth, for truly it is *no party* that we seek to make, but we have a secret taste and feeling of what is for the truth, and what goes against it, and may we stand firm to truth, however hot the furnace may be. By the faithfulness of one individual, and he or she feeling but a poor little one, many weak ones may be strengthened and wavering ones confirmed; and what if I say that it is possible that even some, who ought to be as fathers and mothers, may be helped and strengthened by their comparative children, so it will not do to look out at others, or too much in at ourselves, but to look upward to Him in whom is everlasting strength and wisdom, the Lord Jehovah.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 20*th of* 12*th Month*, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I don't like to encourage idlenesss. I have often feared that the poor among Friends or attenders are not as industrious to maintain themselves, as they might be, and as truth would lead all to be; and I think I have seen, either in G. F.'s epistles or in others of the early Friends, some very strong expressions against any being encouraged in idleness and living upon others. . . . I will see in a fortnight's time how my cash stands, and, if suitable, I hope to send thee five pounds to lay out in cases of distress, provided thou wilt keep it to thyself, and don't speak of the donor, but direct to the Lord on high, whose voice is mightier than the noise of many waters of affliction, and He takes care of the poor little sparrows; let them praise His holy name, for none is like unto Him.

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ——.

Aberdeen, 22*nd of* 12*th Month*, 1853.

. . . I hope neither of you will suffer the enemy of all righteousness to make use of these dispensations amongst us to draw you out of the close watchfulness unto prayer for your individual preservation, and the close waiting for and abiding with and under the precious Divine gift of light, life, and grace in the secret of the heart, for we, none of us, are safe out of this close keeping and low lying. I think one of the apostles says there must needs be heresies, that they which are approved may be made manifest. So now is there a little remnant who hold to first principles, the seven thousand in Israel who have not bowed unto Baal nor kissed his image; they mourn over our departure and backslidings, their tears fall in secret places, but their Lord sees them, and will bottle them up, and in due time will bring them out of all their afflictions. Oh, that you may come and join yourselves to these faithful few by obedience to the Spirit of Christ, and help them, bear their many burdens and afflictions, without fear of man or of the troubles consequent on faithfulness—let the Lord alone be your fear, and His holy cause more precious to you than all beside. I am pleased with thy decision about staying at ——; thou hast now seen the backsliding of Friends and the trials attendant on the faithful, and mayest well believe it is better to dwell as it were alone, and keep silence (as Jeremiah says), bearing the yoke of the Lord and His pure testimony in humility and patience, and content to eat thy morsel in quietude, and to dwell among thine own people. Oh, let your light so shine before all around you as to glorify the holy name of the Lord, and to bring peace to your souls. I could but praise the Lord on hearing from ——, that you had in some increased measure yielded to take up the cross; yes, I may almost say, rejoiced as for the bringing forth of a first-born; believing that, as the good Hand is continued to be submitted to, your strength and comfort will be further increased, and sweet peace and humble praise reign in your hearts. But need I tell you there must be a daily watch kept, a cleaving close to the cross, the power of God, that so there may be a going on unto perfection, unto the crucifying with Christ, and the arising with Him in the resurrection of His life; that no one may take your crown. And, oh, how will His blessed power judge between word and word, thing and thing, and keep us watchful in all our ways, both with others of the world, and when amongst

ourselves, seeking only to please the Lord, and dwell in His holy fear. May He stablish, strengthen, and settle you in His holy truth and power, perfect that which concerneth you, and forsake not the work of His own hand in the time of trial, but sustain, comfort, and preserve through all unto His heavenly kingdom. Amen. . . .

I unite with thee in admiring T. Shillitoe, or rather the grace by which he was what he was. Let us follow it and cleave to it, as that by which we may stand.

I remain thy true friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 12*th of* 1*st Month*, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . It is a comfort to believe with thee that all this opposition and these trials may work for the good of the cause of truth; may lead many, both older and younger, to look more into the points of difference, and not shut themselves up in darkness and confusion, under the plausible idea that controversy hurts religion; by which shrinking from a sincere search after truth, many have become blinded and led amiss, even against the truth, when once they sincerely sought to do right. . . .

Thy truly affectionate and sympathising friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Aberdeen, 14*th of* 2*nd Month*, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . Every thing was finished up yesterday about the life-boat for Stonehaven, and it was taken home there last sixth day. I went to the top of the light-house cliff to see it come round the point (as quick as a dart almost!), and waved my hand to bid them farewell, desiring that it might be blessed to the rescue of many lives from a watery grave. It is named the "Rescue."

L. A. BARCLAY.

[The following lines accompanied this valuable gift for the poor sailors of Stonehaven]—

L. A. B. has much pleasure in presenting the Port of Stonehaven with a life-boat, built on a principle which there is every reason to believe, under the Divine blessing, will secure greater stability to

its motion the more rough and heavy the sea. It has been tried under very dangerous circumstances in a late storm here, and kept its position admirably, which she trusts will be an encouragement to those who are likely to make use of it. In conclusion, she desires that a blessing may attend it, and that all thanksgiving and praise may be rendered unto Him from whom all good comes and help in every time of need.

To L. E. G.

Stonehaven, 4th of 8th Month, 1854.

My dear Friend,

It is *thy turn* to hear from me now, and thou wilt, I dare say, share this with dear H. Marsh. Do not smile at this expression. I find that writing two letters, though short, and to friends of the same place, is as exciting as two visits; and as I am desirous of curtailing my writing what I can, I hope thou and dear H. M. will excuse it. My health is very weakly, and my sleep is very easily disturbed, and which loss is not repaired under several days. A *late* call, or reading an interesting or *trying* letter or book late in the evening, will often deprive me of sleep *all* night, and then my head is so weak and hearing so bad the next day or two.

My dear friend, I fear I should have felt with thee had ——'s lot been mine; but I believe it arises from a want of true humility and simplicity of heart, which I long the baptising operations of the Lord's Holy Spirit may purge away from each of us, that our usefulness in the Church and testimony for our dear Master may not be lessened to our hurt and the robbing Him of His glory. My discouragement about the sailors' meeting has not yet been overcome, nor do I know that it will ere I leave this place; yet we know who it is who can remove mountains by His mighty power, and make hard things easy to us by His all-efficacious gift of faith.

Since I last wrote, I was obliged to give up my Highland tour, being too weakly, and I went to Cockermouth for ten days, being wanted to look at two houses, and to feel my way about removing there. I was very poorly there most of the time, from the fatigue of the journey and a *very bad* attack of hay colds, and was glad to come home, and in a week's time came here to brace me up with sea breezes. I had a trying time at C., like going into the furnace truly, proving my step, so as almost to discourage me; but I became resigned to the anticipated trials at last, and the last evening light

seemed to arise out of obscurity, and I then went forward and engaged the best house I could find, though without a garden or yard, and no sunshine—a north aspect. Thus I was favoured to come away in relief, quiet, and peace, and have felt no regret since. I expect to move into the above temporary house in the 10th month. I feel greatly the thought of leaving poor Scotia, I am so much attached to it. . . .

My dear love to J. and H. M. Tell the latter I was obliged for her kind letter, and could well sympathise with her under the many trials of the present day, never so deep and many as now in proportion to the depth of the disease. . . . I try to live a day at a time, and oh that I may be *so enabled* and quickened! I am much worn now, and must go down to the sea; so, with dear love to you both, I remain thy affectionate friend,

L. A. BARCLAY.

To ———.

Ambleside, 5th of 9th Month, 1854.

[In reference to her own select monthly meeting, she writes]—

I was helped to relieve my mind of a burden or testimony, viz., against Friends keeping their seats in meetings or committees where their qualifications were to be discussed, whether as ministers, elders, overseers, or clerks; saying, it is both improper, indecorous, and unsavoury, and may do much hurt to the cause of truth, and the welfare of the Church as well as individuals, by preventing a free disclosure of feeling, few liking to speak against a Friend when he or she is present; and that this hurt would not be counteracted by any supposed instruction the individual might derive by being present, as *some* might think.

I have not thoroughly recovered from the attack I had in the 7th month. I am anxious to get to Cockermouth about the 1st or 4th of 10th month, to save the *usual* change to foul weather the middle of that month. My health is very weak, and I am hastening to do my little day's work. How sweet it is to see dear F.; but he too is so altered and aged, and like my dear father—we may never meet again! My beloved ——, I feel my time is so uncertain; oh, that we may be ready!

L. A. BARCLAY.

To W. H.

Cockermouth, 19*th of* 10*th Month*, 1854.

My dear Friend,

Alas, we cannot, in this day of trouble and dismay, confess that joys abound in our cup, except, my dear friend, that Divine goodness, at some few precious seasons, permits us to rejoice, in *hope* of the glory of God, with the feeling also, and assurance, that His power, and the power of His Christ, shall eventually reign over all for ever and ever; which blessed hope and assurance we are enabled, as it were, to reach forth unto, though now there is a "need be" to pass through much heaviness, through manifold temptations and afflictions. But, oh, how sweet is that text, 2 Cor. iv. 17, ["For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory"]; and may the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that we have suffered as long as He sees meet, make us perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle us; to whom be glory and dominion for ever and ever. I am come from one furnace of affliction to another, and there is much to dismay and afflict me. Mayest thou be helped to crave that the Lord may in mercy guide and direct me unto discretion, strengthen me unto faithfulness, and preserve me in *His holy* fear, and in deep humility before Him, unto the end of my little time of suffering and of testimony-bearing, to His praise and glory, and to the peace and blessing of my never-dying soul.

I am much grieved to hear and see the almost universal dropping off of the plain dress and language amongst us, even among the members of the select meetings, &c. And if the leaders of the people cause them to err, what can we expect the flock will become? . . .

Thy sincere friend,

L. A. Barclay.

To ———.

Cockermouth, 27*th of* 10*th Month*, 1854.

My beloved Friend,

. . . It was two weeks last third day that I entered upon my new home here, after having been five days at the temperance hotel, while the furniture was being brought, unpacked, and housed. J. S. kindly came to Aberdeen to help me in the removal. . . . My dear friend, though many trials have attended me all this while, I do feel, I trust in a measure of thankfulness, that mercy

has indeed compassed me about. When I consider how many journeys all this year that my poor weak body has undergone (five, besides other *little* outs), I am astonished with the mercy that has thus helped me over this time, and not surprised at the weak and declining state I am now in. I have had two weeks also here of much harass and fatigue, to get settled and comfortable. My nervous system or mental powers are greatly weakened, to my humiliation and trial, but no doubt it is good for me. I came under *great* discouragement and depression, from knowing that I was coming into another furnace here. . . . It has been a very low time with me, and *the heavens* also have seemed *to be as brass.* The Lord only can help me, and make way for me, and help me over the various snares of the enemy; and at times I feel a little *hidden* hope that He will in mercy do so, to His praise and my own enlargement in His own due time. The state of Truth's things is indeed very low, and where are they not? I am grieved to see the evidence everywhere abounding, that the primitive and Gospel testimony given this people to uphold among the nations of plainness and simplicity in dress and address, is completely lowered and trampled upon, even by the families of our *leaders;* and if the heads do so themselves, what can we expect from the [body]? But, alas! the heads wink at these things, and even go so far as to appoint such as are inconsistent as Friends, as clerks, as important committees, and even to *visit delinquents,* thus lowering the standard of truth, and causing the discipline (I may say our *holy discipline,* which was given forth and exercised at first in the wisdom and power of God) to be handled by *unclean hands.* This degeneracy has been growing amongst us rapidly in the last ten years, increased by or evinced by the various papers issued in the periodical way amongst us on this subject, and I see no other prospect than ere long, what poor —— said thirty years ago will come to pass, we shall sink back to a similarity with the world; this *he said desiringly,* but many of us view it deploringly and with grief; but this may pave the way for a revival and purification of us, as dear —— used to say, "We must be very much worse before we can be better," and I believe dear S. Grubb has also spoken to the same import. . . . I hear that vocal and instrumental music is increasing, and some even who have been thought of *as overseers* have yielded to it in their families. . . .

I could sympathise with thee about —— meeting; there are many such desolate places. When will they be rebuilt? But there is One who is called the Restorer of paths to dwell in. I was sorry ——

took up a piece in the 8th month, B. F. advising the reading of the yearly meeting epistle in the last hour of a meeting, and I was so grieved at it, it seemed like opening the door to reading the Scriptures or anything else in a meeting; and I wrote a letter, to be inserted in last month, against such a practice, saying that the epistle is no part of our worship, and it may be a hindrance to the true worship as well the true ministry (as I had witnessed once to my trial), by being read in the time of worship, instead of, as is most usually done, at the close of the worship time by the top two Friends shaking hands first, and immediately the epistle being read. I have made years ago much inquiry about it in various meetings, and have found the most sound and true Friends feel with me upon it. . . . Please tell me your feeling on the epistle reading.

And now I must conclude at this time. With dear love to you all, . . . I am thy united friend,

L. A. Barclay.

[The following, it is believed, was nearly the last letter our beloved friend wrote. It accompanied a copy of extracts from the letters of Lydia Lancaster, a little work she had edited some years before, and to which her mind seemed much turned in her last illness.]

Cockermouth, 28th of 12th Month, 1854.

Catharine Sargent, from her *very* affectionate friend, Lydia Ann Barclay, for lending as the service of truth shall call for—chiefly designed for the confirming and strengthening of Friends in the all-sufficiency of Divine grace; or, in other words, that little and lowly principle or measure of the light, grace, and good Spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ, which God in mercy has bestowed on every man coming into the world, as his heavenly talent, to be occupied with, increased, and awfully accounted for at the last great and awful day! whereby, as yielded unto and suffered to work in us that which is the good and acceptable will of God during His day of visitation, that glorious salvation which our blessed Saviour so preciously purchased and ratified for us, when He laid down His precious life without the gates of Jerusalem, a sacrifice and propitiation for the sins of all mankind, is brought home to the door of each of our hearts, and offered for our acceptance; and a blessed yet humble hope is held out and vouchsafed of salvation and eternal life from God, through our Saviour Jesus Christ. Oh! the unspeakable gift, the rich, the *astonishing* mercy of God! Surely the language of our hearts must

be in the depths of abasement, "Blessing and honour, and glory and power, be unto Him who sitteth upon the throne, and to His dear Lamb, who taketh away the sins of the world, for ever and evermore." Amen! Hallelujah!

The depth of expression in this letter does, we think, clearly show that the anointing which she had received, did abide in her, and although at that period the powers of nature were fast failing, yet even then, like the well instructed scribe, was she enabled to bring forth from the good treasury things new and old.

Some particulars of the last illness of our beloved friend being described in the testimony given forth by Aberdeen monthly meeting, much further detail may not be called for here; yet it seems well for those who were eye-witnesses of the heavenly frame of mind in which this devoted follower of the Lamb was kept, to bear testimony thereto. Many were the refreshing, contriting seasons partaken of beside her couch, when she believed her life was drawing near its close, and did not wish to have her mind turned from the solemn subject. The love of her heavenly Father was her chief theme, and "eternity," she said, "would be too short to celebrate His praise." It was her earnest desire to the last, to encourage all in the diligent practice of private retirement, and the frequent reading of the holy Scriptures; and she remarked, when passages of Scripture were brought to our remembrance, it was well to take the Bible and find them, even though we might be busily engaged in our outward concerns, and so let the good Spirit work more and more upon us.

She died as she had lived, a firm and faithful believer in and supporter of the doctrines and testimonies committed to our honoured forefathers. In sending a message of love to a friend, a short time before she was deprived of the power of speech, she said, "tell her my views are not altered." It was her desire that the testimony to simplicity and self-denial required in her life should be faithfully carried out in all respects to the end, as the following memoranda will show:—

FOR MY DEAR BROTHERS OR OTHERS CONCERNED IN THE ORDERING OF MY FUNERAL, BEING DIRECTIONS FOR THE SAME, CONSISTENT WITH THE SIMPLICITY OF TRUTH.

It is my especial desire that the interment of my body should be in that simplicity which the Spirit of Christ leads into, and that is consistent with the testimony I have felt required at my hands

whilst living, viz., That the coffin should be of plain English wood, elm, without any colouring, polish, or oil; no panels or mouldings, nor yet with brass nails or screws or plates. I should wish the handles to be iron; that, if suitable, the coffin should be carried into the meeting-house; that the bearers should *not* be dressed in black clothes, neither should they have gloves; also, that a plain cold meat dinner should be provided (with plenty, but with *simplicity*, as I have ever wished in my lifetime) for such as may attend, and that the fragments be given to the poor. I also wish to be buried in the graveyard belonging to the meeting-house at which I generally attend, and of which I am a member; and in case of dying when absent from home, then in the nearest burial place belonging to Friends.

Signed, LYDIA ANN BARCLAY.

Reigate, 9th of 4th Month, 1842.

MEMORANDUM.—Since writing the foregoing directions for the burial of my body, finding it is the practice of Friends in Scotland not to hold a meeting at interments, I feel it right to testify against such a practice, by requesting that there may be a meeting held on the occasion of my interment; and that Friends may not be ashamed of sitting down in silence to feel after the solemnising power of the Lord to impress their minds with the awfulness of putting off the body and entering into eternity, that they may seek after a preparation therefor, through faithfulness to the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, a measure whereof is given to all.

Signed, this 9th of 12th month, 1850, at Aberdeen,

LYDIA A. BARCLAY.

And now, having accomplished what has appeared to be called for at our hands, and due to the memory of one who, we believe, may be numbered amongst those who "shall be had in everlasting remembrance," earnest are our desires that a blessing may rest upon the work; believing, as we do, that she was intrusted with the ministry of the pen as well as of the tongue, and that the Gospel which she preached was "not of man, neither received she it of man, neither was she taught it but by the revelation of Jesus Christ."

THE END.

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